HARRY POTTER'S AMAZING AMAZON ADVENTURE BY MICHAEL WOLFF

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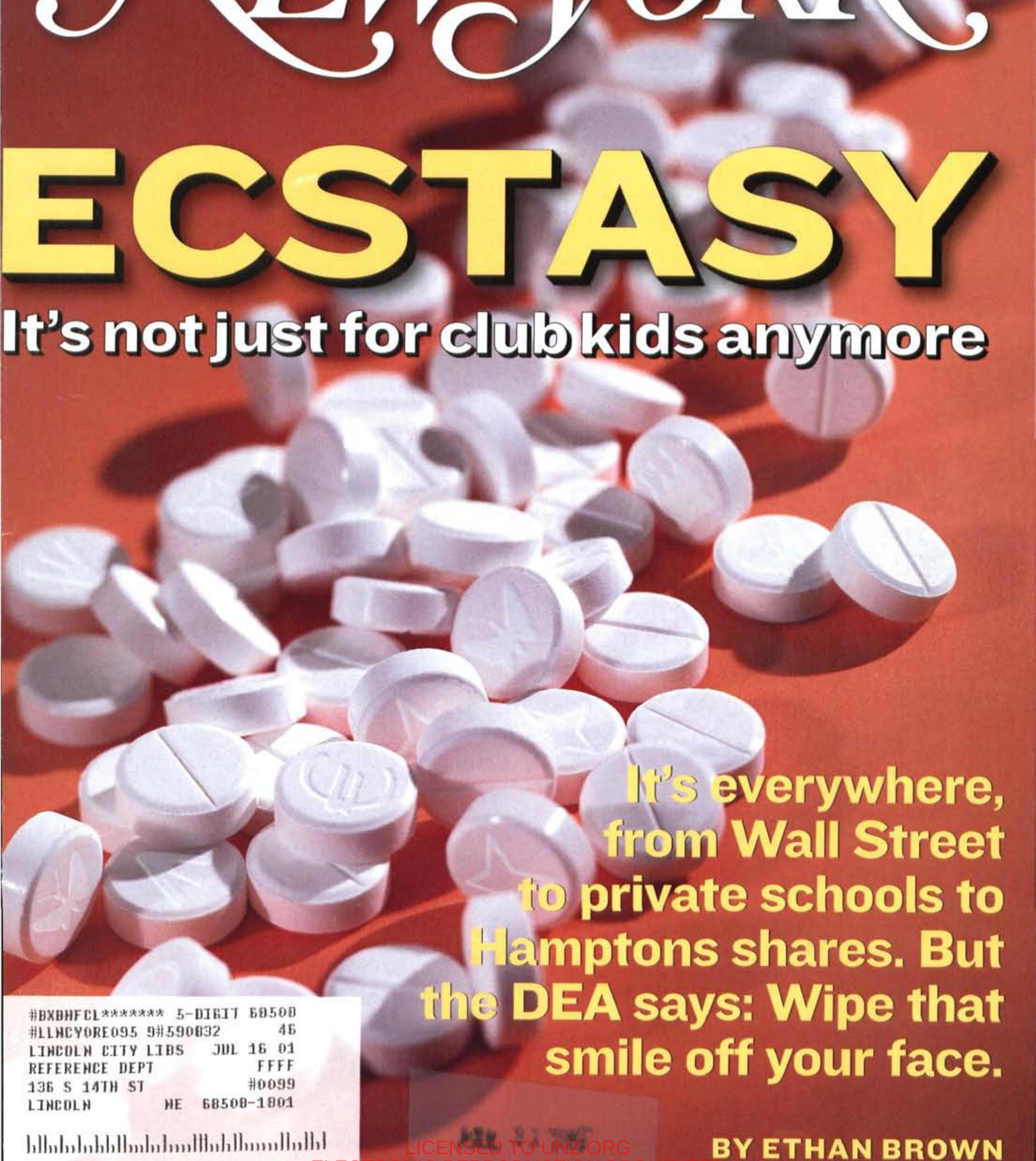

ECSTASY

It's not just for club kids anymore

It's everywhere, from Wall Street to private schools to Hamptons shares. But the DEA says: Wipe that smile off your face.

BY ETHAN BROWN

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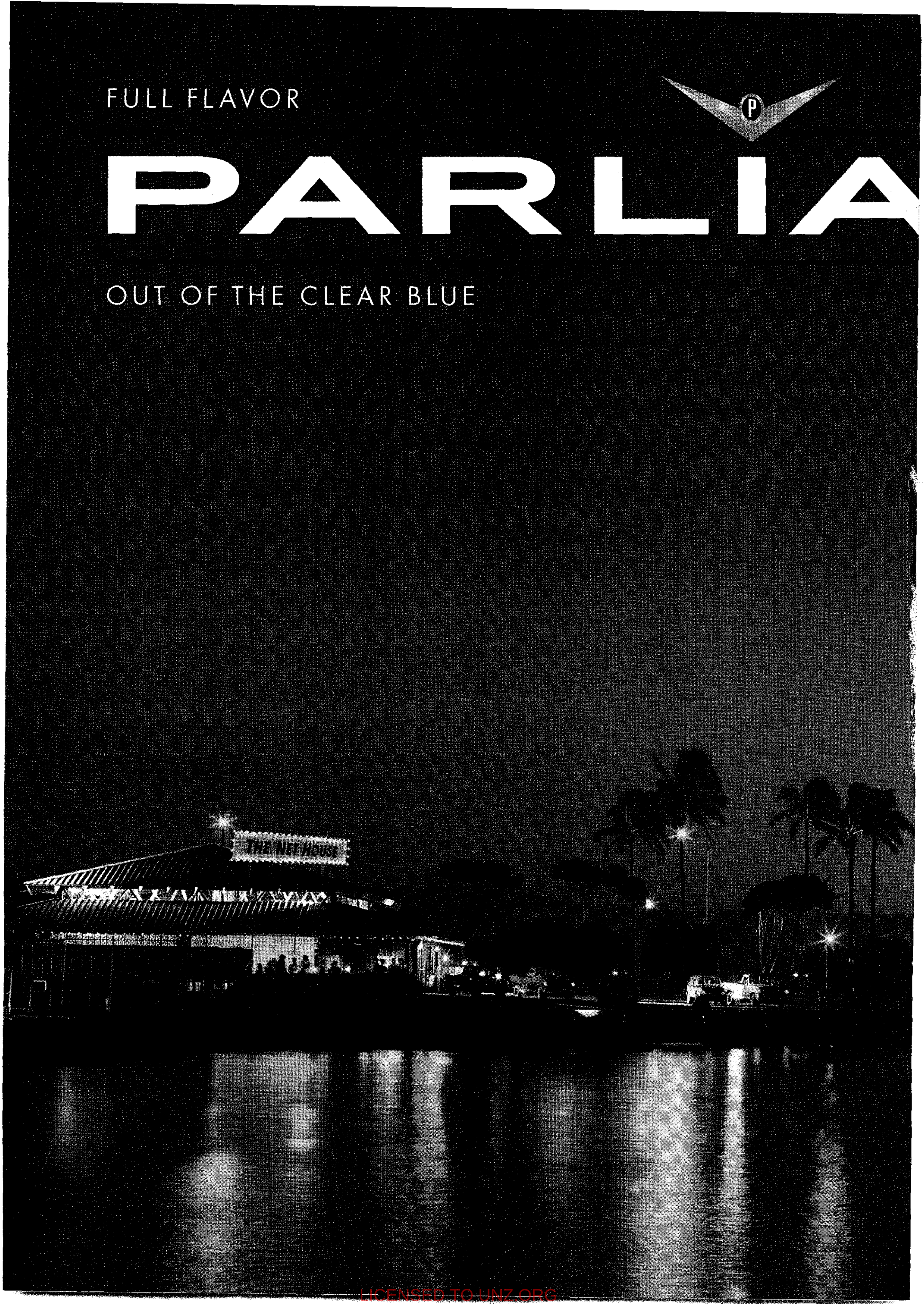
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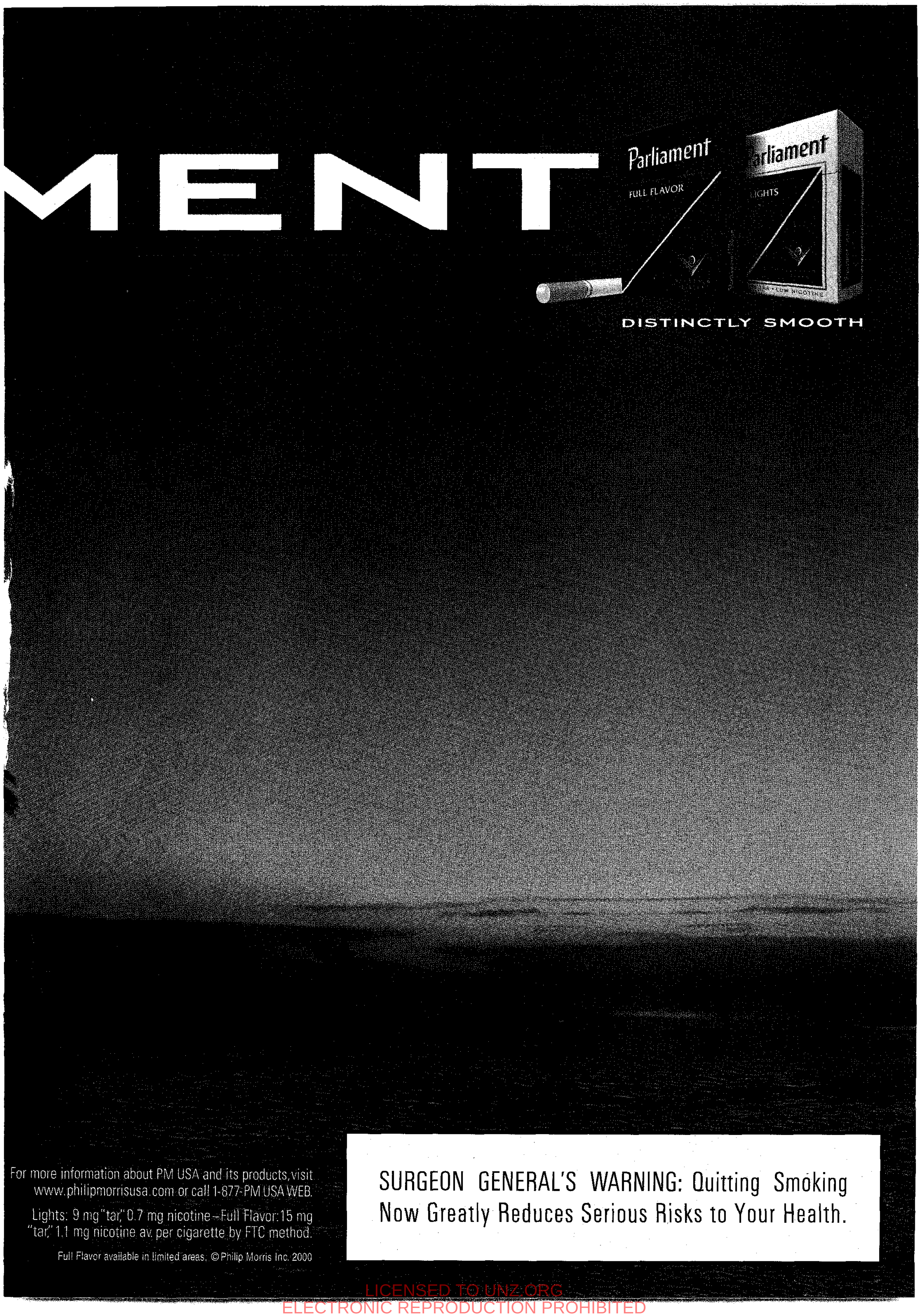
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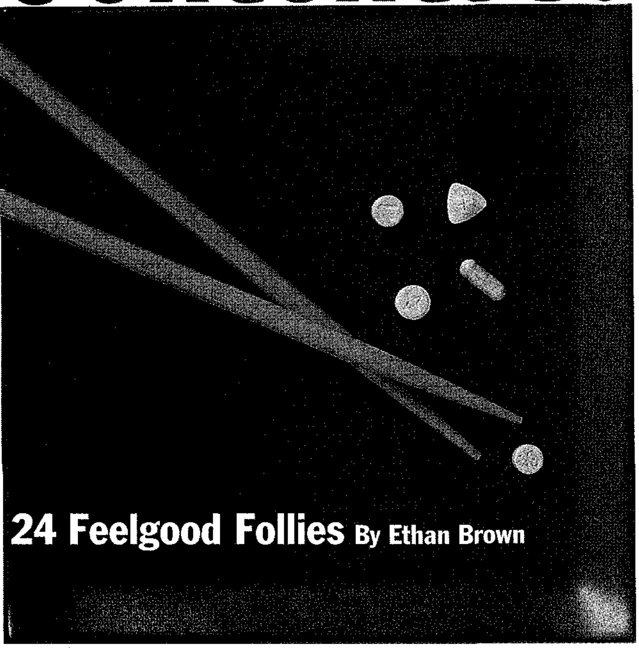
"With crack, you could say, 'These people are doing it and those people aren't.' You can't do that with ecstasy—everyone's doing it."

GARY MURRAY, U.S. CUSTOMS' ECSTASY TASK FORCE, PAGE 24



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No longer just the drug of choice for club kids, ecstasy has become as ubiquitous as coke in the eighties, but with little of coke's nasty rep. The yuppies and private-school kids and party animals who are turning on mean big business for dealers and smugglers—even Sammy the Bull got into the act—and big problems for U.S. Customs agents determined to stop the flood of pills pouring through Kennedy.

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LETTERS JULY 24, 2000

Doctor in Distress

Dr. Niels Lauersen accuses our writer of malpractice; several patients and a former colleague offer their own, wildly differing opinions.

AFTER READING YOUR COVER story about me ["The OB-GYN Who Loves Women," by Eric Konigsberg, June 19], I am deeply concerned. Not only was I misquoted, but much of what I said was taken out of context. Of particular concern are remarks credited to me concerning certain government officials involved in my insurance-investigation case. I was never asked to offer an opinion on these individuals, nor did I ever divulge any opinions about them. Of equal concern are the remarks, allegations, and insinuations concerning my appointment at St. Vincent's Medical Center. To imply, as Mr. Konigsberg did, that my position at this fine institution was the result of any coercion or favors sought by any individuals, famous or otherwise, is simply wrong. To secure my position at St. Vincent's, I went through their normally rigorous investigative process—one that included many interviews, as well as critiques of my work by highly esteemed members of the medical profession. It was not an appointment that either they or I took lightly. Finally, as for the comments made about my relationship with my former residents at Lenox Hill Hospital, at no time did I ever refuse the help of any resident present during my fifteen-year term at Lenox Hill. In fact, the situation was quite the opposite.

Niels H. Lauersen, M.D.
MANHATTAN

The editors reply: New York stands by its story.

HAVING WORKED WITH DR. LAUERSEN twenty years ago as a research assistant and ghostwriter at Mt. Sinai Hospital, I can say that the article did paint an accurate picture of this immature, egomaniacal doctor with poor medical skills. In my opinion, the man is well intentioned but dangerous. His research and medical practices have always been suspect. Consciously or unconsciously, Lauersen preys on women's low self-esteem. He seems to have a need for everyone to love him, and he ingratiates himself with women who may need a little affection themselves.

Zoë R. Graves
MANHATTAN

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AS THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE CHILD who was delivered by "traumatic forceps delivery" at the hands of Dr. Lauersen, I am outraged at his nonchalance. What does "It was a nonevent that shouldn't have happened" mean? Is this the way a compassionate man would look at his role in destroying a child's potential? Our beautiful grandson suffers from many disabilities as a result of the severe brain injury that occurred at birth. My daughter and son-in-law devote all their time consulting specialists and investigating treatments for their son. Dr. Lauersen's "nonevent" will haunt us all the days of our lives.

Christine Curley
QUINCY, MASS.

COMMENTS ABOUT DR. LAUERSEN'S AGE, hair color, midsection, and use of a tanning salon seem to come from a writer arrested in a David Spade–like adolescence. Yes, Eric, women do get mostly harmless crushes on male doctors who treat them with kindness and who find obvious joy in helping to create new life. No, gynecologists must not be sexless, humorless robots in order not to be rapists or Svengalis. As a PMS and general gyno patient for the past twelve years, I was grateful for his caring, professional in-house operating service that spared me from the impersonal and often harsh conditions of hospital surgery.

Jacquelyn Bonomo
MANHATTAN

ERIC KONIGSBERG'S ARTICLE PORTRAYED Dr. Lauersen as some kind of gynecological Elvis and his patients as a bunch of love-sick teenage girls. As a former patient of his, I can tell you that neither is true. Dr. Lauersen elicits such fervent support because he gives women hope when they thought all was lost. I came to him after five other doctors and one psychotherapist told me that my problems were "all in [my] head." Dr. Lauersen was the only person to correctly diagnose and treat my endometriosis. When Dr. Lauersen takes a woman's hand, looks her in the eye, and tells her that she will indeed have children, the weight of the world is lifted off her shoulders. Although I truly believe that without Dr. Lauersen I may never have been blessed with my 2-year-old son, I am not blindly in awe of the man. Dr. Lauersen is a gifted doctor and a compassionate man who apparently doesn't understand his human limitations. While I wish him no harm and pray that he doesn't permanently lose his license, I hope that all this turmoil will help him to realize that he cannot help every woman.

Mary Holtz
STAMFORD, CONN.

MONTHS AGO, MY WIFE ASKED ME IF I could talk to magazine editors I knew about doing a story on this great doctor. I told her it was a bad idea because Dr. Lauersen would be such a tempting target for an ambitious writer to mock. After all, he is wealthy, his clients are easy to dismiss, and—worst of all—he is guileless. Dr. Lauersen is so relentlessly optimistic and open that he would not know how to spin a story if his life depended on it. He tends to say whatever pops into his head, trusting those who hear him to understand his humor and good intentions. It was a hell of a story. As a writer, Eric Konigsberg knocked it out of the ballpark. And in doing so, he gave a lot of aid and comfort to those who are out to destroy a good man.

Bill Flanagan
MANHATTAN

INSURANCE FRAUD IS ALMOST BESIDE THE point. If Dr. Lauersen sees four to six patients in every twenty-minute span of office hours, he's committing "patient fraud." Even if he's treating them for love and not money, his patients are not getting their money's worth!

Sheldon S. Schoen, M.D.
LIVINGSTON, N.J.

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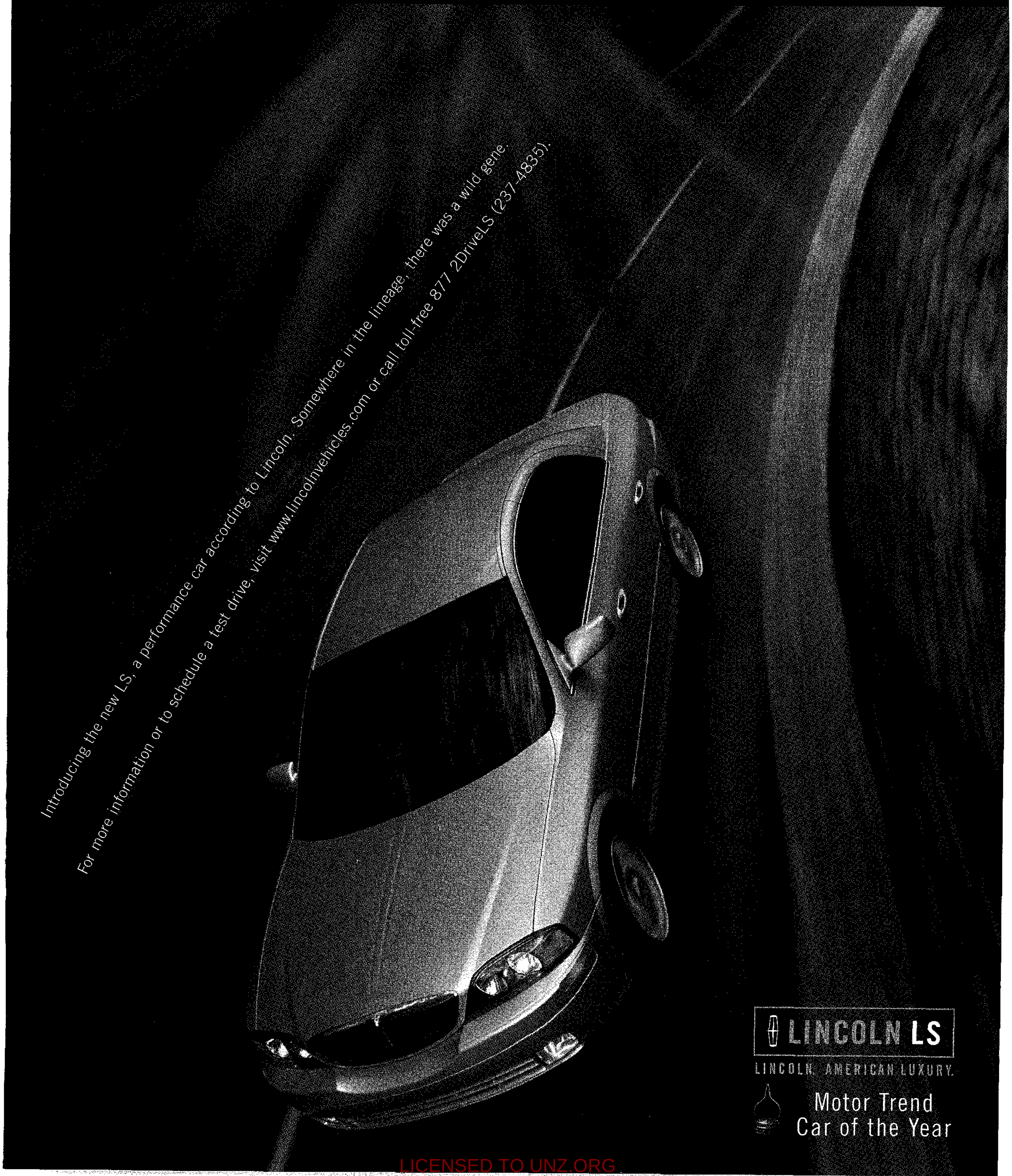
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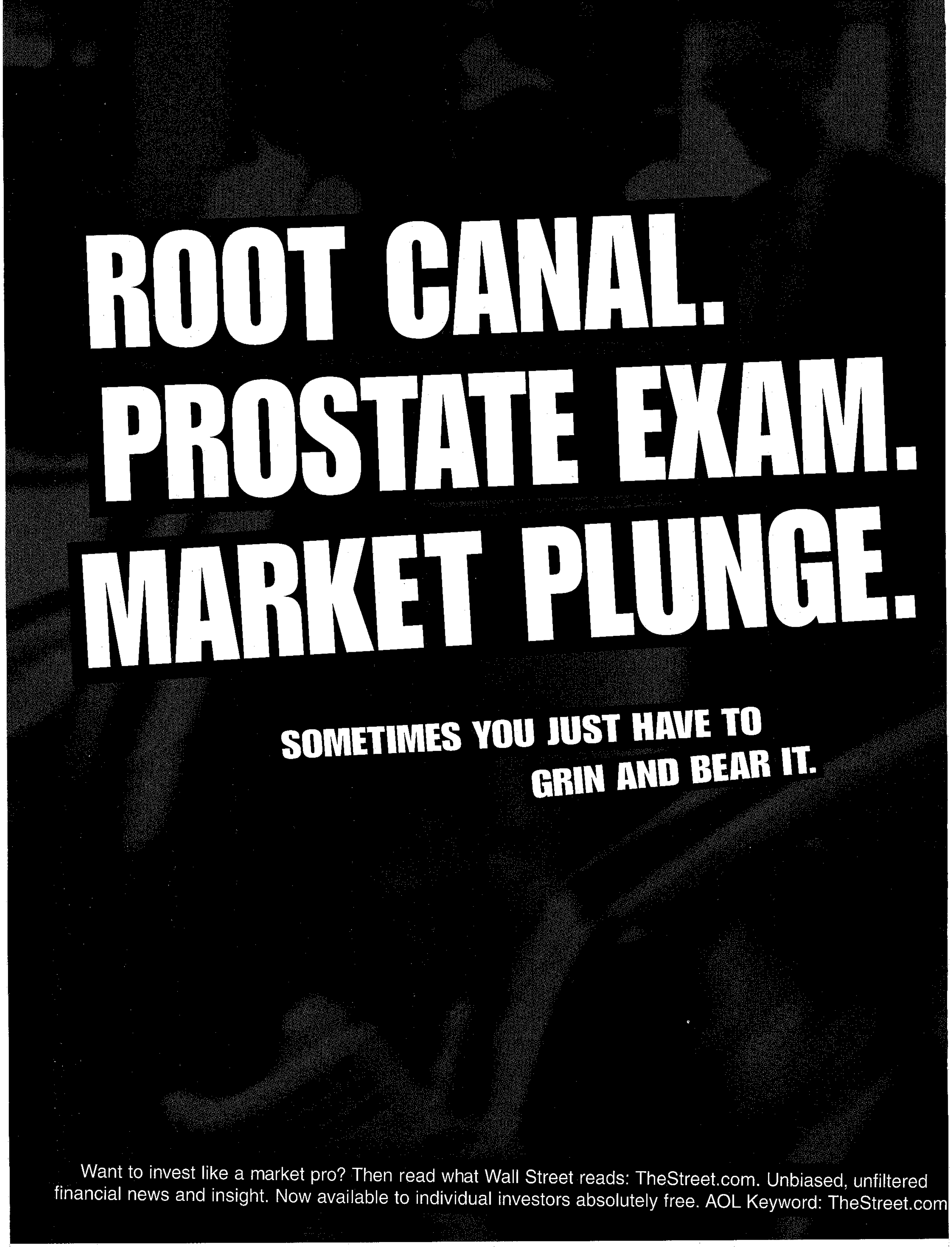

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND IAN SPIEGELMAN

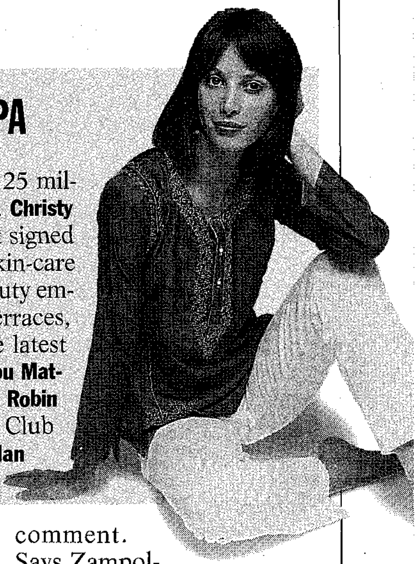
INTELLIGENCER

MODEL MAYHEM'S A FEDERAL CASE

The model wars have gone national. The FBI has suddenly found itself mixed up in the age-old contretemps in which competing mannequinneries accuse each other of everything from sabotage to talent-poaching. According to a source close to the case, two special agents showed up at the SoHo headquarters of ID Model Management to investigate company president **Paolo Zampolli**'s claim that someone with inside access deleted computer files containing information about ID's models, as well as confirmed bookings. Whether or not this has anything to do with male-model booker **Wilbert Hill**, who defected to the Karin agency last month, is anybody's guess. Hill tells the Intelligencer that any suggestion that he is responsible for the missing files is baseless—though he thinks he knows the source of the claim. "Once again, Mr. Zampolli, in his overcreative imagination, is coming up with things." Hill says he left ID because Zampolli wouldn't support his men's division, and calls his departure "a clean break." According to the tipster, ID has hired a Microsoft expert to retrieve the allegedly missing data. A spokesman for the FBI's computer-crimes squad wouldn't comment. Says Zampolli: "We will let the authorities decide."

CHRISTY'S MIAMI VICE: A ROOFTOP SPA

The most seductive aspect of **Philip Pilevsky**'s soon-to-open $125 million Shore Club resort in Miami is likely to be its spa owner. **Christy Turlington** and partners **Ayla Hussain** and **Cavan Mahony** have just signed on to launch their Sundãri Spa—named for their Ayurvedic skin-care line—at the ultraluxe oceanfront hotel. The rooftop co-ed beauty emporium will offer wet and dry treatment rooms, outdoor terraces, massage decks, and private VIP suites. Turlington is just the latest heavy hitter Pilevsky's lured to Miami. **Robert De Niro** and **Nobu Matsuhisa** will be opening a branch of Nobu, and **Michele Quan** and **Robin Renzi** will bring their Me & Ro shop to the hotel. The Shore Club will be Pilevsky's first solo project since he teamed up with **Ian Schrager** at the Morgan, the Paramount, and the Royalton.



DID KEANU REFUSE A PANTING DONNA?

For a guy who pulls off the whole down-and-out-in-Grungeville thing, **Keanu Reeves** makes a pretty respectable clotheshorse. At the *Mademoiselle*/DKNY Jeans–sponsored party for the surfer-soundalike actor and his band, Dogstar, a backstage source tells us, Reeves was grumbling that he wouldn't wear a pair of **Donna Karan**–designed jeans unless the legs were custom-tapered—by his L.A.-based tailor. A DKNY spokeswoman denies the story, saying that while the band was sent a slew of DKNY garments, the reason none found a place on Reeves's toned frame had nothing to do with vanity. "It was in the original plan for the band to sport a casual oceanside jeans-and-T-shirt look," says the flack. "Keanu decided to go with a suit, which was fine for us—we just don't make suits."

BILLY'S ZANE-Y OPSAIL ANTICS

When it comes to socializing, **Billy Zane** is a true descendant of **Warren Beatty**. The chiseled thespian spent the Fourth of July weekend demonstrating his gift for hobnobbing with both the hip-hop set and the high-brows from D.C. Within a 24-hour time span, Zane went from swilling cocktails out on the deck of Puff Daddy's Hamptons digs (where he appeared in a James Bond–ish wet suit over his white tuxedo) to the deck of the *J.F.K.* aircraft carrier, where he celebrated OpSail 2000 with the **Clinton** clan. While even his publicist confessed she was clueless as to how he boarded the vessel, Zane told the Intelligencer about the moment by offering us his own headline: "BILLY ZANE: FROM PUFF DADDY TO THE MACK DADDY." *Whatever.* His adventures didn't end there. The actor was recently in Iowa wrapping a movie when he heard that *Gear* magazine editor **Bob Guccione Jr.** was sending ten bikers on a two-week assignment to ride from New York to Los Angeles, documenting their journey with a digital camera and posting the images daily on the magazine's Website, gearmagtv.com. "Billy called up saying he wanted to jump in halfway on the tour," explains the editor. "We were going to literally airlift him out of the cornfields and put him on the road but Billy didn't get his motorcycle license in time." What? And the White House didn't offer to cut through the red tape?

Photograph: bottom, Patrick McMullan.

ONE SCRIBE'S NON-INTERFERENCE CLAWS

He may not be blessed with sight, but New York *Press* columnist **Jim Knipfel** is still one dangerous guy. The *Slackjaw* author was enjoying the launch party for **William Monahan**'s novel *Light House* at the Carnegie Club last week when an uninvited hothead made a general nuisance of himself and got belligerent with Knipfel's girlfriend, **Morgan Intrieri**. "I suggested that perhaps his presence at this particular table wasn't appreciated," Knipfel explains, "and when Morgan had finally had enough, she slapped the drink out of his hand. Then he slapped her—you don't do that." Knipfel grabbed the bounder by the throat and proceeded to choke him. The evening's host, New York *Post* byline **Jared Paul Stern** (pictured), stopped chatting up the likes of **Jay McInerney**, supermodel **Irina Pantaeva**, and *Talk* mag No. 2 man **Bob Wallace** long enough to free the interloper from Slackjaw's kung fu grip. The defeated cad beat a hasty retreat. "It was sheer luck that Knipfel found the guy's throat," Stern muses, but Knipfel says his combat prowess had nothing to do with luck: "I listened for his voice and aimed just beneath it." Perhaps he should have aimed a little lower.

FELDER'S BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

Raoul Felder is one member of the New York elite who won't be getting away to the beach this summer—in fact, he won't be getting away at all. Not only has the high-octane divorce attorney just sold off his long-neglected East Hampton place, he's also unloaded the vacation spot he's actually been using for the past few years, a two-bedroom condo on the waterfront in Brighton Beach. Brighton Beach? "I like it better than the Hamptons," he tells us. "It's the same water with nicer people. Everybody's equal on the beach there." Felder gave up his Long Island digs when he discovered the wonders of the Brooklyn shore in 1992. These days, however, Felder tells us he is simply too busy to make use of his Little Odessa Xanadu. "It's an overlooked gem," Felder says, "but now that I'm out, I don't care who knows about it. I have a penthouse in Manhattan, so I can sun there." Sounds rough.

KEITH BARISH—TAPAS THE WORLD

Keith Barish is re-entering the chain-restaurant business. The producer–cum–Planet Hollywood founder is backing his son **Chris** in joining up with **Andrew Sasson**, the man behind downtown's Jet Lounge and East Hampton's Jet East, to open a chain of five restaurant-lounges throughout the city. The first, called Light, will offer a tapas-style menu and is scheduled to open in September on the site of the former Rage at 123 East 54th Street. The two plan to scatter one Light-like hangout every six months throughout midtown and uptown, hoping to draw in the happy-hour set who prefer a sleek banquette to a knobby barstool. "Young, hip professionals who know what's going on have nowhere to go after work," Sasson tells us. Guess that leaves Bruce and Arnold out.

ESTÉE HANGS IN THE FLATIRON DISTRICT

The Flatiron Building is getting a makeover. Estée Lauder recently signed three fifteen-year leases for the bulk of the triangular skyscraper's bottom floor. Now Silicon Alley will feel much more like SoHo, because the cosmetics powerhouse plans to divvy up the 4,000-square-foot space among three of its baby companies popular with downtowners: Origins, Jo Malone, and MAC.

COHEN GRADS' CANNES-DO 'TUDE

Perhaps you had a good chuckle in May when we mentioned that that goal-oriented not-for-profit TriBeCa institution Audrey Cohen College was shipping fourteen media-management majors to the Cannes Film Festival in hopes of striking a big Hollywood deal. Lo and behold, the trip seems to have paid off. With the assistance of **Steven R. Greenwald**, the college's president and former CEO of DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group, one student, Bed-Stuy native **Kenya Cagle**, tells us he's in the process of signing a multi-million-dollar deal with Los Angeles–based Angel Film Group to produce a legal thriller he penned called *The Undercover Man*. Though Cagle still has some rewriting to do, **Bill Duke**, actor and director of *Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit*, has expressed interest in filming the script. But the road to success was not easy. Recalls a chipper Cagle: "I was pitching to one woman who just stopped me in the middle and told me I was an ass-kisser."

BUT YOU'LL *STILL* BE STUCK IN FIRST GEAR ON RTE. 27

This time next year should find moneyed speed demons very happy. Porsche is planning to release the GT-2, a lightweight, more powerful "racing version" of its popular 996 Carrera Turbo, in the U.S. for the summer of 2001. Although the automative press as well as gear-heads everywhere have been predicting that the carmaker would get the GT-2's not-street-legal successor, the GT-3, okayed for U.S. distribution next year, Porsche has decided instead to offer American enthusiasts a souped-up incarnation of the earlier model. The GT-2 racer, however, will have considerably more kick than the GT-3, with 462 horsepower instead of a mere 390. The modified GT-2 will easily achieve 200 mph, but we know that no one will be trying to attain anything near such velocity on those twisting Hamptons back roads next summer. Right?

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Brooke Gosin.

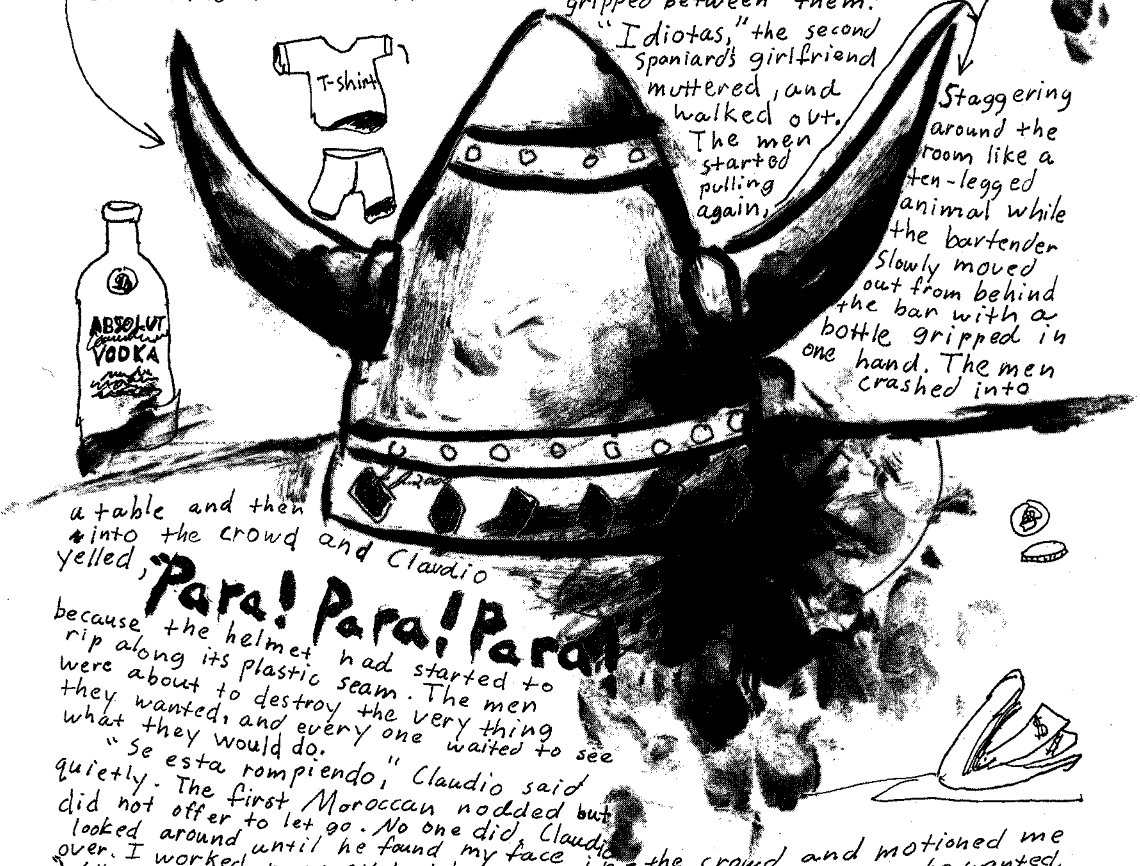
Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

The trouble started when one of the Moroccans grabbed Claudio's Viking helmet. It was plastic with two horns on top, and fake rubies along the rim and the Moroccan shouted that it had been stolen from him the night before and what kind of swine would steal a man's helmet. It was festival time and Claudio was in a t-shirt and shorts with a leather wineskin over his shoulder. He spun around and got a grip on the plastic rim and two of his friends jumped in and then another Spaniard with nothing better to do got his hand on it. The other patrons made room for whatever problem was coming and the five men stood glaring at each other in the middle of the sawdust floor with the helmet gripped between them.

"Idiotas," the second Spaniard's girlfriend muttered, and walked out. The men started pulling again, Staggering around the room like a ten-legged animal while the bartender Slowly moved out from behind the bar with a bottle gripped in one hand. The men crashed into a table and then into the crowd and Claudio yelled, "Para! Para! Para!" because the helmet had started to rip along its plastic seam. The men were about to destroy the very thing they wanted, and every one waited to see what they would do.

"Se esta rompiendo," Claudio said quietly. The first Moroccan nodded but did not offer to let go. No one did. Claudio looked around until he found my face in the crowd and motioned me over. I worked my way to where he stood and asked him what he wanted. "Will you hold this helmet as I would?" he asked. "Yes", I said. "Will you defend it as if it were your own?" I nodded. Claudio placed my hand on the rim and then went over to the bartender, who was still standing there with the bottle. "What is the mark?" he asked. "ABSOLUT," the bartender said. "Is that a good one?" "Very good." Claudio lifted the bottle out of the bartender's hand and shouldered his way back through the crowd. The Moroccan looked on suspiciously. Claudio twisted the top open and upended the bottle until the helmet was full. "DEJENLO," Claudio said, holding the helmet from underneath. The rest of us let go and Claudio presented the helmet to the Moroccan, who brought the rim to his mouth and took a respectful swallow. He passed it to his left and the next Moroccan drank and then the other Spaniard drank and finally the last Moroccan took his turn. He gave the helmet to Claudio, who received it like a chalice and knocked a sip back from the rim.

From there the helmet went to the bartender, who took a swallow and sent it off around the room. "AHORA?" he said loudly. Claudio gestured at the Moroccans and then slapped his wallet down on the bar. "These men are now my friends," he said. "They are not to pay for another thing."



ABSOLUT JUNGER

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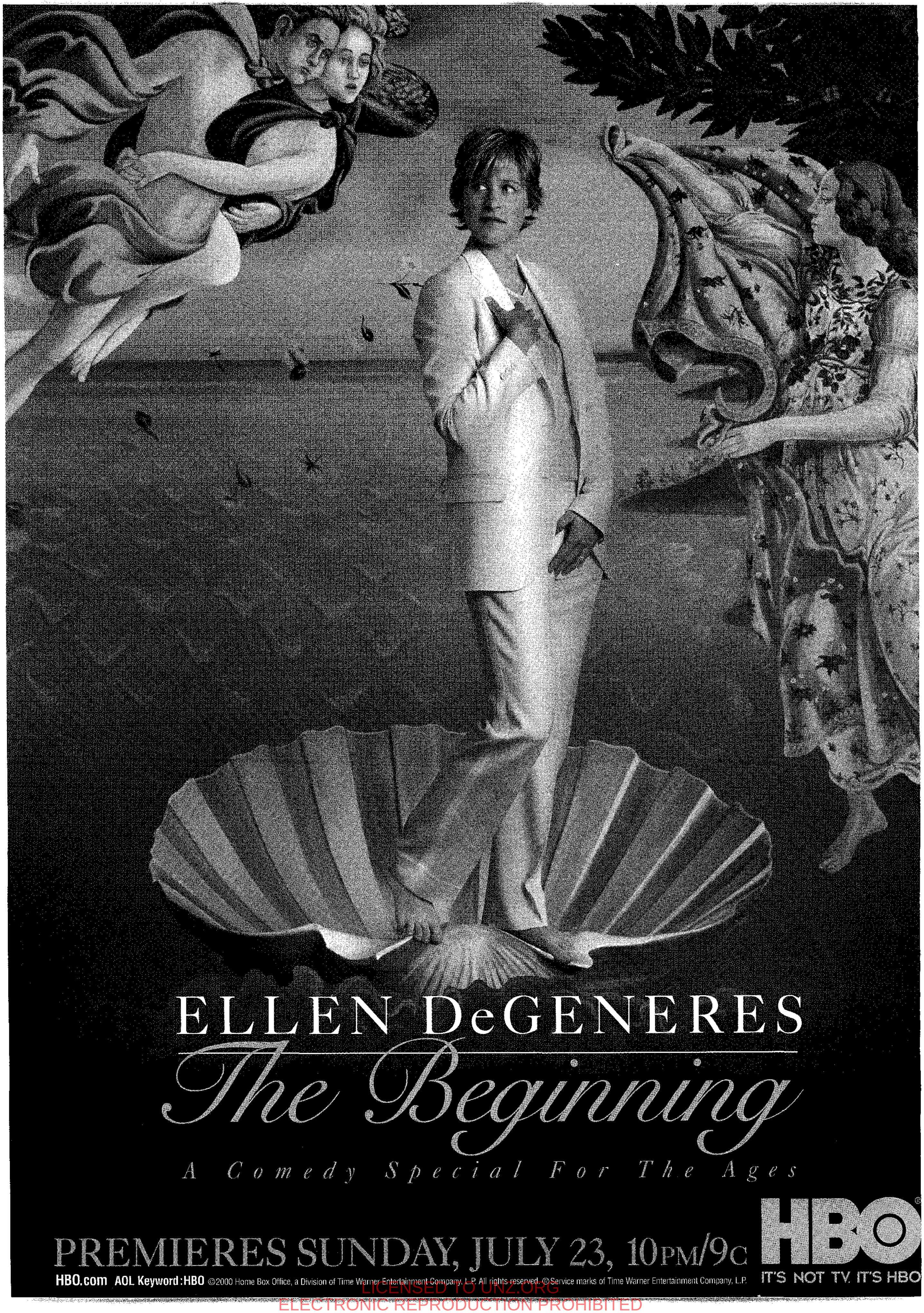
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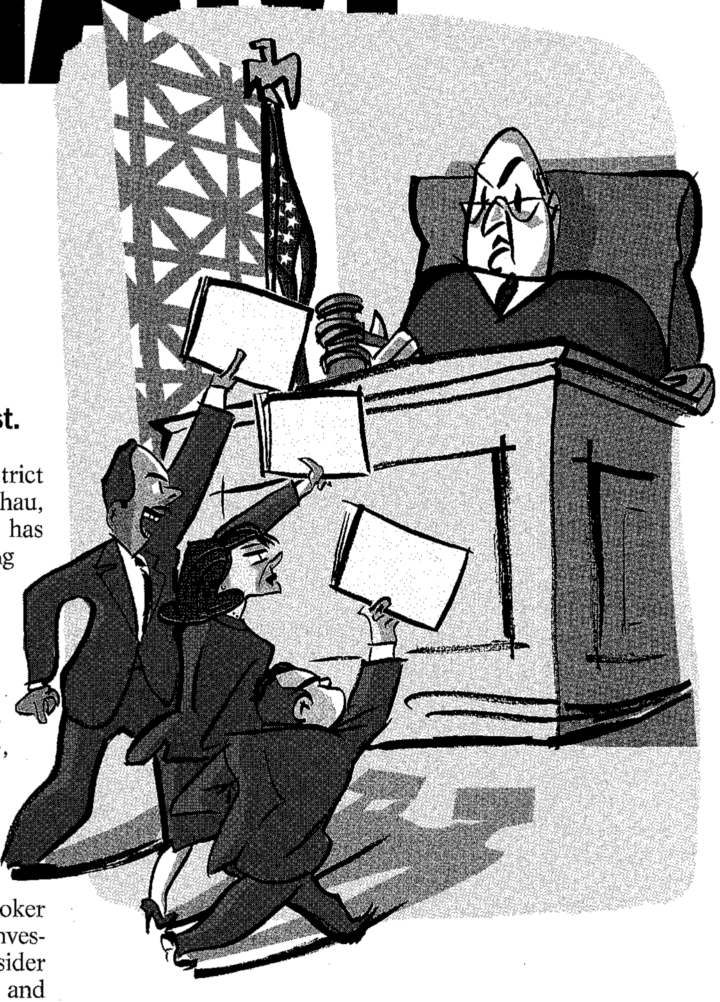
A WORLD OF MATHEMATICAL MYSTERY AND MACHINERY—*LAFCADIO HEARN*

GOTHAM



Boiler Boom

Two tenacious U.S. Attorneys and one frisky D.A. race for history's biggest stock-fraud bust.

THE FIRST SHOT WAS fired across the East River a year ago, when then–U.S. Attorney Zachary Carter of Brooklyn's Eastern District indicted 85 people in one day for allegedly swindling thousands of victims out of more than $100 million. The FBI called it the biggest boiler-room scam in history.

It took a year, but a riposte finally came last month, when U.S. Attorney Mary Jo White of Manhattan's Southern District indicted 122 people for trying to scam more than $50 million, calling it a "joint venture" between five Mafia families. Now *this* is the biggest boiler-room scam ever. For now.

The race to make the biggest pump-and-dump brokerage bust is still on—and several witnesses from the prosecution and the defense tell *New York* that the competition is far from friendly. Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, White's longtime rival, has been doing his own policing on Wall Street, taking down the brokerages Meyers Pollock Robbins (20 indicted, plus 22 guilty pleas), A.S. Goldmen (33 indicted, first trial conviction last week), and Duke & Company (24 indicted, plus 22 guilty pleas). The result is a three-way jurisdictional free-for-all, and the infamous case of broker Marisa Baridis, who was investigated in 1997 for insider trading by *both* White and Morgenthau, may be only the first of many problems caused by the intramural jockeying.

"I have a major white-collar case that is being pursued by the Southern District *and* the D.A.'s office," one prominent white-collar defense lawyer says. "It's a major case, and neither side has talked to the other. There's clear animosity. It's all ego. Each office feels they're more important. Every prosecutor thinks they're taking the lead. There's no real reason to do this. It shouldn't be a question of *who* gets the bad guy."

The bull market and the dot-com frenzy have created more than enough fraud work to go around: The recent fraud indictment against platform-shoe mogul Steve Madden "was a team effort by the Southern and Eastern Districts. We even had a joint press release," says Rob Khuzami, chief of the Southern District's securities-fraud unit. But the problem for prosecutors is that instead of busting high-profile Boesky-like figures, most cases tend to corral large numbers of largely unknown defendants—dozens of low-level cold-callers—under single mega-indictments that can't

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POLITICS

Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Ricky swipes legislation to help Syrian Jews from Brooklyn Dem Anthony Weiner, who did work but whose name comes after Lazio's on bill. Nice to know House GOP so attuned to the needs of the Jewish community. ○

Lay-low Lazio likes Long Island. And Washington. And paid TV commercials. And big *Times* stories about his media guru. And everything but hitting the road and putting out actual ideas. ○

Hill wonks out: major policy speech on Medicaid funding, City Hall press conference on Con Ed. Worthy topics, but somehow we doubt discussion of price of megawatt-hours will sway Clinton haters. ○

New poll shows dead heat, but more than that, HRC's favorable-unfavorable rating at 34–40. And 33–59 deficit in the suburbs could be deal-breaker. Get out of Elmira and hie thee to Mineola! ●

Photographs: Richard B. Levine (2). Illustrations by: top, Tom Bachtell; bottom, Ingo Fast.

Boiling *continued from page 13*

help but overlap jurisdictions. "Is there competition? Sometimes we just bump into each other," deadpans one source in Morgenthau's office, who justifies the D.A.'s right to get in the stock-fraud game by noting that the state's securities law predates the Federal Securities Act. Adds Jason Brown, the Eastern District former criminal-division chief who just left to join the defense firm of Holland & Knight: "The good part is that it keeps everyone competitive and on their toes. The bad part is that it's ultimately an inefficient use of resources."

Hefty indictments can be unwieldy. "To put 40 or 50 people together is just to try to make a big sound when it's announced," says defense attorney Jeffrey Hoffman of Hoffman Pollok and Pickholz. "There is definitive federal case law that holds that they're not going to get more than ten people tried at any time." But while defense lawyers may cry foul, they're also kicking up their heels at the rush of new work: A pump-and-dump bust with 122 defendants is the legal equivalent of Ford coming to town and opening an auto plant.

Ben Brafman, once famous for defending the likes of Peter Gatien, now says securities cases make up 30 percent of his firm's practice. Five years ago, they took up just 10 percent. The rivalry between prosecutors has proven good for business. "I just resolved a case with a defendant named in a Southern District indictment and two separate Eastern District indictments," he says. "All three cases covered the same time period and the same general behavior. They're racing each other to the courthouse. These securities prosecutions of today are what the insider-trading cases were to prosecutors in the eighties."

ROBERT KOLKER

FASHION

Doggy Style

Keanu's band gives up all hope of street cred to romance fashionistas.

JUST IN TIME FOR COCKTAIL HOUR, AN UNRULY line of tanned fashion girls is forming behind a velvet rope. The assembly is not for an invite-only sample sale or a runway extravaganza or a movie premiere but for a private outdoor concert at Chelsea Piers by Dogstar. The band, which is known mostly—all right, only—for its bass player, Keanu Reeves, has just released its first U.S. CD, *Happy Ending*. One glance at the black-and-white cover photo, which centers on singer Bret Domrose and nervily crops Reeves's famous mug, makes it clear that the trio has given up its flannel-and-torn-jeans grunge motif for a *Matrix*-esque makeover. And the evening's sponsors, DKNY Jeans and *Mademoiselle,* have provided Dogstar with a discerning audience full of Prada bowling bags and purple-tinted Chloe shades on which to give it a test drive.

"I saw Keanu come in," reports one fashion publicist. "He was wearing a black suit but with really big Timberland hiking boots, and his face was all scruffy. He's still fighting to retain some grunginess," she sighs. Not one audience member has ever heard a Dogstar song, but one fashion-house employee in a tube top comes the closest: "One time I was staying at the Chateau Marmont," she says, "and they were staying right next to me!"

By 10 P.M. there's still no sign of the featured players, and the crowd, pumped up on Chambord margaritas, begins to get ugly as the Guns N' Roses song "Sweet Child o' Mine" blasts from the speakers. "They're going to *suck* in comparison," growls a brunette in search of a cigarette. Just before the breaking point, Reeves, in a respectable red button-down and a black suit, as advertised, appears onstage. "Thank you, ladies," he mumbles into the mike, prompting the sea of sophisticates to bum-rush the platform, pulling digital cameras from Fendi baguettes.

After the short set, two girls—one in wedge heels, the other in a Pucci-print tank—profess their new love for Domrose, who is promptly cornered by a pack of Earl jean jackets. "*We* should host a party like this," he shouts from the center of the throng. "We could use some positive energy."

SARAH BERNARD

ARTBYNUMBERS

Sea Craft

YOU COULD SAY THAT VANESSA BEECROFT WORKS LIKE a film director when creating "live event" projects like *VB42,* which she staged on the *Intrepid* this spring. That makes her gallery, Deitch Projects, something like her film producer—Deitch paid roughly $200,000 for the sailors of a submarine corps to be videotaped and photographed onboard as Beecroft's project for the Whitney Biennial. The resulting works, as well as those from Beecroft's *VB39* (with Navy SEALS inside the Museum of Contemporary Art in San Diego) went up for sale at Deitch Projects in SoHo earlier this month (the show runs through September 16). Already 40 photographs, from editions of three to six shot not by Beecroft but by her hired hands Todd Eberle and Armin Linke, have been sold for $12,000 to $25,000. Since Beecroft's earlier works resold at auction this spring at prices up to $92,000 and often around $40,000, the current figures look like a deal. Who are some of the bargain-hunters who've bought at the new show? New York law firm Skadden Arps, Colombian megacollector Alberto Mugrabi, and young Israeli collector Doron Sebbag, plus unnamed New York museum trustees.

JOSH BAER

More art-world news can be found online at **baerfaxt.com**.

Photographs: top, Patrick McMullan; bottom, Armin Linke.

NIGHTLIFE

Paradise Lost

D.J.'s and producers remember the Garage—even if they weren't there.

'EVEN IF YOU JUST WENT TO THE CLUB A few times," says *Billboard* dance-music editor Michael Paoletta, "you experienced something so grand that you are actually looked up to." Over the past few years, as dance music has inched closer to the mainstream, the Paradise Garage, a SoHo nightclub that ran from 1976 to 1987, has assumed the kind of talismanic significance that makes it the Woodstock of serious New York clubgoers.

Unlike Studio 54, with its impassive doormen and stiff social pecking order, the Garage democratized the dance floor. "When Diana Ross came by, things got screwed up and somehow she had to pay to get in," remembers Mel Cheren, who ran the Garage with his lover Michael Brody (who died in 1987) and has just published a memoir called *Keep On Dancin': My Life and the Paradise Garage.* "But when she left, she said, 'It's truly paradise.' Madonna gave her first major performance there, too. And Grace Jones was like the queen of the Garage." Some A-listers made a very different impression. Eddie Murphy, Cheren remembers, often demanded complimentary admission for his multiple companions. "He used to come to the Garage with ten transvestites in tow," says Cheren. "After a while, Michael said, 'Look, you can come in, but *someone's* gonna pay.' "

The real star of the club was its D.J., Larry Levan, who created the template for disco, and later house music, with the soulful, orchestral dance sets he played years earlier at gay bathhouses like the Continental Baths and eventually at the Garage. He challenged his audience, and though he spun the Clash's "Magnificent Seven" and 60-minute synthesizer orchestras like Manuel Göttsching's "E2—E4," ultimately the wailing divas and percussive funk of a new double CD from Cheren's West End Records, *Larry Levan Live at the Paradise Garage,* make a case for Levan as less the avant-garde electronic pioneer and more dance music's answer to R&B. (Levan died of heart-condition complications in 1992.)

Levan's sets inspired the current dance-music scene's Old Guard, including Junior Vasquez and Danny Tenaglia, to take to the decks, and the club has become surprisingly influential with house and hip-hop producers who never even darkened its doors. "I was too young to go to the Garage," says house-music producer and D.J. Armand Van Helden, "but I know that the party was about breaking down barriers between music. And that's what I'm about. So I consider myself 'Garage.' " Hip-hop producer Prince Paul says back in the mid-seventies when "there was no such thing as a hip-hop record," D.J.'s like Afrika Bambaataa "would spin disco records like Taana Gardner's 'Heartbeat' [remixed by Levan] just for the breakbeats. Everybody *killed* that record back then."

This summer, tributes to Levan and the Garage have become as common as "ladies drink free" nights: Over the weekend, dancers sweated at packed Levan tributes at "Body & Soul" and the Bronx club the Warehouse; this Wednesday, original Garage D.J.'s David DePino and Joey Llanos will spin at "Little" Louie Vega's "Dance Ritual" party at Vinyl; on Saturday night at Brooklyn club Halcyon, Cheren will read from *Keep On Dancin',* followed by a set from Nicky Siano, the D.J. who taught Levan how to spin; and later that evening, D.J. Timmy Regisford will present yet another tribute to Levan at "Shelter" at Vinyl. "I think things are coming full circle," says Cheren, adding that he'd like to reopen the club in its original King Street space as a Hard Rock Cafe–inspired "disco diner" with Garage memorabilia—down to an urn bearing Levan's ashes. ETHAN BROWN

BRAND X

Pie Hard

BRAND: Domino's Pizza **AGENCY:** Deutsch (NY) **CREATIVE DIRECTOR:** Cheryl Van Ooyen

FOR A WHILE THERE, ANY SCHMO could get a job at a dot-com. But now that that particular gravy train has derailed, the barely competent are left to work at . . . Domino's. That seems to be the message of the pizza chain's new campaign, which stars Bad Andy, a mischief-making puppet and Domino's employee. In one spot, Andy offers a co-worker a rolling pin, defying the boss's order not to use shortcuts because Domino's policy is to hand-stretch pizza crust. (Tag line: BAD ANDY. GOOD PIZZA.) In another, he rearranges the letters on a signboard, changing it from TODAY'S SPECIAL: LG OR MED PIZZA, ANY CRUST to TODAY'S SPECIAL: BIG MAN TROUSERZ. (Does Andy know something about why we shouldn't eat Domino's pizza?) In a third, he unplugs all the pizza-warming HeatWave Hot Bags so he can plug in a fan, two TVs, and a lava lamp. As it happens, Domino's could use some heat—its same-store sales increased just 2 percent in the first quarter of 2000—and if a dog-harassing sock puppet can raise the profile of a pet-supplies purveyor, why can't a fuzzy brown layabout generate buzz for a pizza-maker? But Andy's continued employment at Domino's raises troubling questions: If he can prance around undetected long enough to unplug all the HeatWave Hot Bags, what's keeping him from, say, licking the pepperoni or peeing in the tomato sauce? In other words, just how bad *is* Bad Andy? And does Domino's liability insurance cover puppet sabotage?

SIMON DUMENCO

ED KOCH VS. LUCIANNE GOLDBERG I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

When Lucianne Goldberg subs for a vacationing D'Amato, the subject turns to—what else?—sex!

Maer Roshan: The news this week was dominated by two new books filled with salacious revelations about the mayor and his family. Is there something unfair about dredging all this up at what may be the end of Rudy's political career?

Ed Koch: No. Someone writing a biography has a right to go back and examine your pedigree. What's unfair are the attempts to tar Rudy with his father's crimes.

Lucianne Goldberg: What I question is the *timing* of these revelations. There's no doubt in my mind that Hillary's people cooked this up as an election surprise. But so what? If Republicans discovered that one of Hillary's relatives was a horse rustler, they'd run with it, too. But I wonder how these revelations would have affected Rudy if he had stayed in the race.

E.K.: I don't think they'd have much effect. After a while, this steady drip of scandal becomes too much. Rudy has major problems—his medical condition, his marital situation. Nobody wants to add to his tribulations.

M.R.: Actually, Ed, one of those drips landed on you. Andrew Kirtzman contends in his book that in 1996, as you were arguing with Rudy over judgeships, Cristyne Lategano tried to persuade the mayor to go public with an alleged affair you had with a staff assistant.

E.K.: As soon as that was reported, both Rudy and Lategano called me and swore it was not true. I listened to them and I believed them. Actually, they phoned at exactly the same time. I kept Lategano on hold. [*Laughs.*]

M.R.: Rudy wouldn't be the first politician to make hay out of your sex life.

E.K.: No! Of course not. Every election I've ever been in, there were people who wanted to injure me. They never could.

L.G.: By now it's gotten so boring. People say, "Ed Koch is gay!" It's *such* a cliché.

E.K.: Well, I don't discuss my private life, as I wouldn't presume to discuss *yours,* Lucianne. But Wayne Barrett has rehashed this story several times. In 1993, he reported that Giuliani hired a guy to look into my sex life. Rudy swore it wasn't true. Two years later, Barrett reported that the same guy had gone to trial, and Rudy had testified in his defense. So Rudy called again and said, "Okay, I admit this guy *did* work for me, and that he hired someone who for eleven days *did* investigate your personal life, but I never knew about it, and when I found out, I ended that immediately."

M.R.: Lucy, I'm sure you were shocked to hear of politicians digging up their opponent's sex life.

L.G.: Yes, *shocked*! Everything is fair game in my opinion. Let's get real. People get into politics to win. I never met Lategano. But as we all know, she was 110 percent loyal to the mayor, and when she saw him being hurt, she was perfectly capable of this.

E.K.: The funny thing is, no one cares! People don't care about politicians' sex lives unless you're a hypocrite or you force it on the public.

L.G.: When it comes to the president, I don't think his affairs *are* private. There's a lot at stake. For the years he's in office, the president belongs to us. Mind you, when I started in the Kennedy White House, I was very naïve. We didn't know the president was sending aides to F Street every night to bring back $10 hookers! The press didn't write about it, and they should have!

E.K.: What JFK did was scandalous.

L.G.: Clinton was just as reckless. During the campaign, reporters would see him coming out with some woman in the morning and throwing her suitcases into his limousine.

M.R.: Many believe that his personal flaws ended up damaging not only Hillary but Gore as well.

E.K.: I don't think Gore's problems have *anything* to do with Clinton. Gore would make a great president, but he's a lousy candidate. He comes across as boring nerd, whereas George Bush comes over as very human. I think Gore needs to throw his notes away and be himself. Instead, his aides are ordering him to wear earth tones.

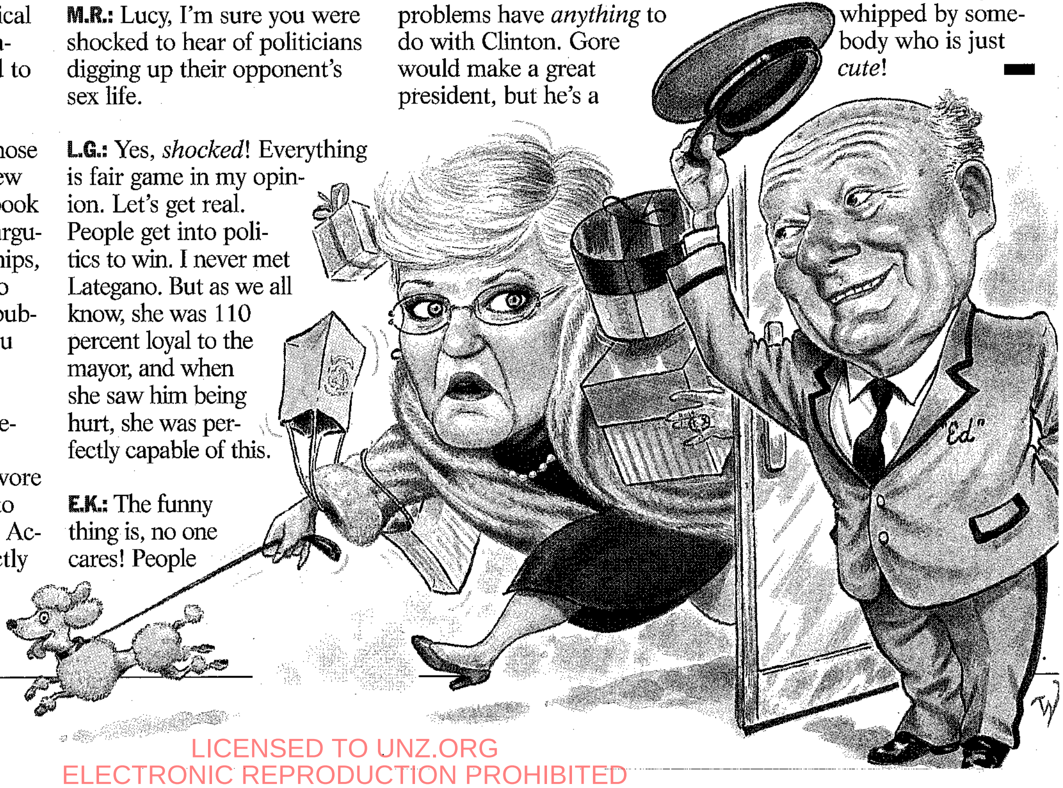
L.G.: Please! Now he's even taken Naomi Wolf back into his campaign. The girl with the see-through harem pants! Why in the world would he employ somebody who generates so much bad ink? His campaign's just awful.

M.R.: You don't seem terribly enamored of Lazio's campaign either.

L.G.: Well, I don't think Lazio's made much of an impact—he hasn't shown any *cojones.* He's awfully cute, though. God, is he *cute*! Maybe he's saving the heavy artillery for later.

M.R.: Maybe there *is* no heavy artillery. Maybe he's just cute.

L.G.: Well, what fun it will be to have Hillary whipped by somebody who is just *cute*! ▬

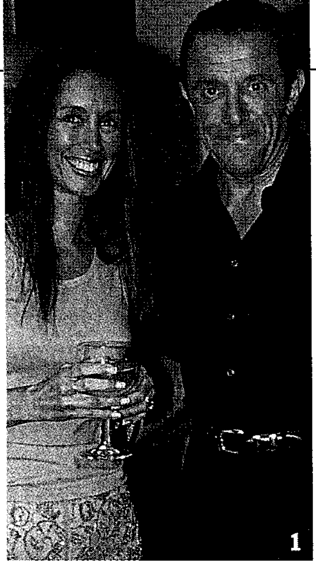


THE SCENE

Flower Power

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

LOTUS MADE A HOTHOUSE SETTING ON JULY 11 FOR THE FIRST "Pachanga" party to benefit Casita Maria, the Bronx-based settlement house that serves the Hispanic community. Perennial philanthropists including Marina Rust, Sasha Leviant, and Emilia Fanjul turned out to samba and swig rum, and many of them picked up the Cuban theme with *La Isla Bonita*–inspired flowers. A deli rose peeped out of one partyer's cleavage; a camellia poked out from behind Lily Rafii's mass of hot-rolled locks. Vanessa von Bismarck secured her ponytail with silk lilies, saying that she was feeling "a bit tropical." Adelina Wong went *faux,* too, noting that "real flowers wilt." Co-chair Alexa Hampton guessed that the floral inspiration came from the woman she drew on the invitation wearing a flower in her hair. Perhaps it was the heady fragrance of all the blooms that intoxicated some foolish frolickers: One model had her publicist ask a photographer if he was available for a dance later—and was refused—while two giggling girls wrangled the bartender into delivering a glass of champagne to a stranger in the crowd. "Do you know him?" asked the sexy barman. "No," they twittered, "but we'd like to!" KRISTINA RICHARDS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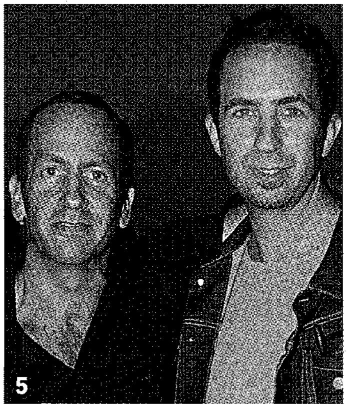
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1. Christina Makowsky and Andrew Tilberis at Makowsky's store, Georgina, for the "Super Saturday 3" party benefiting the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund. 2. Debbie Bancroft and Vera Wang at a pre-gala party for the Parrish Art Museum at Wang and Arthur Becker's home. 3. Kate and Alexa Hampton at Lotus. 4. Bill Beutel, Ellen Wright, and Don Hewitt toasting Wright's book *Bridgehampton Weekends* at her home. 5. Kenny Scharf and Eric Goode at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery for Anh Duong's opening. 6. Lawrence and Kimberly Zimmerman and Marcy and Michael Warren at Club Colette. 7. Elaine Stritch, Rona Jaffe, and Steven Gaines at Jaffe's home celebrating her new book *The Road Taken.* 8. Children's-services commissioner Nicholas Scoppetta and Susan Burden at the Alfred Dunhill store for the Family Sports Day kickoff party benefiting New Yorkers for Children in Foster Care. 9. Treach at the wrap party for Showtime's *3 AM* at Metronome.

REALTY BITES

Precious Metal

Forget stainless—insist on titanium.

WHAT'S A DEVELOPER TO DO? You're building the city's millionth luxury condo of the year, and you want yours to stand out from the pack. Classic luxe materials used to be the answer—granite countertops, rosewood floors, those bathroom sinks that stick up out of the counter—but everyone has that stuff these days. Hence the advent of titanium chic, which means the whole *outside* of your house can be as shiny and high-tech as a new silver Nokia, a truly fashion-forward facade.

Frank Gehry's extravaganzas (Bilbao, Condé Nast's cafeteria, the proposed Pier 11 development) sparked titanium's sudden vogue. Besides, the metal is superlight and incredibly strong, won't oxidize, and reflects heat amazingly, which is why NASA builds space shuttles out of it. But its physical properties aren't the draw. "It's feeding the ego," says developer Edward Baquero, who's using titanium to sheathe the new penthouses at 30 Crosby Street, part of a development called the Loft SoHo. It costs maybe ten times what stainless steel would, he guesses—but buyers "want to be able to tell their friends 'this whole thing's clad in titanium.' " In other words, aluminum siding for people who won't put up aluminum siding. Baquero got the bug after visiting Bilbao; he felt "an aura about it—that's what attracted me, that's what attracted others. . . . It's like kryptonite or something, like it just landed from space." And, like kryptonite, it makes Masters of the Universe go weak at the knees. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

GOTHAM REALESTATE

Keeping Pace With the Glimchers

Gallerist Arne's son, a former Giacchetto pal, is back from the boonies.

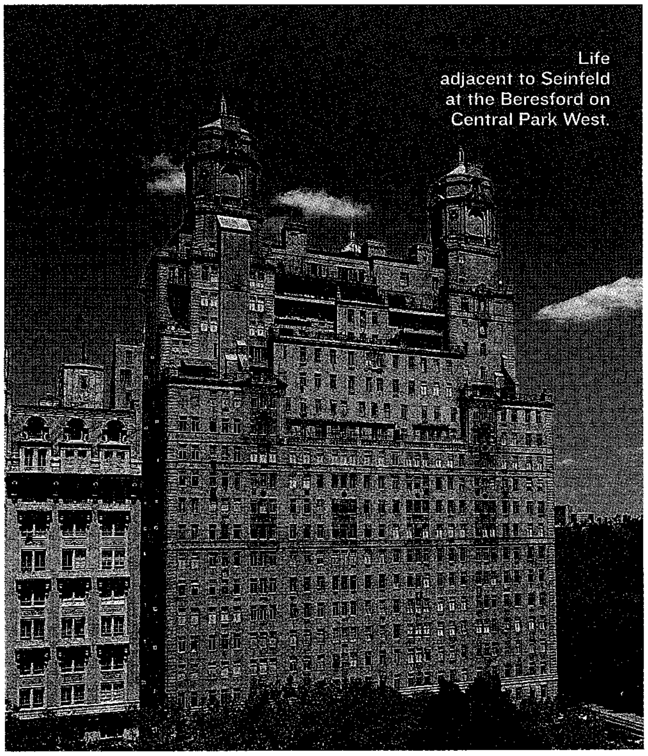
A FEW YEARS BACK, MARC GLIMCHER ABANdoned New York and the presidency of PaceWildenstein Gallery, his dad Arne's bicoastal art empire, for the SUV Valhalla of Santa Fe. He told the Santa Fe *New Mexican* that he and his wife, a pediatrician, asked themselves, "How did we end up in the fast lane in New York City? This was not our plan." Now, real-estate sources say, he's coming back, or at least buying a three-bedroom, 2,300-square-foot co-op at 45 East 85th Street, between Madison and Park. It was listed at $2.85 million, with $2,500 a month maintenance. These days, apparently, that makes it "a middle-class building, like on West End Avenue," says one broker. Previously, brokers say, Glimcher *fils* made a pass at a somewhat more opulent, $3.2 million place at 975 Park Avenue, but the board proved obstreperous and he gave up. Was it the company he used to keep? As president of Pace, Glimcher had become pals with then-budding money manager Dana Giacchetto, introducing him to artists like Ross Bleckner and David Salle and agent Jay Moloney, a protégé of one of his dad's biggest clients, Mike Ovitz. Glimcher didn't return a call asking why he wanted to return to the fast lane. CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Upper West Side

211 Central Park West
Five-bedroom, five-bath, 4,500-square-foot co-op. Asking: $8 million. Selling: $9.5 million. Time on market: one week.

YOU CAN BET KRAMER WON'T pay nearly $10 million to live across the hall from the real-life Jerry Seinfeld, who owns Isaac Stern's old place at the Beresford. Then again, Jerry's TV building didn't offer apartments like this—a some-assembly-required duplex with views of the park and the Museum of Natural History. The seller owned two classic sixes but never got around to combining the pristine one he lived in with its raggedy twin upstairs. So why did he get $1.5 million over asking? "There was no bidding war, exactly," says the seller's Elliman broker, Richard Ferrari. "It was just that people who saw it knew that it would go fast."



Life adjacent to Seinfeld at the Beresford on Central Park West.

Midtown East

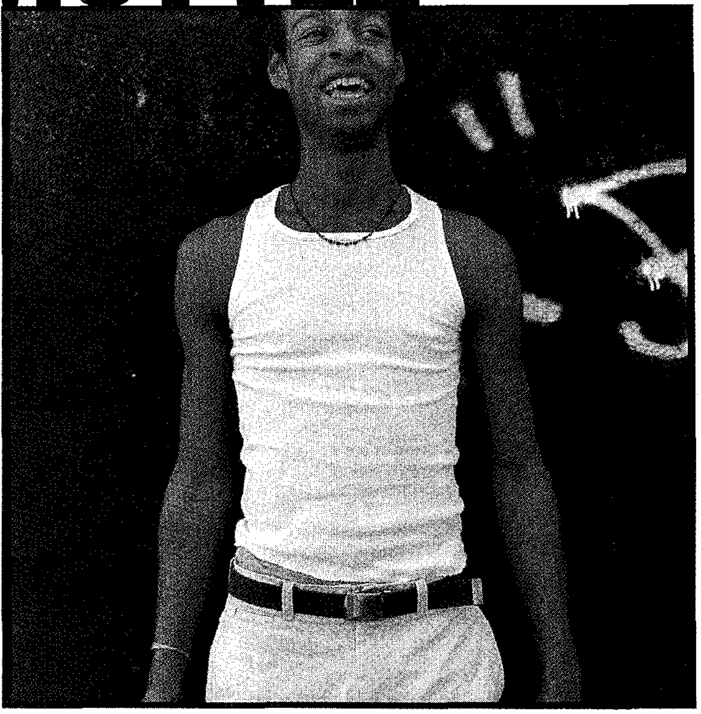
309 East 52nd Street
Four-apartment, five-story 5,500-square-foot townhouse. Asking: $2.2 million. Selling: $2 million. Time on market: six years.

"THE OWNER WASN'T IN A HURRY to sell," says William B. May's Eric Babon, who sold this house after it hopped on and off the market with various brokers for half a decade. Classic details have been restored, but it remains four apartments: a two-bedroom duplex and three spacious one-bedrooms above. The buyers, a couple with a small child represented by William B. May's Midge LaGuardia, will live in one of the upstairs flats; the seller, clearly enamored of a leisurely pace, has moved to his Wisconsin farm full-time. C.B.

Photographs: top, Marina Garnier; bottom, Noah Sheldon.

GOTHAMSTYLE

GUY EDITION



Tanks a Lot

As the undershirt known as a "wife-beater" becomes the unofficial summer uniform of the city's most stylish men, its partisans are arguing over which brand is best. "I always buy two or three packs of Fruit of the Loom—by August, they're sold out," says an East Village writer. "I'm fanatical about my Marks & Spencers because they last forever," says a bar owner who has friends pick up shirts for him in London. "The armholes on Helmut Lang's tanks are cut small, so they're better for slim people," says a Burberry window designer, who then confides that his real favorite is a Martin Margiela *women's* tank. But even those armholes aren't small enough for a 360hiphop.com employee who goes all the way to Korea for his Jockey shirts: "The ones they sell in America," he insists, "have openings down to your lower ribs."

KRISTINA RICHARDS

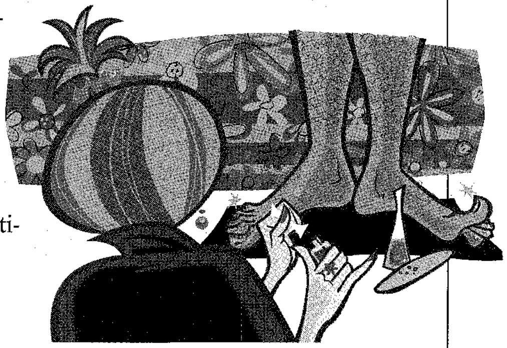
TEST DRIVE

Inspired by the introduction of sarongs for men by Malatesta and Emporio Armani, as well as Julian Schnabel's saronged appearance at a party celebrating Jeff Koons's topiary puppy, I thought a garnet-striped one by Malatesta ($82) might make the perfect weekend beach-to-town-to-barbecue wear. But if they've heard the sarong song in East Hampton, it hasn't reached Westport, Connecticut, where Compo Beach was teeming with every type of sarong—flowered, long, short, sheer, matching—worn exclusively by women. While I fetched breakfast at the deli, two polo-shirts-and-cutoffs types stared at me slack-jawed, one whispering, "You know, the difference between European and American men is . . ." On the pre-beach coffee line, I tried to make a friend by complimenting a woman on her yellow sarong, but received only curt recognition that we might both be suitably dressed for a carefree summer Sunday. There was at least one fringe benefit of wearing a skirt in decorous Volvoland: I didn't have to open a door for myself all weekend.

MARION MANEKER

The Foot Patrol

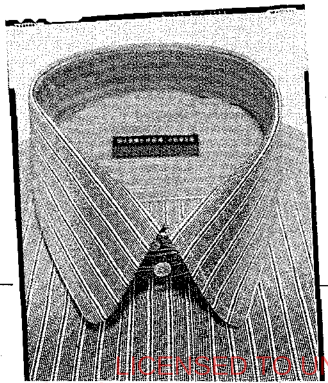
The legs lined up at the city's pedicure stations are a bit hairier than usual this summer. "Men are paying a lot more attention to grooming," says Ji Baek of Rescue Beauty Lounge (8 Centre Market Place; 212-431-0449), whose clients include Simon Doonan. Victor Alfaro has a standing appointment at Eve (400 Bleecker Street; 212-807-8054); Vincent Gallo visits Bliss SoHo (568 Broadway; 212-219-8970). But is this level of male vanity really necessary? "I look at men's feet in the subway and cringe," says Baek. "If I saw those toes in a beautiful Gucci thong, I'd cry." SARAH BROWN



Collared Suspects

A new salvo has been fired in the casual-Friday backlash: Some dressed-up dudes, not satisfied with simply buttoning their collars, are insisting on *two* buttons. "A higher collar is more flattering," says *GQ* staff writer Adam Sachs, who picked up his shirts in Rome. Turnbull and Asser custom-made Sean Connery's shirts for the James Bond films (42 East 57th Street; 212-752-5700). Here in the States, Bergdorf Goodman stocks versions by Gucci, Etro, and Gianluca Isaia ($225, pictured). But not every dandy has decided in favor of the design: "It's a foppish detail," sniffs the *Post's* Jared Paul Stern, "for the English and old folks."

K.R.



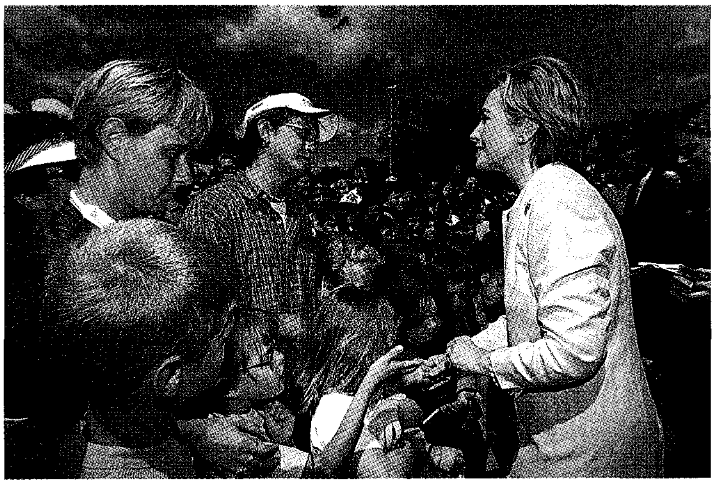
THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Off the Record

If a campaign unfolds in the hinterlands, does it still make noise? Sure—though sometimes you'd be hard-pressed to tell, given the stinginess of the coverage.

FOLLOWING HILLARY CLINTON around upstate for five days proved the old newspaper adage—or maybe it's a new adage I'm only just coining—that everything that's news isn't interesting, and everything that's interesting isn't news.

Of course, in Mrs. Clinton's case, she's spent the better part of a year now mostly trying not to be interesting. But her foil, the mayor, dropped out of the picture (though how is it that, with Andrew Kirtzman's and especially Wayne Barrett's startling revelations, he manages to look both worse and yet somehow still more fascinating?). And with Rick Lazio seeming like less, maybe a lot less, than first met the eye, it can be argued that we've hit that long, forbidding patch of dry earth that always looms before the oasis of October surprises and attack ads. Or it can be argued, and perhaps more compellingly, that this has all been going on too long already, and couldn't we just vote tomorrow and have it done with?



Shaking the hands that feed her: Hillary Clinton presses the flesh in Ithaca.

But there *were* things to be learned, as well as relearned, on this swing. Most of all, the perhaps surprising fact that in rock-ribbed upstate, which we've known for a year is home to no shortage of Hillary-haters, there are quite a few Hillary-lovers too. Consider, first, the size of the crowds. At a skating rink in Endicott, outside Binghamton, 1,200 people. At Ithaca Commons, the city's pedestrian mall, at least 1,000. At a rally in a park in Elmira—which, as we all know, Hillary once drove through as a child—500. At a rally at a minor-league ballpark in Jamestown, another 500 or so. A similar number at a Democratic picnic in Rochester. Hundreds as she walked the streets of Buffalo during a food festival. And, at a picnic outside Utica, 1,500. In the rain, no less. This was at Democratic picnics that are used to hosting 40 revelers, if that. In Utica I asked a lawyer from Rome how many people the Democratic picnic usually draws. "Well," he said, "we haven't really had a public event like this in a few years."

All right, no surprise, maybe, that people want to meet the First Lady. But at this point, six months out of the White House and four months away from the election, she's arguably more candidate than First Lady. Maybe they really do show up only because she's famous, and what it'll amount to come November, who knows? But by the second day, I got in the habit of standing behind her as she worked the crowds—which she does for three or four hours a day, until the last picture has been taken—so I could look in the eyes of these people who waited two hours for her to arrive (she's always late), an hour for all the speeches, and another hour to shake her hand or get their pictures snapped. They looked like voters to me.

One of the standard devices in the downstate papers, in the interest of balance, has been to quote one supporter and one detractor at the bottom of the story, to signal to the reader that, yes, controversy follows this woman wherever she goes. In fact, however, the number of protesters is always quite small. Five, ten. Somewhat more in Buffalo, where she took a riskier stroll down a street filled not with self-selecting Democrats but with regular people. Still, it was amusing to see that her chief heckler, who followed her down the block shouting, "Go back to Arkansas!," would pause from time to time during his imprecations to snap her picture.

TO BE RELEARNED, THOUGH, WAS THE ETERNALLY frustrating lesson that forces itself upon anyone hoping and praying that she can be just a little more open. She's better with the press than she was a year ago; she knows us, jokes with us, presented one of our number with a little tchotchke. But it's still the case that only a fraction of what tumbles out of her mouth sounds like it's really coming from her heart. Ellen Wulfhorst of Reuters got an interview and asked her what kind of candidate she thought she'd been. Answer: "Making progress, needs improvement." I was struck as I read this, because she used almost exactly the same words to me, in response to the same question—four months ago! Are we really to believe that her thoughts on this subject haven't evolved in four months? Surely they have, but she just can't bring herself to describe her genuine feelings, even in reply to an innocuous question like that.

Later, on the press bus, I asked her whether she'd acknowledge any connection between upstate job loss, which she'd been talking about for five days, and NAFTA, which she backed and which hasn't come up too often as she's racked up the support of union after union. She allowed that there might be "a limited connection there, but NAFTA is not the overall reason" for upstate problems. She pointed instead, as she had on the stump, to utility rates and so on. John

Photograph by Lisa Quinones/Black Star

Riley of *Newsday* asked her about the Rockefeller drug laws. She said she was "intrigued" by some proposals by the state's chief judge, Judith Kaye, to send more first-time offenders into treatment, but she concluded that, at the federal level at least (the Rockefeller laws cover the state), "I don't support at this point getting away from mandatory tough sentencing." These were not what you would call courageous positions, especially in the case of the drug laws, which almost everyone in the state now regards as Draconian.

SO HERE'S THIS SAME OLD HILLARY, WHO'S been covered so much that reporters can scarcely bring themselves to think about the next four months. But there is also this other Hillary who genuinely does deliver expressions of absolute rapture to people's faces. The second Hillary doesn't make the papers nearly as much as the first, which is no one's fault in particular—partly hers, for being so guarded in her answers to press questions, and partly the papers', which, as campaigns became more stage-managed through the eighties and nineties, have grown so wary of being open to charges of falling for a campaign's spin that they're far less likely than they once were to write about things like the admiring throngs.

> *"Things weren't always this way;* **coverage of Bobby Kennedy's 1964 Senate race, for example, focused much more on the pageant.** *But candidates today have to do more to earn that kind of press."*

Things weren't always this way; coverage of Bobby Kennedy's 1964 Senate race, for example, focused much more on the pageant. But candidates today have to do more to earn that sort of press, like being provocative and incendiary. Provocative and incendiary are two things Mrs. Clinton has not been and likely has absolutely no intention of becoming in the next four months. Those cheering crowds are seeing—and hearing—a candidate most voters will probably never read about over breakfast.

BERGDORF GOODMAN / FALL 2000.
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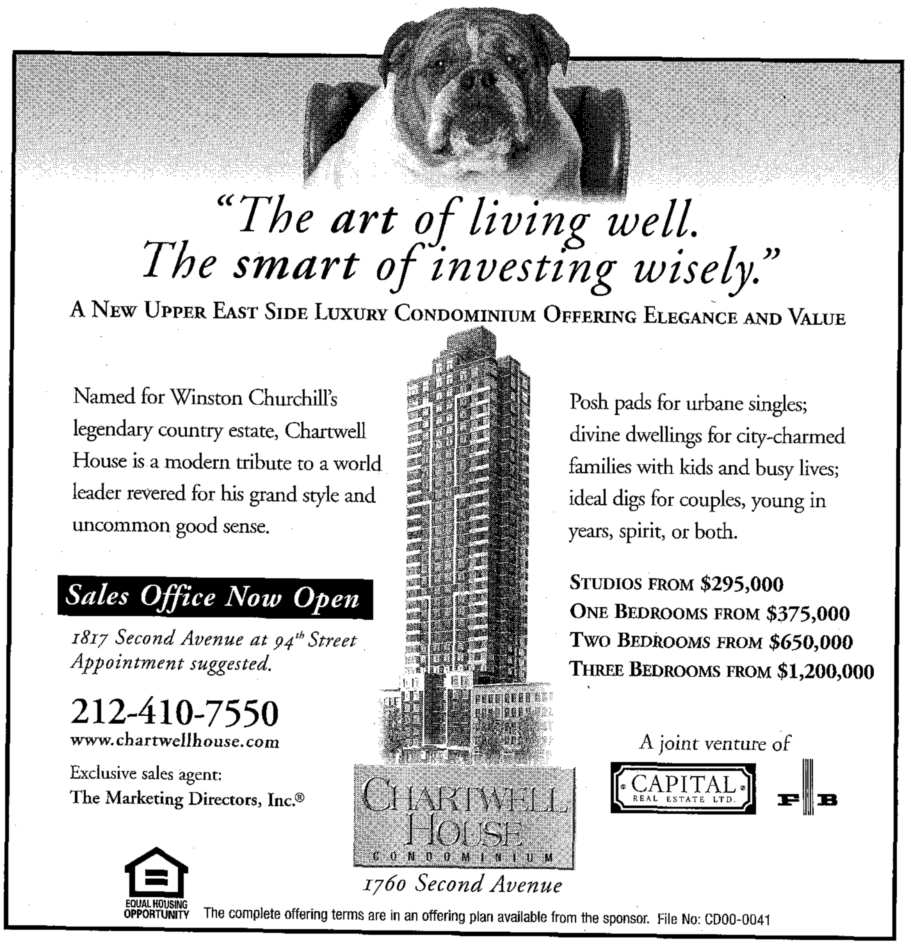
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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

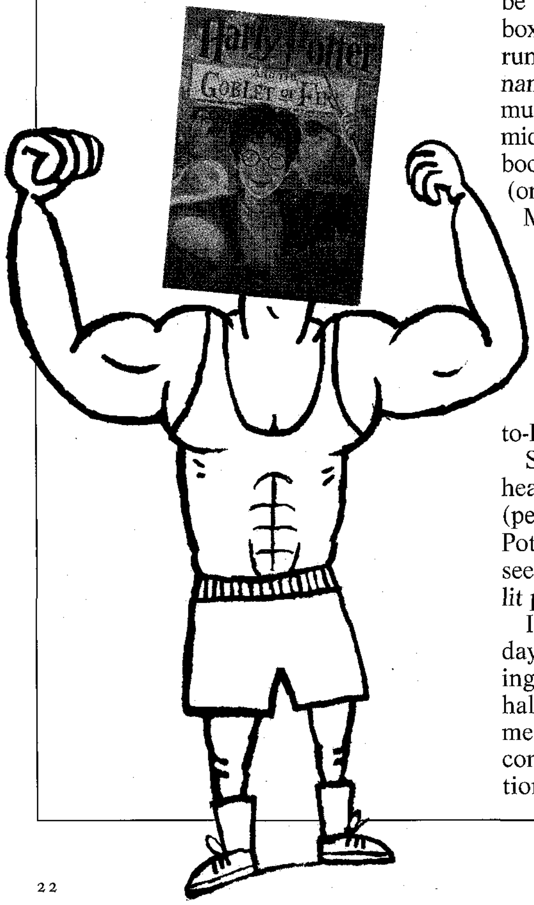
Free Harry!

From the beginning, Harry Potter has been the poster boy for the power of Amazon. Is that why Jeff Bezos was practically giving the book away?

IN AMERICA, A NICE CHILDHOOD IS English—its mythology and literature are, anyway. Upwardly mobile kids grow up on Beatrix Potter, Roald Dahl, Narnia, Pooh, *The Secret Garden, The Lord of the Rings,* and now *Harry Potter.* But this penchant for Englishness is odd. The English don't like children. There may not be any other culture that has so consistently, and thoroughly, marginalized, even ostracized, its kids. The attraction to English kids' books might result from some Anglophilia bred into American children (a kind of last remnant of Waspdom), or it might be that a child's worst and most compelling fear is to be treated as English children have been treated.

Neither condition, however, quite explains the magnitude of the 3.8 million books that left warehouses across the country last week (along with the 21 million of the first three books in the Potter series that have been sold so far in the U.S.) or the breadth of the phenomenon of *Harry Potter* in America.

I have a child, age 12, who is devoted to Harry (I trust her copy of *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* has reached her at summer camp). These books have been unavoidable in my house. What strikes me most is how truly foreign the stories are. *Harry's* world is an un-American place (even after the American publisher has cleaned up the language). At its most recognizable, it's PBS (which is also, pop-culture-wise, relatively remote from America). It's a tidy, or untidy, English place. *Harry* is no mass marketer's dream. And yet, with the books selling at present levels, pretty soon all American children under the age of 14 will have read a *Harry Potter* book (maybe more than one).



AT MINUS-TEN HOURS UNTIL *HARRY* IS TO be released (quite literally let out of the box), I go down to see the guy who has run the *Harry* marketing machine. His name is Michael Jacobs. He's a ruddy, mustachioed golfer in pale socks, in his mid-forties, who started his career as a book salesman in the Northwest territory (on the road, traversing Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Alaska) and came to New York to the Viking Penguin home office in 1984. He'd been canned as the publisher of Simon & Schuster's Free Press imprint a year before coming to Scholastic and getting the job of selling the first *Harry* book (truly, a died-and-gone-to-Heaven thing).

Scholastic is building a grand new headquarters in SoHo, on Broadway (people are already calling it the Harry Potter Building). But when I stop by to see Jacobs, it is in cramped, fluorescent-lit pre-*Harry* offices across the street.

It is peculiarly quiet. It is like any Friday summer afternoon in book publishing (in the book business, you get a half-day on Fridays during the summer). There is no sense of the size and complications of the publishing operation that is being coordinated from here: of what may be the greatest backlog on printing presses ever in history; of the logistical issues of shipping something like 5,000 tons of books; and of the muscle and threats required to make sure the book is embargoed, not sold, not looked at, not let out of its packing boxes, until the appointed moment. Jacobs describes it as the lull after the campaign when voters are headed to the polls. All the Harry-for-president team can do now is wait.

I have no way of telling whether Jacobs is a brilliant marketing strategist who has been instrumental in creating the *Harry* phenomenon or merely the luckiest man in the history of book publishing. Most probably, he doesn't know, either. He is friendly but mostly unforthcoming when the conversation comes around to his marketing tricks and strategies. *Harry* is not the kind of illusion you want to deconstruct. It is better to see the phenomenon as magic or serendipity or, as they say in the book business, "things coming together" (Jacobs calls it "a children's crusade") than to demystify *Harry* as just a function of the mechanics of demand. On the other hand, as we lovingly retrace *Harry's* meteoric rise, Jacobs displays obvious satisfaction at each of the pivotal moments and particular ironies that are key to understanding the vastness and the peculiarities of the demand for *Harry.*

LIKE ALMOST EVERYONE WITH CHILDREN AT the designated *Harry* age, I have watched this story unfold in my own house:

My daughter Susanna, at age 10, was an early and appreciative reader of *Harry* No. 1.

My wife, Alison, as determined a book mom as any, was miffed (in fact, more like morally outraged) to find that the second *Harry* book was available in the U.K. but not in the U.S. (why our daughter could not read another book, I am not sure; but Alison, like many parents, will certainly walk the extra mile for a sure read). Because of the weirdness of how books are sold—in a kind of pre-import-export world of commerce—bookstores around the world

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

can't just call up Bloomsbury, the U.K. publisher, and say *Send me a pallet.* Before Amazon, such a condition depressed rather than increased demand (*You can't get it* meant *You can't get it*). But perusing Amazon, Alison (along with countless other parents of *Harry* lovers) learned through a reader review of *Harry* No. 1 that if you wanted the unavailable *Harry* No. 2, all you had to do was order it through Amazon U.K. Suddenly, tens of thousands of U.S. book buyers, in the fall of '98, were with one click breaking down previously hard-and-fast book borders.

A veritable intellectual-property coup d'état was suddenly in progress. Amazon, as much as *Harry*, was the hero of this tale. Amazon became *Harry's* liberator. Indeed, *Harry* became one of Amazon's key publicity and, hence, brand-building triumphs—the irrepressible *Harry* was a dashing symbol of e-commerce.

For lots of American parents (really, do not underestimate the power of a parent wanting to satisfy the desire of a child to actually read), Amazon became the illicit *Harry Potter* dealer (in the oldest rule of marketing: There is nothing you want more than something you think you can't have), shipping U.K. copies all over America (do you know the effect of some kids' having the book and others' not? Of some parents' being obviously good and other parents' being, demonstrably, not as good?). In fact, Amazon became the not-so-secret dealer to other bookstores, who began reselling the U.K. edition of the book.

Jacobs and the Scholastic legal department professed themselves, of course, to be shocked and dismayed that their market was being invaded in such a rude way. Now, the legal issues of who can sell what where, in the context of books and the Internet, are awfully unclear (i.e., Jacobs and the Scholastic lawyers were on thin ice). But Jacobs managed to strike a deal that kept everyone happy (except the independent booksellers, who are never happy and, it seems sure, will never again be happy): He got Amazon U.K. to agree to limit *Harry* orders to one per customer. He succeeded, in other words, in protecting his U.S. market while further adding another artificial restraint on the already artificially restrained market, hence further, artificially, boosting demand.

We fell for this in our house: The fact that our children might have to share a book was surely some evil restraint of trade.

And so, over three books, the *Harry* legend, as well as the Amazon legend, grew. My formerly reasonable wife hunkered down, planning her get-*Harry* campaigns and assaults on international trade barriers.

BY THEN, THE AUTHOR, J. K. ROWLING (A. A. Milne, C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien—what are all these initials about when it comes to kids'-book writers in England?), having sold 35 million copies worldwide and having acquired more than a little power herself, and, perhaps, a bit of hubris, too, decided she wanted no more U.S./U.K. bifurcation and ensuing arbitrage. What she wanted was for the English-speaking world to receive *Harry* No. 4 in a single, revelatory moment (and prior to that, to keep it one of the most closely guarded secrets in the world). Amazon, which had gained equal power and hubris, became her willing partner.

> *"A veritable intellectual-property coup d'etat was suddenly in progress.* **Amazon became *Harry's* liberator.** *Indeed, 'Harry' became one of Amazon's key publicity and, hence, brand-building triumphs—the irrepressible 'Harry' was a dashing symbol of e-commerce."*

Amazon's proposal was Amazonian in magnitude: If your parent were among the first 250,000 to place an order, Amazon would get you your book on the day the embargo was lifted, providing Saturday delivery to you gratis. (This meant that FedEx needed the books before the release date, requiring no small amount of finesse on Jacobs's part and provoking a hue and cry about "security" from the independent bookstores, as though *Harry* were key to the defense of the country—and the independents were the last trustworthy Americans.) The *Harry* FedEx brigade took the Amazonian marketing strategy of losing money on everything it sold to a new extreme.

The effect of the free offer, along with *Harry's* history of being unavailable, was to create something relatively unknown, and indeed quite illogical, in the book business: preorders. Not just at Amazon but at every chain and corner bookstore (to the extent that there are still corner bookstores), people were ordering—and prepaying!—for *Harry* (even though *Harry* No. 4 is available without shortage everywhere).

This is the kind of marketing that has been, many would say, missing in the book business for a long time (if books ever had this kind of marketing). It's movie marketing. Or it's software marketing. Microsoft marketing, momentous-cultural-event marketing.

Or not. And what you have here is the kind of fluke, a rare alignment of ambitions, irrational ambitions at that, which, as Jacobs acknowledges (with not a little awe), happens only once.

Harry's initial success is key to Amazon's initial success, which is key to the rise in the Internet-stock market, which is key to Amazon's ability to spend on promotion more than it makes on sales, which is how it can FedEx 250,000 *Harrys* for free. This helps to create the biggest publishing event of all time, which actually does not even primarily benefit Amazon (which will sell fewer than 10 percent of *Harrys* sold) but in fact benefits most of all its primary competitor, Barnes & Noble, which will sell far and away the lion's share of *Harry.*

"So Amazon," I say to Jacobs, "is basically paying for the *Harry* promotion? While at the same time losing its shirt on the deal?"

"Well, losing its shirt, I wouldn't know, of course, but," Jacobs chuckles, "I think we can say it's an amazingly expensive thing for them to do. And I admire their courage."

PERHAPS SOME FUTURE PH.D. STUDENT will look back on Jeff Bezos and *Harry Potter* as having one of the great literary relationships of the age. Jeff helped make *Harry,* and *Harry* helped make Jeff. And each, in part owing to the other, became a unique and extreme phenomenon—beyond logic and reason. Beyond books. If Amazon and Jeff survive, *Harry* will deserve part of the credit. If Amazon fails, fades, or is acquired by Wal-Mart, Jeff ought at least to be remembered for *Harry.* ▬

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

Once just for raves, **ecstasy is now all the rage**—the favorite party pill of Wall Streeters, prep-school kids, and mall rats alike. Smugglers (JFK is their favorite route) may be the most ecstatic of all—but the government is definitely not amused.

E-commer

By Ethan Brown

AT AROUND 3 A.M. ON A WARM FRIDAY NIGHT, Paul, a stockbroker in his late twenties, is waiting for his ecstasy dealer in front of the Gramercy Tavern, where he's just had a few drinks with friends. John, a club kid who delivers the drug to clients who beep him or call on his cell phone, is running 45 minutes late, and Paul, who took a hit of ecstasy half an hour ago, is furious. "My girl is already rolling"—tripping on ecstasy—he says. "She's just waiting to get fucked."

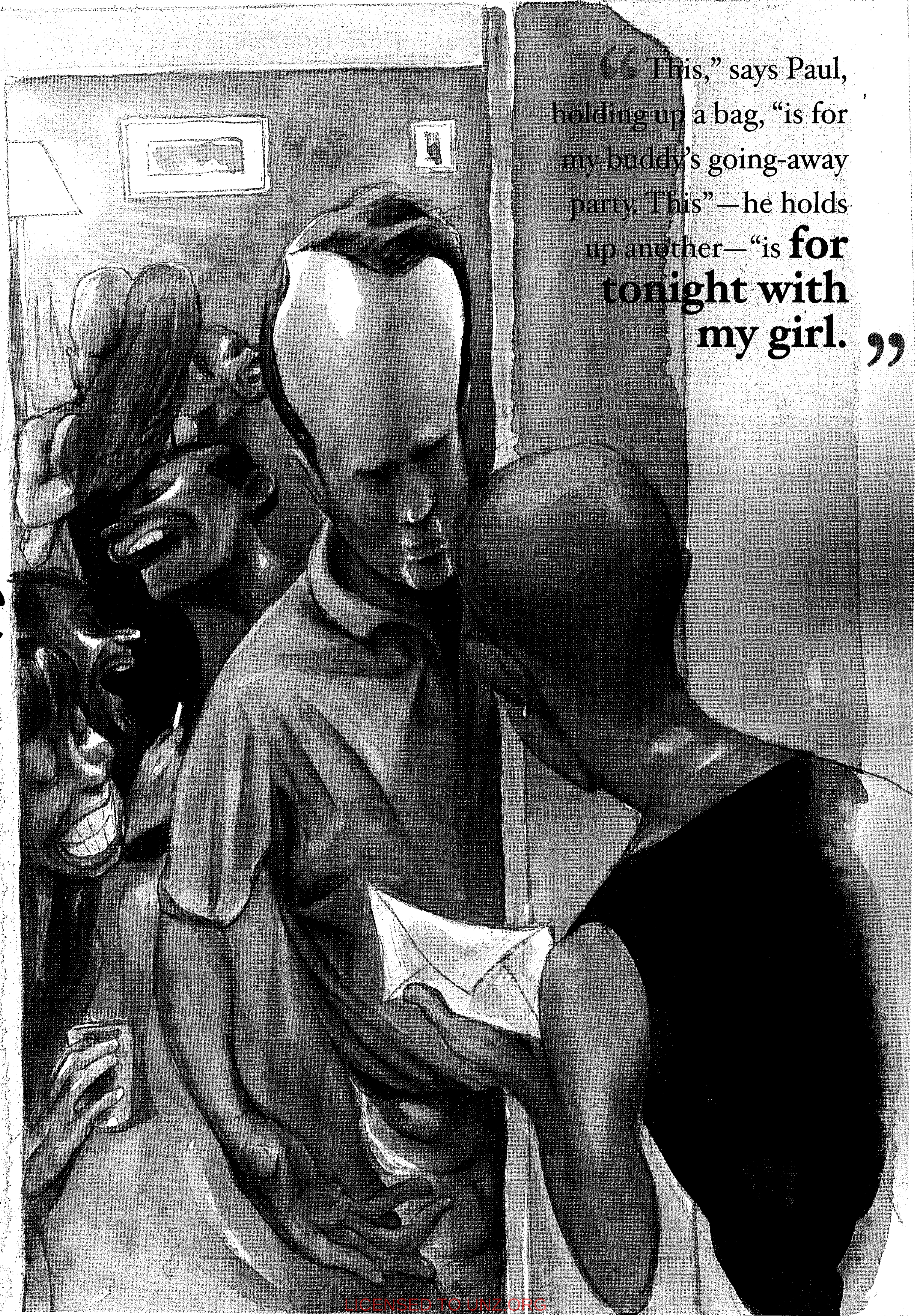
Paul starts dialing his dealer's cell phone and launches into a tirade. "I don't need this shit," he says. "I've got another delivery service that's way better—a team of three hot girls who deliver ecstasy to your apartment." Besides, he continues, "I've been telling John that if he gets his shit together, he could make some real bucks. The older guys on the Street are into coke, but there are traders on the floor who would order hundreds of pills a day from him. They don't know shit about ecstasy, either. They'd probably pay $50 a pill—money doesn't mean a thing to them."

Moments later, John stops short by the curb and swings open the front passenger door of his Jeep Cherokee. "Sorry, Paul," he says, wiping sweat from a pale forehead partly covered with boyish brown bangs. "I've been mad busy tonight." Paul snaps his cell phone shut and hops in. "Here's 90 percent of your order," John says, handing Paul two large Ziploc bags filled with 200 white pills between them. "I've gotta run back downtown to get the rest." Paul glances at his purchase—about $5,000 worth of ecstasy that should last him and his stockbroker buddies through the weekend—and says, "You'd better be back fast. I'm not waiting on the street for drugs. This isn't 1974, man."

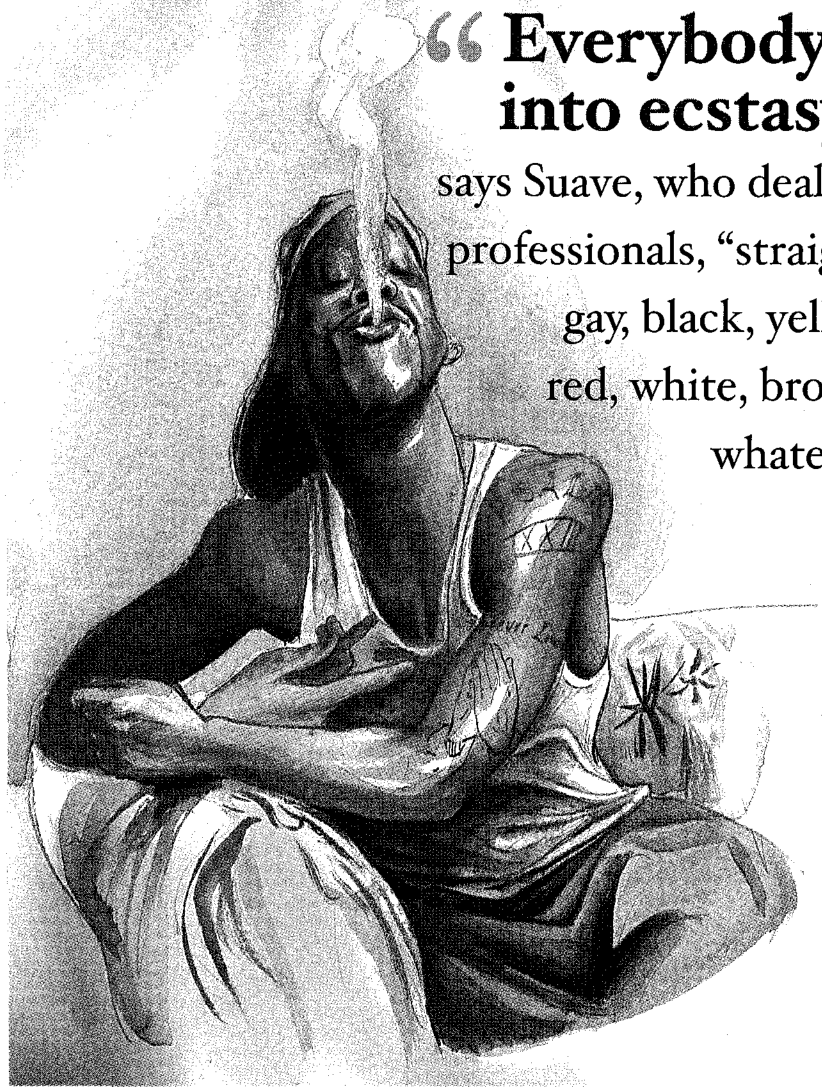
Certainly not. A big guy with short hair, black jeans, and a frat-boy swagger, Paul couldn't have less in common with the club kids who popularized ecstasy in the early nineties. After all, he has to keep track of trades in the morning. But although he's been using the drug for just a year, he's doing so with a similar abandon—he says he goes through 20 or 30 pills a weekend. "This," says Paul, holding up a bag, "is for my best buddy's going-away party tomorrow night. We're gonna hire a bunch of strippers and give them as much ecstasy as they want." A crooked smile crosses his face, the first effect of the pill he just took. "This"—he holds up the other—"is for tonight with my girl and the Hamptons tomorrow."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

Names of ecstasy users and dealers have been changed in this story.



“This,” says Paul, holding up a bag, “is for my buddy’s going-away party. This”—he holds up another—“is **for tonight with my girl.**”



"Everybody is into ecstasy,"

says Suave, who deals to professionals, "straight, gay, black, yellow, red, white, brown, whatever."

ONCE FOUND ALMOST EXCLUsively at raves or in college dorms, ecstasy is nearing the cultural ubiquity marijuana reached at the beginning of the seventies and cocaine achieved in the mid-eighties. "It's sweeping through our society faster than crack," says Gary Murray, East Coast representative of the U.S. Customs Ecstasy Task Force, a division formed four months ago in response to the drug's growing popularity. Except that "with crack you could say, 'These people over here are doing it, and these people aren't.' You can't do that with ecstasy now. Everyone's doing it."

Patented by the German pharmaceutical company E. Merck in 1914 (under its chemical name MDMA, or 3,4 methylenedioxymethamphetamine), ecstasy was first widely used during the seventies to help patients open up to psychiatrists during therapy. By the end of the decade, the drug had crossed over from the couch to the dance floor at gay discos in New York, Chicago, and especially Dallas. In 1985, then–Texas senator Lloyd Bentsen successfully lobbied to have the DEA make MDMA a "Schedule 1" drug, subject to criminal penalties similar to those for cocaine and heroin.

Now, like pot in the seventies and coke in the eighties, ecstasy—also called X, E, or rolls—is seen as fairly harmless, hangover-free fun. Unlike cocaine, which leads to obvious trips to the bathroom, accusations of being stuck in the Greed Decade, and often addiction, ecstasy is inconspicuous and physically nonaddictive. Usually taken as a pill that has a small, stamped logo "borrowed" from pop or corporate culture—Nike, Calvin Klein, Mitsubishi, Motorola, and Tweety Bird are among the popular "brands"—ecstasy induces waves of euphoria and heightened physical sensations (especially tactile ones). But it's not disorienting enough in moderate doses to prevent users from remaining aware and outgoing. Aside from occasional cautionary tales about dehydration and overdoses, the word-of-mouth on ecstasy is overwhelmingly positive. "There's this perception of harmlessness surrounding ecstasy that other drugs simply don't have," says Bridget Brennan, the DEA's special narcotics prosecutor for New York City. At $20 to $30 for a pill that lasts four to six hours, it's also a bargain in the age of the $9 Cosmopolitan. "You could spend that kind of money in fifteen minutes at any bar in the city," notes a thirtysomething A&R executive who often takes the drug with friends at his country house in Sag Harbor.

Though ecstasy is still nowhere near as mainstream in the U.S. as it is in England, much of its jump in popularity can be explained by older ecstasy users whose clubgoing days are long behind them—if they ever happened at all. "It's such a cool drug because you can mold it into whatever you want to do," says Steve, an artist in his late twenties who sheepishly admits, "I missed the whole rave thing." Instead of hitting nightspots like Twilo, Steve takes ecstasy when he hangs out with friends at bars. "When you do ecstasy, you realize how paranoid you've been around people," he says. "Ecstasy breaks down those barriers."

Plenty of other users began taking the drug in college and simply never stopped. A thirtysomething architect named Mark remembers using it with his fraternity brothers and their "groupies" at a California college in the late eighties. "We'd have this little lovefest where everybody was making out with everybody—not crazy sex games or anything but just the whole ecstasy thing of wanting to wrap your tongue around somebody," he says. He's grown up now, with a high-paying job and a nice loft downtown, but he still uses ecstasy as a social lubricant. His architect girlfriend "was one of those people who wanted to rebel but came from a very conservative household," he says. "It made her relax and cut loose and not be so self-conscious. She absolutely loved it."

Nor is ecstasy confined to party-prone young people. Tom, a 44-year-old movie executive, takes ecstasy with the intensity of a club kid ("If it's good, I'll take like six in one evening"), but only in his downtown loft. "Usually when we do ecstasy, it's a very quiet, intimate thing," he says. "I've never understood the whole concept of doing ecstasy out in public. One time we did E and went to Vinyl. I just ended up sitting there for about ten minutes and leaving."

Just how widespread is ecstasy in New York? "It's everywhere," a suburban Long Island teenager now enrolled at Daytop Village's Huntington, Long Island, adolescent drug-rehab facility told *New York*. "It's easier to get an E pill than a pack of cigarettes. You need I.D. for that, you know." Another teenage patient there agreed. "We'd talk about it during social

Digital imaging by John Markic.

studies: ‘You gonna do E this weekend?’ ” One dealer even said his aunt asked him about it: “A friend of hers read about it and was interested in trying it.”

“Everybody is into ecstasy,” says Suave, another dealer, “straight, gay, black, yellow, red, white, brown, whatever.”

WELL PAST 2 A.M. ON A Wednesday night, Suave is kicking back on a tan leather couch in the VIP room of Float, a multilevel midtown nightspot known for hosting dot-com launch parties and boasting Prince as a regular. Discreetly holding a cigarette-size joint by his side, he's regaling a dozen or so fellow partyers—editors, stylists, Web designers—with stories about his week of club-hopping. “Yo, the VIP room at NV is the illest,” he says, pausing to look down at the cell phone on his hip that vibrates with an incoming call every few minutes. “There were so many models up in there I thought I was in a fashion shoot.” The Gucci-and-Fendi-clad group, here for promoter Derek Corley's weekly upscale hip-hop party, laughs in unison. “Have y'all been to Joe's Pub on Tuesday nights?” Suave asks. “The girls are so fine.”

But Suave isn't there for the women. Like so many of the beautiful people around him, he goes clubbing to network. He's a new kind of ecstasy dealer, one who sells from a cell phone instead of a crinkled plastic Baggie full of pills. “I would never sell in a club,” he says. “The security sweats you like mad. Plus, you have no idea who you're selling to. It could easily be an undercover cop.”

At first glance, Suave seems like just another sociable single guy on the make—albeit one who hits several high-end hot spots like Ohm, Cheetah, and Justin's in a single night. “I'll see a pretty girl or maybe a guy that looks cool and strike up a conversation,” he explains, adjusting the brim of the Ralph Lauren baseball cap that hides a shock of kinky hair. “I'll ask, ‘Do you smoke weed?’ or ‘Do you do ecstasy?’ If they seem cool, they get my number, and we'll get a relationship going from there.”

Suave's casual networking style suits his clientele perfectly: His regular customers include editors from at least one national magazine, brokers at major investment banks, and Website designers at dot-com start-ups. In fact, he only deals to professionals, because “they treat me right,” he says. “These aren't the kind of people who'll be begging me for free pills.” He won't sell to ravers, because they always ask to meet him in nightclubs and “they're terrible with money,” he says. “They can't hang on to it for a minute.”

“Once you do the first pill, **your whole perspective on life changes**,” says Kristin, 14. “I would look at clean people and be like, ‘They don't know what they're missing.’ ”

Like Suave, Greg, who has dealt ketamine, cocaine, marijuana, and mushrooms at one time or another, conducts business far from the limelight. He sells only out of his Chelsea apartment and only to friends of friends who have one of the yellow business cards with his pager number. “You don't have to go to a club to get E anyway,” he says. “You can just make a few calls and have it before you go out for the night.” To keep his neighbors from getting suspicious, he maintains well-known “office hours”—by 10 P.M. most nights, he's in bed or watching a movie on his DVD player. Some of his customers keep similar hours. “I've sold to couples in their sixties and people in their forties who have families,” he says. “Just last month, a friend of mine who's in his mid-thirties finally tried ecstasy for the first time,” he continues. “He bought a couple of pills from me and took his girlfriend out on a rowboat in Central Park.”

Because of increasing demand and his high profit margin, he says, “selling ecstasy is a ridiculously easy way to make money.” Greg sells pills for $30 that most dealers buy for $8 to $11. Suave buys pills for $11 from a distributor in Brooklyn, then sells them for $20 to $30 to customers who beep or call him. “If they're buying a bunch of pills,” Suave says, “I'll throw in two or three to make them feel good about working with me.” For purchases of 100 or more, he charges $20 per pill. “Quantity calls are what keep me in business,” he says. “Keep those orders for 100 and more coming, and I'm a very happy man.”

A typical day for Suave begins in the late afternoon, when he's awakened by a phone call or beeper message from a customer at a law firm, publishing house, or Internet start-up. “My music-industry customers are my favorites,” he says, “because they hook me up with concert tickets and free CDs.” (Another regular client is helping him put together a portfolio so he can pursue a career as a model.) He delivers ecstasy on foot or by taxi until around midnight, then heads out to clubs to meet more potential customers. “On a bad week, when I'm not getting many calls or I'm too lazy to really work it, I'll make $1,000,” he says. “On an average week, where things are business as usual, I'll make about $3,000 to $4,000. A great week, where there's a holiday or a big party, I'll make $5,000.”

THOUGH THE FRENZY FOR ECSTAsy is national—legislators in both the House and the Senate are working on bills to increase penalties—the two most popular U.S. points of entry for the drug are JFK and Newark airports, according to law-enforcement sources. So far this year, New York accounts for more than 2 million of the nearly 7 million hits of ecstasy seized by Customs. "Because of our airports and the presence of organized crime, New York is a critical port for the importation of ecstasy," says Brennan. Even given these conditions, Brennan struggles to account for the ecstasy explosion. "The numbers are staggering," she says.

ACCORDING TO INFORMATION compiled by U.S. Customs, many distributors pay Dutch or Israeli smuggling rings $100,000 for bringing them 200,000 pills from the Netherlands or Belgium. They then sell those pills to dealers for $8 to $11 apiece, earning a profit of $1.5 million. That might seem like an awful lot of ecstasy to unload, but demand is so high, most dealers purchase by the thousand. "Ecstasy is a much neater business [than cocaine or heroin]," says Customs commissioner Raymond W. Kelly. "You can invest $100,000 as a distributor and get $5 million back."

Before it was busted in February, the Israeli ecstasy ring that supplied Greg out of an apartment in Forest Hills sold dealers as many as 100,000 pills a week, according to the Queens district attorney's office. One member was observed by the DEA saying he needed 10,000 ecstasy tablets immediately and 25,000 more within the hour.

Both the reach and the organization of the Forest Hills ring were impressive. "They were very, very smart—even if you were buying a few thousand pills, you'd always deal with the guy lowest on the totem pole," says Greg. "And their reach was amazing. I would buy pills from them, and the next week I'd talk to friends out in San Francisco and Dallas who had the exact same pills."

An even bigger Israeli ring, allegedly run by 29-year-old Amsterdam resident Sean Erez, recruited Hasidic Jews from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and Monsey, New York, to smuggle ecstasy from Amsterdam through Paris. Although Erez and his girlfriend remain in Dutch custody fighting extradition, the other people named in the indictment all pleaded guilty, including Shimon Levita, an Orthodox Jew from Brooklyn who helped Erez recruit Hasidim, who were given $1,500 for each trip. When the ring was busted, Erez had almost $475,000 in a Luxembourg bank account, and law-enforcement officials estimated it had smuggled more than a million tablets of ecstasy into the U.S.

Even those operations pale in comparison with the Los Angeles–based ecstasy ring allegedly run by a 44-year-old Israeli national named Jacob "Koki" (pronounced "Cookie") Orgad that was busted by Customs in June. During the past two years, the group allegedly brought at least 9 million pills into the U.S. "We've only identified 30 couriers so far, and there could have been many more," says a source at Customs. "So 9 million pills is actually our low estimate, because we know that each courier brought in at least 30,000 pills."

Beyond sheer numbers, the group was run with a "level of sophistication that until now has only been associated with heroin and cocaine smugglers," according to the Customs source. Orgad's group recruited poor families from Texas and Arkansas who would then be taken by lower-level associates to "local malls where they would be outfitted in conservative clothing like plaid shirts and penny loafers. They would then be coached on how to act when going through Customs at the airport."

The group also employed decoys. "They would send a pair of girls in their twenties who wore tie-dyed shirts and looked as though they had just taken a vacation in Amsterdam," according to the Customs source. A Texas couple working for Orgad brought a mentally handicapped teenager with them, but the ruse didn't work—the pair were caught with more than 200,000 ecstasy pills in their luggage. Sometimes the decoys also served as monitors to make sure the smugglers didn't make off with the drugs. To give their couriers a better chance, Orgad's organization even booked them on flights scheduled to land during an airport's busiest hours, says the source. "They wanted to send their guys through when our inspectors were overwhelmed. That proves their level of sophistication."

Orgad allegedly maintained the kind of high life usually associated with cocaine and heroin kingpins. He had a fleet of luxury cars and, according to the Customs source, "was often accompanied by two women, usually exotic dancers." It has also been reported that in the early nineties, he was an associate of Heidi Fleiss who helped her recruit prostitutes.

As Orgad awaits trial, Customs continues to bust his associates. On Thursday, four of his Texas-based smugglers were arrested, one for allegedly facilitating the transport of pills from Europe to Houston. A week before, a more important Orgad associate, Ilan Zarger, was busted for running what Customs officials allege was the largest ecstasy-distribution network in New York City. Customs estimates that Zarger's organization distributed more than 700,000 ecstasy pills in the New York area over the past six months alone. The organization, which also included another alleged Orgad associate named Assaf "Assi" Shetrit, supplied ecstasy to a violent Brooklyn-based street gang called BTS ("Born to Scheme" or "Brooklyn Terror Squad"), who sold the drug at raves in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Washing-

> "Ecstasy has enormous appeal, but **people crash** afterward," says Dr. Robert Klitzman. "If they're doing ecstasy on a Saturday night, there's 'Suicide Tuesday.' "

ton, D.C. Zarger also arranged for 40,000 ecstasy pills to be delivered to the Hamptons in April, according to Customs. Zarger allegedly charged his associates an extra 2 percent if they brought him anything smaller than a $100 bill, thought nothing of lending $100,000 to friends (as long as they paid him back in hundreds), and socked away $1.5 million of drug profits in a safe.

The organization, which Zarger himself claimed on wiretap was protected by the Russian Mafia, was unusually well run, according to Customs. "It would appear that he controlled all ends of the ecstasy business, from importation to retail," says Customs special agent Joe Webber. The group's reach extended beyond the New York area, too: Zarger allegedly threatened to have Sammy "the Bull" Gravano "whacked" during a price dispute.

As demand rises, ecstasy smugglers are becoming as diverse as those who use the drug."We used to be able to break down the trade fairly easily," says Murray. "We could put the Israelis at about 50 percent, the Netherlands at 15 percent, and the rest everybody else. But that 'everybody else' is getting larger every day. Our math no longer works." Kelly agrees. "We're seeing smugglers from incredibly diverse backgrounds," he says. "Older people, younger people, black, white—it's an across-the-board demographic."

Thanks to sky-high profits, fairly light federal penalties, and the relative ease of smuggling ecstasy as opposed to cocaine or heroin (U.S. Customs finished training the first group of dogs to sniff out the drug only this March), many of those would-be smugglers aren't exactly practiced criminals. In March, Joseph Colgan, the 33-year-old owner of the Minetta Tavern, was charged with masterminding a ring to import more than 80,000 pills to the U.S. from Amsterdam via Paris over five months. (He pleaded guilty last week.) His courier? Scott E. Rusczyk, a lawyer with the New York firm Kronish, Lieb, Weiner & Hellman.

Most couriers are less upscale. The Amsterdam-based writer Hendrikus Van-Zyp, 54, and his wife, Maria Van-Zyp Landa, 47, agreed to bring a package they were told contained a few thousand ecstasy pills to the U.S. in exchange for a trip to Aruba and $10,000 that Hendrikus told *New York* he needed for his wife's bone-cancer treatments. "They had a good feeling about us," Van-Zyp says now, speaking from the visitors' room at the Otisville Federal Correctional Penitentiary, where he's serving a five-year sentence for ecstasy smuggling, "because we were an older couple." But when he and his wife were bumped from their original Amsterdam–Newark flight on October 22, their luggage remained aboard the plane. During a routine check of unclaimed baggage, ecstasy was found in their suitcases, and the couple were arrested by Customs officials posing as airline workers.

The Van-Zyps were carrying what was then a record seizure of ecstasy at a U.S. airport, but their loss probably put barely a dent in the organization that recruited them. "I think they put ten people on the airplane, so when they catch two, then they're not out much money," Van-Zyp says.

"I knew we were in trouble," he says with a throaty, nicotine-scarred laugh, "when they brought the suitcase and I tried to tip the guy and he said, 'Keep it.' "

A GOOD PORTION OF ALL THE ECstasy coming into New York ends up in the hands of high-school students, and not just young ravers, according to Caroline Sullivan, director of Daytop Village's Huntington, Long Island, adolescent drug-rehab facility. "We're not talking about kids in the club or bar scene—we're talking about kids with ten o'clock curfews," Sullivan says. "Their first experience is usually at a party or friend's house. The feeling they get from the pill is incredible, and they want to replicate that experience over and over again, until they build up a tolerance for the drug. Then they start to take several doses at a time." Sullivan says 85 percent of the teenagers admitted to Daytop have used ecstasy, an increase from just 20 to 30 percent one year ago (though none have been admitted solely because of ecstasy).

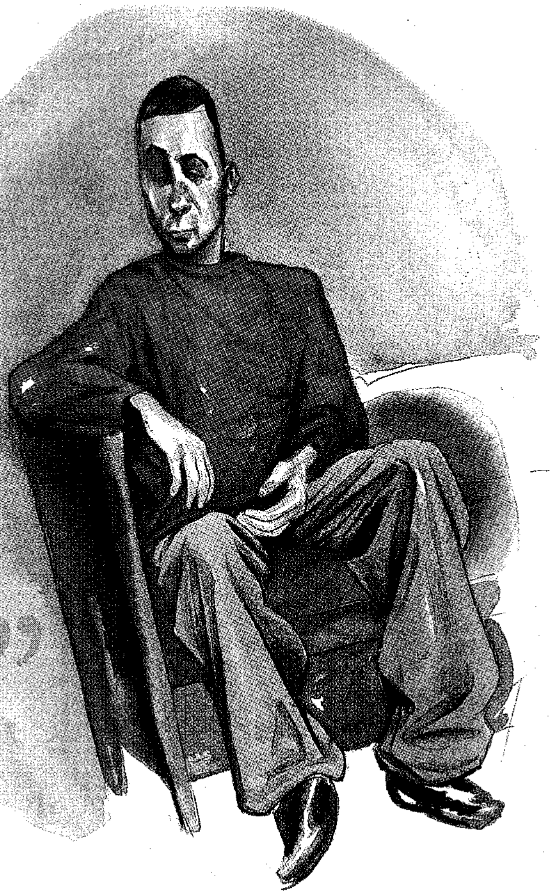
At one elite private school on the Upper West Side, the drug "has become more popular than weed," according to Laura, a 17-year-old who has done ecstasy several times and has a regular dealer. "Most of the kids at school do it. They do it at house parties or when they're just hanging out, not really at clubs."

The ecstasy scene at Bronx High School of Science "ranged from preppy kids to this kid who was in my Hebrew-school class," according to Shari, a recent graduate. A few of her fellow students sometimes sold pills, she says, and when they were out, "we all knew this guy on 46th Street in the theater district who literally had boxes full." Often, they took ecstasy at home: "I hosted my share of ecstasy parties where someone would walk in the room with 100 pills and they'd be gone within twenty minutes."

Neither Manhattan teens nor several young Daytop Village patients from suburban Long Island interviewed by *New York* say they had much trouble finding the drug. "E was around every weekend—my brother played on a soccer team with my dealer, so I knew him well," says Charlie, 16. "I've never been to a club. I was like, 'Why waste money on the club when I could just save it for drugs?' "

Leah, a 16-year-old who lives on the Upper East Side, says most of her friends

"E was around every weekend," says Charlie, 16. "**My brother played on a soccer team with my dealer**, so I knew him well."



do ecstasy and doesn't think her occasional use of the drug will do her any harm. "I've had some of the best times of my life on ecstasy, and I'm not an addict, so what's the problem?" she says. "For the Fourth, me and my friends took some pills really early in the night and then we went to Exit," she explains. "When we got out of the club in the morning, the weather was so nice we decided to take a few more rolls. It was just amazing." The club might have enhanced her high, but she's not interested in becoming part of that scene. "It's way too druggy," she says, without irony.

"Kids who are going to birthday parties or hanging out at friends' houses are doing it," says Carrie, a Trinity graduate who says she was one of the few students at her high school who didn't try ecstasy. "It's the drug of our generation," she says. "I know friends who are scared to do coke, but they've done E more than a few times."

That attitude persists because "the jury is still out" about ecstasy's addictiveness, according to A. Jonathan Porteus, a doctor of psychology at Daytop Village. "It's definitely habit-forming, though. It becomes associated with certain things, like sex or dancing, and becomes a habit. You'll hear people say, 'To have sex, you need X.' " He pauses and laughs. "And some people can't listen to Orbital without it."

Whether or not the drug is addictive, says Porteus, "ecstasy is going to affect your ability to concentrate, you're going to have more trouble feeling happy, there's going to be a bit of spaciness there." Because MDMA alters the brain's serotonin levels, which control mood, Porteus also believes the comedown ecstasy users experience after a weekend of partying could last longer than they think. "There's going to be a lot of people taking anti-depressants in the future."

"Ecstasy has enormous appeal, but people crash afterward," says Dr. Robert Klitzman, a clinical psychiatrist at Columbia University. "If they're doing ecstasy on a Saturday night, there's 'Suicide Tuesday,' a brief but deep depression. Still, teenagers are particularly vulnerable, Klitzman says, because "high school is an awkward time for everyone, and this is sort of the anti-rejection drug."

Kristin, a shy, blonde 14-year-old with braces who hugs herself nervously while talking, began drinking and smoking marijuana at age 12, but neither drug had the pull of ecstasy, which she first tried in the spring of 1999. "I didn't think it was gonna be that good, but once I tried it, it was like my life," she says. "I couldn't wait until the next time I did it, so I did it the next day."

Like the club kids who proselytized about ecstasy ("Everything begins with an E" was a raver mantra), Kristin found herself E-vangelizing about the drug the way Timothy Leary's followers extolled the virtues of LSD. "Once you do the first pill, your whole perspective on life changes," she says. "Your whole view on the world around you, the way you look at people. I would look at clean people and be like, 'What is wrong with them? They don't even know what they're missing.' And I wanted to show people ecstasy."

Though ecstasy is relatively expensive for cash-poor teenagers, Kristin says she rarely had to pay for it. "Most girls I know who don't pay for their drugs had sex with the dealer and he'd give it to them for free, but it wasn't like that for me," she says. She got the drug by hosting afternoon ecstasy parties at her parents' home.

On the drug, "if someone says something just a little nice, like 'Hi, how are you?,' you'll be like, 'Oh, my God, that's so nice of you,' and you'll fall in love with them on the spot," she says. But the bonds created by the drug vanish just as quickly. "I remember this kid who I was so in love with when I was on ecstasy," she continues. "Then the next day I called him and told him to come over and he said no, and I was like, 'Whatever, I don't really care about you anyway.' He wasn't important to me at all—we just had that connection when we did E together. I call it 'E love,' 'cause that's what it is, really."

After she began to miss more school, her mother read her diary and "saw a completely different person 'cause every page was filled with 'Oh, my God, I can't wait till the next time I can do E,' " she says. She's been enrolled with Daytop since the fall, but it's still difficult for her to imagine life without ecstasy. "I give myself pats on the shoulder every day, like, 'Today I'm clean another day,' " she says, "but it's still constantly in the back of my head, because nothing can make me feel like that."

> "We're at the point right now with ecstasy that we were with cocaine in the seventies," says New York State Senator Roy Goodman. "**It's being passed out like mints** by people who have no idea of its negative effects."

IN THE EARLY NINETIES, WHEN ECSTASY was prevalent only in European rave culture and the few underground American clubs that identified with it, two outer-borough teens named Frankie Bones and Michael Caruso went to England to check out London nightlife. They were fateful trips: Bones was inspired to begin throwing raves in Brooklyn, and Caruso started Manhattan's first techno party at the Limelight. Eventually, Bones's "Storm Raves" planted the seed for the U.S. rave scene; the drug-distribution network Caruso allegedly ran at the Limelight gave the city its first bona fide ecstasy bust.

"We weren't really even aware of ecstasy until the Limelight case in 1995," says Brennan. Indeed, the DEA-NYPD joint investigation into the Limelight began only after police were contacted by the parents of an 18-year-old New Jersey man who had died from an overdose of ecstasy he had allegedly bought there. Until 1997, ecstasy wasn't even a controlled substance in New York State.

By then, the drug was already old news in clubland—it had started spreading to the mainstream. "Law enforcement is always playing catch-up," Brennan admits. Because it got such a late start monitoring the ecstasy trade, Brennan says, the NYPD's lab doesn't "have a baseline to start with in terms of assessing the purity of ecstasy pills" the way it does with cocaine or heroin. Lately, however, Brennan has been surprised to find supposed ecstasy pills that actually contain antihistamine laced with insecticide. "We're seeing all kinds of adulterated substances," she says. "You honestly don't know what you're putting in your mouth when you're taking ecstasy."

The current ecstasy explosion has made the market for fakes even hotter. "People don't have qualms about what they sell as ecstasy," according to Murray, "as long as people pay for it." Indeed, when the

NYPD used the nuisance-abatement law to shut down the Tunnel last year after a raid targeting ecstasy dealers there, only four of the pills that were seized tested positive for MDMA. (Tunnel has since reopened.) And as user demand builds for "brands" like Mitsubishi—a particularly potent pill illicitly stamped with the car manufacturer's three-diamond logo—drugmakers are putting the same insignia on impure pills, much the way knockoff-makers sew Prada labels onto cheap backpacks.

But adulterated or weakened pills are the least of law enforcement's problems: Smugglers are getting more sophisticated, and other organized-crime rings are competing with the Israelis. Several men have been nabbed at JFK wearing skin-tight bodysuits that held more than 7,000 ecstasy pills each; Customs officials have also found pills hidden in software packaging, stuffed animals, and secret compartments in carry-on luggage. In March, Customs scored its first internal seizure when it arrested a passenger flying into JFK from Amsterdam who had swallowed 2,800 pills in 70 condoms.

At the same time, "organized-crime groups are putting their feelers out" to the ecstasy trade, according to Murray. "There's so much money to be made that these groups are saying, 'Let's get this going on,' " Murray says. "We're going to see a stronger Mexican connection, a much stronger Dominican connection. We're going to see bikers who were running methamphetamine labs in the Midwest convert those labs into ecstasy labs. We've already seen it in Vancouver. The only difference is you start with a different chemical."

To combat the spread of the drug locally, New York state senator Roy Goodman issued a recommendation that a defendant be charged with ecstasy possession based on the weight of his or her stash rather than its purity. "We're at the point right now with ecstasy that we were with cocaine in the seventies," Goodman says. "It's being passed out like mints by people who have no idea of its negative effects." On July 3, New Jersey governor Christine Whitman signed into law a bill that would put ecstasy in the same legal class as heroin and cocaine.

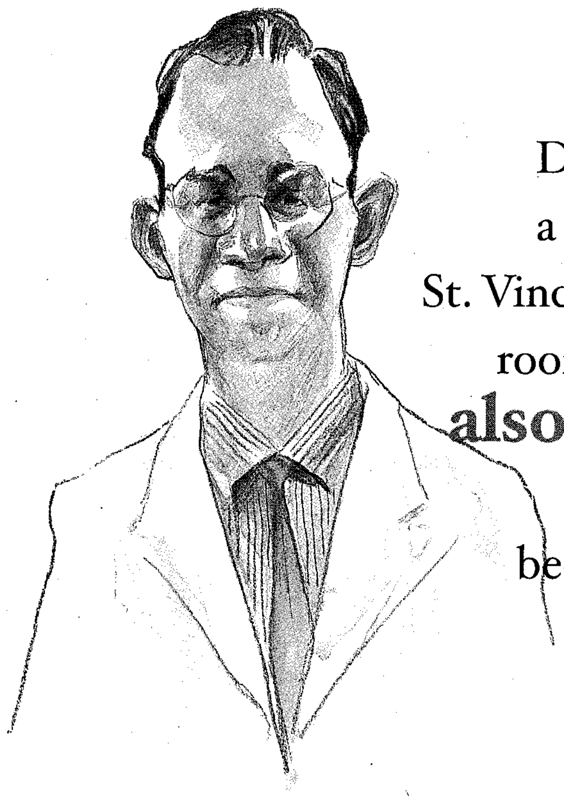
"It's worse in the cities," says Dr. Mike Nelson, a physician at the St. Vincents emergency room. "But it's also in middle America, because they don't have anything else to do." Congresswoman Judy Biggert, who represents the suburban Thirteenth District of Illinois, is sponsoring a bill to double the minimum jail time for ecstasy traffickers. "Ecstasy has been around for 20 or 30 years now, but we're finally seeing it in the suburbs," she says. "So we're trying to send a message to dealers and traffickers—right now, the penalties they receive are a joke." Similar legislation, the Ecstasy Anti-Proliferation Act, has been introduced by Senator Bob Graham of Florida.

Harm-reduction advocates argue that under such laws, the least powerful people in the ecstasy-distribution business, the "mules" who carry the drugs, would receive some of the harshest penalties. "They'll always arrest people like me—poor people and idiot people," argues Van-Zyp. "The people higher up will make a lot of money but they won't get arrested." Indeed, ecstasy couriers are hardly an upscale bunch. The Customs source notes with some amusement that many of the mules recruited by the Orgad network used their $10,000 fee as a down payment on a trailer home.

CUSTOMS AND THE DEA HAVE LABELED ecstasy "agony" in order to raise awareness about the dangers of the drug, but unlike crack or cocaine before it, ecstasy seems to have negligible social effects. "Crack is categorically an addictive substance, so the crack epidemic was much easier for people to understand," says Daytop Village's Porteus. "Unlike crack or cocaine, ecstasy is the sort of drug people use to compensate for something rather than to fulfill a craving."

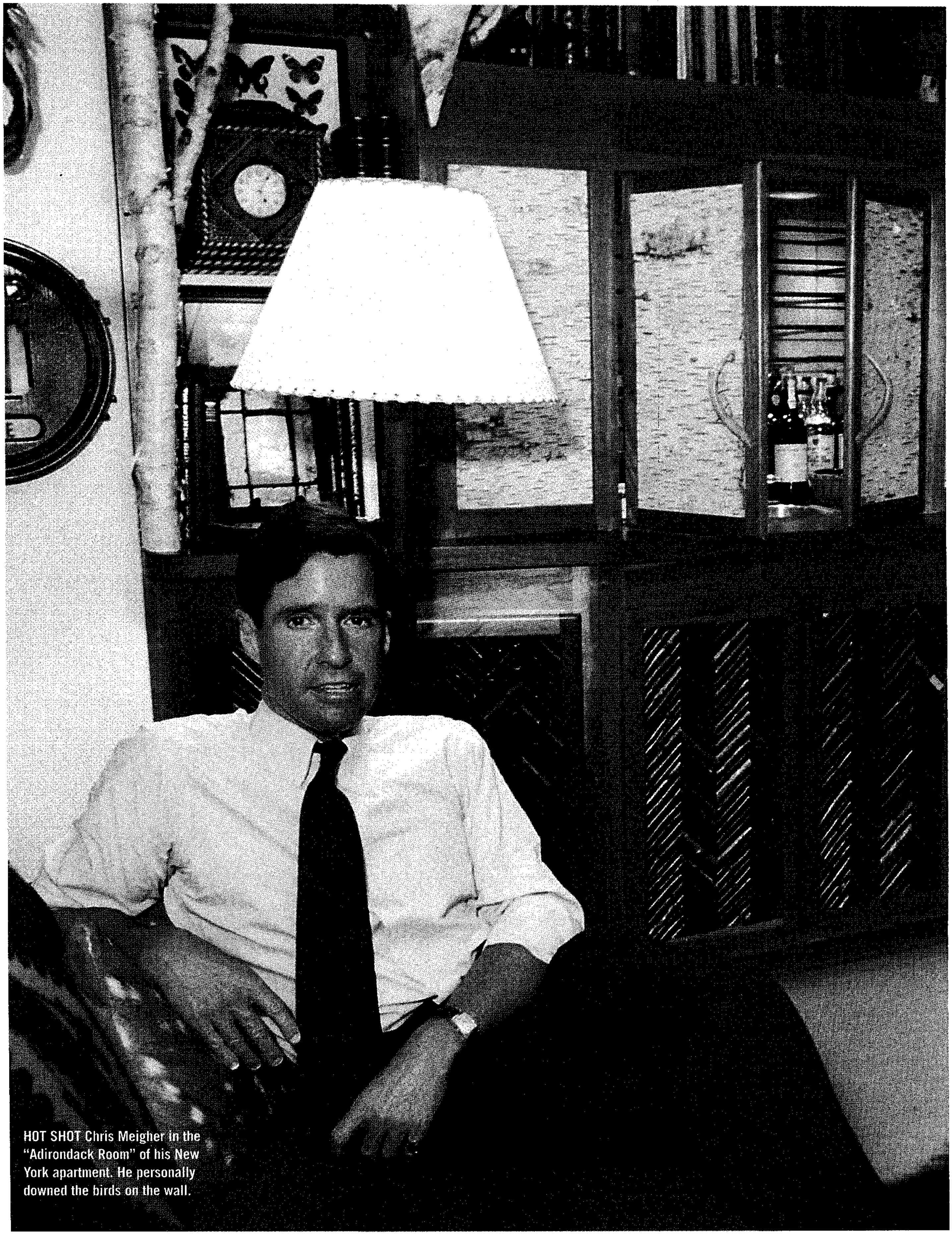
While nearly every week brings the arrest of a newer, more powerful ecstasy baron who seems to have been plucked right out of the cocaine era, there hasn't been the kind of gang violence seen in the late eighties and early nineties. "Ecstasy itself might not cause violent crime," acknowledges Brennan of the DEA. But she predicts that "there will be a rise in violence associated with organized crime as a result of the ecstasy trade." Some cities, like Chicago, aren't taking any chances. In response to a series of ecstasy-related overdoses in the city (most of which were due to pills laced with a deadly drug called PMA, or paramethoxyamphetamine), the City Council there passed an "anti-rave" ordinance, which makes holding such a party punishable by a $10,000 fine. One Chicago police officer even vowed to the Chicago *Tribune* that "if D.J.'s know it's dangerous to come to Chicago . . . they may think twice about coming here."

But to those who use the drug, such moral panic is hard to understand, much less agree with. "I really don't understand what the big deal is. Yeah, you might get a little too happy, a little too emotional; you might even say some really stupid, cheesy things you regret later. And yeah, there can be a pretty harsh comedown if you overdo it," argues one user. "But compared to crack or coke? Please! When was the last time you saw two crackheads hugging?" ■



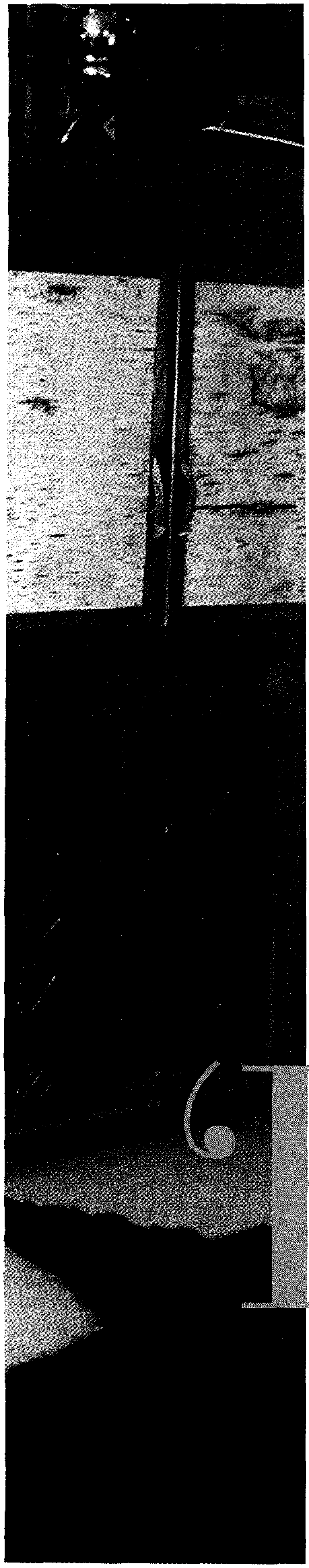
"It's worse in the cities," says Dr. Mike Nelson, a physician at the St. Vincents emergency room. **"But it's also in middle America,** because they don't have anything else to do."

Additional interviews (for illustrations) by Steve Brodner



HOT SHOT Chris Meigher in the "Adirondack Room" of his New York apartment. He personally downed the birds on the wall.

Photograph by Barbara Alper



LITTLE BIG MAN

CHRIS MEIGHER SOLD HIS DREAM of a brave new publishing company to friends, financiers, and employees, who anted up $30 million to make it happen. But when Meigher Communications **CRASHED SIX YEARS LATER**, so did his reputation.

By Carl Swanson

“HEAR YE, HEAR YE!,” CRIED CHRIS MEIGHER, GLOWING WITH PRIDE THROUGH HIS PALM Beach tan. It was May 1996, and a few hours earlier, *Saveur,* Meigher's fledgling high-end food magazine, had won two National Magazine Awards. His tie loosened, jacket off, French cuffs rolled up on his perfectly tailored and starched shirt, Meigher faced the staff of the magazine and raised a glass of champagne to their success. • *His* success. Uptown at the awards, Meigher had shelled out for two tables for his nascent magazine company, the one that was supposed to be different, noncorporate, nonheirarchical. After giddily toasting editor-in-chief Dorothy Kalins and creative director Michael Grossman, he moved on to rally the rest of his staff, who crowded into a back corner of the scruffy Sixth Avenue loft that served as headquarters for Meigher Communications. • Meigher, a 23-year Time Inc. veteran, went on to deliver a folksy speech stocked with his favorite catchphrases—“shoulder to the wheel . . . nose to the grindstone . . . sliding into home”—delivered with the buoyant enthusiasm of a QVC pitchman. His audience ate it up. • “You could see these Moonie-ish young kids looking up at this guy,” recalls one former employee. He sold them the print version of what became the dot-com dream. One staff member remembers him talking about building "a different kind of company, and everyone is going to benefit from having a piece of the pie. Everyone was going to get rich."

Many of the employees present that day were what Meigher called "stakeholders"—they all owned a piece of the company. "My proudest moment," he liked to tell them, "will be when I have 50 people here who are millionaires when we go public in four years."

At the time, Meigher's company published a grand total of three small magazines, *Saveur, Garden Design,* and *Quest.* But that, Meigher had assured his staff, was only the beginning. Meigher Communications was founded as an egalitarian, no-frills antidote to bureaucratic behemoths like Time Inc. and Condé Nast. In an industry producing mass-market blockbusters like *In Style,* Meigher pitched itself as "the Tiffany of publishers," delivering high-quality products to discerning readers. The idea was to bring "passion" back to magazines, so readers (and advertisers) would pay more for them.

Well spoken and charismatic, Meigher sold this vision to eager investors, including old friends from Time Inc., old tennis pals, AT&T Ventures, Allen & Co., even the Dartmouth Alumni Fund, not to mention many of his employees. One woman who worked in the personnel department even anted up (and lost) her quarter-million-dollar divorce settlement.

"We were all refugees from big corporations, coming here to start a different kind of company," says Michael Grossman. "We were going to be smart and cheap and not pay ourselves much, and then when it succeeded—we'd have our stock warrants."

And for a while, it looked like they would succeed. Lavish and literate, *Saveur* and *Garden Design* seemed to prove that it was possible. They launched in 1994 at 100,000 each, growing every year in both buzz and circulation; today, *Saveur*'s circulation is 375,000 and *Garden Design*'s 425,000. But they were recognized for quality too: *Garden Design* has been nominated for three National Magazine Awards and *Saveur* thirteen. In 1997, *Ad Age* named *Saveur* Magazine of the Year, commending Meigher for having made "a high-risk gamble in a narrow niche and invested heavily in production quality."

The company also made steady gains in advertising. Heading up a small team against larger and better-funded rivals like *Gourmet* and *Cooking Light,* publishing director Joe Armstrong coaxed national advertisers into boutique books and showed that a gardening magazine could traffic in ads for Tiffany instead of just Garden Weasels. Whenever a big sale was made, he clanged a cowbell, bringing work to a standstill in the crowded SoHo loft that served as the company's headquarters. "It was fabulous," says Dorothy Kalins. "It was almost too high not to fall."

And then, to the dismay of all those stakeholders, the company did fall— amid a flurry of nasty charges and countercharges that may end up in court. As the founders began feuding, Armstrong angrily departed, followed by much of his sales team, and advertising plummeted. Through 1999, Meigher Communications was limping, running out of cash and the confidence of its backers. Earlier this year, the company was finally sold at a fire-sale price to a Florida-based publisher that specializes in water-sports magazines. After a $30 million investment, Meigher's shell-shocked stakeholders got $7 million for *Saveur* and *Garden Design.* Meigher managed to raise an additional $800,000 to hold on to the third and smallest title, the society chronicle *Quest.*

JUST DESSERTS This page, the staff of *Saveur* celebrates with two of its three National Magazine Awards; opposite, Meigher with his wife, Grace.

ALL OF THIS HAS MADE CHRIS MEIGHER, now 53, one of the most controversial publishing figures in New York, praised by some as a visionary and denounced by others as a slick huckster. An immaculately groomed, perpetually tanned man who favors Saville Row suits and spit-shined elevator shoes, he is prone to Napoleonic bouts of grandiosity. "I don't know what his blood pressure is, but it looks high," says his friend Graydon Carter. "He's a very type-A personality." But even his detractors concede that he is a skilled salesman and canny fighter whose skills have earned him a succession of high-profile magazine jobs. In the early eighties, he was even in line to become CEO of Time Inc. but was exiled from the company after a bruising power struggle. "He's like this character out of Greek mythology," says a former colleague. "Every time he comes close to succeeding, his arrogance and hubris do him in. Ultimately, Chris is his own worst enemy."

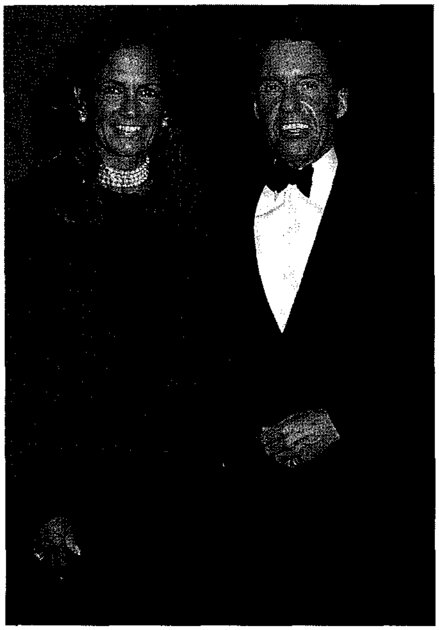
Meigher is aware, of course, that more than a few people blame him for the demise of his company—and their dreams. Now ensconced at *Quest,* whose offices are a few floors above his old one, Meigher pushes back from his L-shaped desk, an ankle crossed over the other knee. Surrounded by bookcases, boat models, and stacks of the antique leather briefcases he collects, he has little room to move.

"I'm mad, too!" he counters. "I think in a lot of ways we were *all* betrayed." He blames, among others, his investors for cutting off the cash, his partner for losing faith, and his former publishing director for not producing enough revenue. And he argues that his magazines "got caught in a time warp of a changing industry."

But even as Meigher presses on with his new project, he's still cleaning up after the old one. He frets openly that the publicity over Meigher Communications' downfall might prompt the "doctors and dentists" who invested in the company to sue him for malfeasance. *Quest*'s founder claims that Meigher still owes her money. Meigher mutters darkly that it will all become clear in court.

FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE, STEPHEN CHRISTOPHER Meigher III led a charmed existence. His father was a wealthy surgeon at New York Hospital who moved the family upstate when Christopher was young. Chris was sent to Albany Academy, a military school, where he was quarterback and lettered in football, swimming, and baseball before following his father to Dartmouth.

He joined Time Inc. fresh out of college in 1968. "His was a meteoric career," remembers a colleague. "He carried himself with this incredible high-Wasp confidence." Starting as direct-mail manager for *Time* in 1968, he became circulation director of *Fortune,* then *Sports Illustrated,* then *Time,* then all of Time Inc. In 1982, he was appointed publisher of *People.* "He was part of that last generation that rose in the company because of their social polish, the clubs they belong to," says a colleague. When he ran the corporate circulation department, he stocked it so full of Ivy Leaguers that other employees nicknamed it the Yacht Club. "He always seemed like someone who didn't *need* to work," remembers one editor.



Photograph: Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

"The funny thing is, **I STILL *LIKE* CHRIS,**" says *Quest* founder Heather Cohane. "But for some reason, he seemed incapable of **MAKING ANY MONEY.**"

But it was Time Publishing Ventures, which he took over in 1988, that solidified Meigher's reputation as an entrepreneur. During his tenure, he bankrolled *Parenting, Cooking Light,* and *Emerge,* and acquired *Sunset,* a successful West Coast lifestyle magazine. But his biggest score was *Martha Stewart Living.* When Stewart approached Time, Meigher says, she had already been turned down by Condé Nast and was "little more than a Westport caterer who'd written a successful cookbook." Within two years, her magazine was selling 725,000 copies and had spawned its own multimedia empire. By the late eighties, Meigher was mentioned as a possible contender to take over the job of Time Inc. CEO Reg Brack. Meigher heard the rumors, too. "It wasn't just in the back of my head," he says today. "People whisper things to you."

Not everyone at the company was whispering nice things. "Chris embodied the best and the worst of Time Inc. culture," says one of his former colleagues. "He had the right background and breeding. He was very smart. But he was the most political animal at Time Inc., which was a very political organization." Meigher's ambition for the top job put him in competition with two other executives at the company. Like Meigher, Bob Miller and Don Elliman were ambitious young men with impeccable résumés, and their ill-concealed rivalry transfixed the company.

But as time went on, there was a consensus that Meigher had taken it too far. "Chris spent 95 percent of his energy managing upwards," says another executive. "Anyone who came into contact with him knew he'd do anything to attain that end."

In time, Brack became tired of the infighting and fretted that Meigher was trying to destabilize him. In June 1992, knowledgeable sources say, he called the shocked 45-year-old into his office and fired him. Meigher insists he left of his own volition, but on the day Meigher announced his resignation "to pursue other opportunities," Brack gave the president's job to an uncontroversial dark-horse contender named Don Logan, who had headed up the company's Southern Progress division in Birmingham, Alabama.

Meigher took his multi-million-dollar settlement and set out in search of new opportunities. His role model, says one associate, was Michael Bloomberg, who used his $20 million severance package from Salomon Brothers in 1981 to build his own media conglomerate. "Chris was sure he would show them up someday," says one longtime associate. "He wanted his new venture to be a big fuck-you to all his old colleagues."

When Meigher started his new venture in 1992, he envisioned an entrepreneurial kind of magazine company, one that would somehow encompass the synergistic innovations he'd learned from Martha Stewart. He partnered with a venture capitalist, Doug Peabody, whom he'd become close to while they both served on the board of America Online. Meigher invested $1.5 million; Peabody put up $1.2 million, and Meigher Communications was born.

At first, the two men seemed like ideal partners. While Peabody was the back-office man, the gregarious Meigher was the company's public face. "Chris is a dazzling salesman," says a colleague. "I never cease to be amazed by the way he works a room; it's like he's on fire. He looks in people's faces and gets off on their energy. By the end, he has people eating out of his hand."

Among his first hires was Dorothy Kalins, a well-regarded editor who had previously headed up *Apartment Life* and *Metropolitan Home.* When Meigher first approached her, Kalins was on maternity leave and trying to develop a new kind of food magazine—an unpretentious glossy she wanted to call *Real Food.*

Installed at his usual table at The Four Seasons, Meigher wooed the editor furiously. Like Kalins, he believed that magazines were in a slump partly because readers had become disaffected. And if you could make magazines that were powerful, well-executed editorial products, people would pay a premium for them. Kalins signed on as Meigher's editorial director.

Meigher next approached Michael Grossman, the talented design director of *Entertainment Weekly,* who became creative director. Joe Armstrong, an impeccably connected Texan and a former publisher of *Rolling Stone* and *New York,* was tapped as Meigher's publishing director. Working for reduced salaries, the three channeled their own savings into the new company, with the promise of an IPO down the line. "We thought we were building a better world down there," says Armstrong. "We took his promises and combined them with our hopes."

In June 1994, the team moved to an all-white, full-floor loft at 100 Sixth Avenue, decorated with heavy bookcases and Mission-style furniture. "At first, we thought we'd start or buy two magazines a year," says Armstrong, adding that Meigher told him he had huge lines of credit—hundreds of millions of dollars. So it made sense when he talked about buying Fairchild or starting a stateside edition of *Hello!*

Early on, Meigher passed on *Wallpaper** and *Fast Company,* both of which went on to be hugely successful. "We did prototypes for about a dozen other magazines," says Kalins, including a shelter magazine and a travel-adventure book. But none of them seemed to work.

Saveur, loosely based on the French magazine *Saveurs,* was intended to be a plusher, more sophisticated answer to

ON THE TOWN Tina Brown with Joe Armstrong at the Public Theater. Right, Ex-*Quest* editor Kristina Stewart pals around with her replacement, Sean Murphy.

Snow had **NO USE FOR *QUEST*.** "It just didn't fit," says the company's new owner. "It fit well with Meigher's lifestyle. But my focus is on **BUILDING A BUSINESS**."

how-to food magazines like *Bon Appetit* and *Gourmet. Garden Design* was originally the in-house magazine of the American Society of Landscape Architects, relaunched to capitalize on baby-boomers' obsession with their own backyards.

Also in 1994, the company purchased *Smart Health,* a venture that developed publications and in-house newsletters for hundreds of hospitals. A few years later, Meigher teamed up with Ikea to publish the design store's in-house glossy, *Space.* And in an attempt to curry favor with Ralph Lauren, Meigher agreed to counsel Lauren's son, David, on *Swing,* his ill-fated generational monthly.

But nothing consumed Meigher more than *Quest*, the society magazine he purchased from its founder, Heather Cohane, a combination of social dish, party pics, and real-estate ads that is distributed free in upscale buildings, primarily on Manhattan's East Side.

A charmingly eccentric British-born socialite, Cohane ran her magazine on the cheap; presiding over a staff of three, she sold ads and snapped most of the party pictures herself. But Meigher had grander plans for *Quest:* He wanted to convert the 10021-based magazine into a nationwide must-read for the socially ambitious, an Americanized *Tatler.*

According to Cohane, though Meigher promised to keep her on as editor, one morning "this guy shows up at the office and says Meigher had appointed *him* editor. Chris never told me a word. I cried for hours." The guy was Brooks Peters, an art writer and Princeton graduate who lasted at the company for a year.

Cohane, meanwhile, remained at *Quest*—often in the company of her four little dogs, says one colleague: "I'd be trying to sell an ad to ABC Carpet & Home, and one of the dogs would be yapping or throwing up. It was a circus." One of the dogs happened to be named Peabody, a source of great amusement to the staff.

Quest, however, was no laughing matter to Meigher, who colleagues say took an obsessive interest in its editorial content, putting his family and friends in its pages and pulling photos and articles he didn't like. "He was a horror show," says one former employee. "He micromanaged *Quest* in the worst way. He frittered away countless hours rearranging party pictures while important things went undone."

In time, Peters departed and was replaced by former *Hamptons* editor Kristina Stewart, a teetotaling Mormon with an encyclopedic knowledge of New York's social mores. Stewart spiked *Quest*'s usual quotient of social fluff with more pointed pieces, including an exposé on the city's top private schools, and the magazine gained in both circulation and clout. But sources say the 29-year-old editor came to resent Meigher's meddling and the general loopiness that had descended on *Quest*'s offices. She left this spring to become society editor at *Vanity Fair* and declined to comment for this article.

By 1998, employees began leaving in droves. Even Cohane recently left Quest for *Gotham,* a new start-up by *Hamptons* publisher Jason Binn. But shortly after the sale, she reminisced about her wild ride with Meigher. Seated in the living room of her penthouse on the Upper East Side, she wore a pair of sunglasses, her face swathed in floral scarves to conceal a fresh face-lift. "The funny thing is, I still *like* Chris," she said, choosing her words. "But he's prone to these extreme extravagances and character changes. For some reason, he seemed incapable of making money."

MAKING MONEY WASN'T MEIGHER'S sole motivation. The magazines, especially *Quest,* provided him and his wife with the social entrée he seemed to crave—from a prominent table at Swifty's to seats at benefit dinners, often paid for by the company.

One acquaintance describes the Meighers as the picture-book family, tanned, aristocratic, and rich. Meigher's wife, Grace, is a notable beauty whom Meigher's admiring colleagues at Time Inc. dubbed Grace the Face. His two daughters, social and attractive, went to St. Paul's and followed their father to Dartmouth. In New York, the Meighers live in a second-floor co-op on East 72nd Street, with canoes and oars and animal heads on the walls. In Palm Beach, he owns a Spanish-style mansion close to the ocean that he rented out during his troubles last winter to millionaire David Koch. His family also owns an island compound in the Adirondacks, close to Lake George and Graydon Carter. Still, he seemed dissatisfied with his social standing. His prolific name-dropping is much remarked upon by friends and colleagues. "He was always talking a big game," says one socialite. "It was so unnecessary."

EARLY ON, MEIGHER HAD TALKED ABOUT ACquiring dozens of magazines, but after *Quest,* no new deals took place. In fact, in order to pay off a short-term loan, the company sold its most profitable title, *Smart Health,* in 1997. Another early failure was Meigher Communications' $1 million bet on a Web venture called Europe Online. Founded in 1995, it was to be the America Online of Europe, but the project, overseen by Peabody, got bogged down among the various countries and companies involved. With each failure, tensions between Meigher and Peabody increased; by the end, they had escalated into full warfare. One day, Peabody

Photographs: from left, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Patrick McMullan.

showed a copy of Meigher's expense report to a colleague: It totaled $300,000 a year. In a company founded on frugality, this kind of extravagance rubbed his employees the wrong way. Some complained that he had a limousine waiting for him all day outside the office. Meigher points out that the "limousine" was actually a chauffeured Mercedes station wagon. "It's ten years old and has 172,000 miles on it. I let the garage guy drive it. He won, I won."

"He would say we were doing *Saveur* on a shoestring," says one embittered veteran. "Bull. There *was* no shoestring. There was never any money to do anything. You couldn't take a taxi to midtown. There was a feeling that he didn't share in suffering." Meigher replies that the criticism of his spending and style is "foolish" and "unfair." His partnership agreement, he says, limited his salary to $200,000 a year, much less than CEOs of comparable publishing companies. He claims his expenses added up to "just $3,750 a month." "My lifestyle is secondary to my professional goals," Meigher says. "It's important to be around in the community when you're expanding in these areas."

TASTY MORSELS Joe Armstrong, Paula Zahn, Bill Blass, and Chris Meigher at a *Saveur* party at The Four Seasons.

As Meigher's financial situation worsened, the founders began plotting their own (and one another's) exits. First to go was Joe Armstrong, who in the fall of 1997 defected to Worth Media. Meigher insists he planned to fire Armstrong but was beaten to the punch. "As it turns out—how do I say this?—Joe's Rolodex, which is part of his own persona, doesn't sell ad pages," says Meigher. "I brought in $60 million in ads with a staff of six," sputters Armstrong. "How can he say *that*?"

As soon as Armstrong announced he was departing, Meigher banished him from his office and shut off his voice mail. "It was like a divorce," says one ex-employee. Armstrong's departure seemed to coincide with the end of Meigher Communications' honeymoon with the local media. Some blame the subsequent bad press on Armstrong. Armstrong vehemently denies this. "I never went out and trashed the company," he says. "I had my savings in there. What would be the point?"

In any case, the departure preceded a mass exodus. By then, Meigher's business model had broken down, too. Alarmed at the deteriorating situation at the company, Meigher's top investors demanded out. Veronis Suhler, a leading magazine broker, was hired to try to sell the company. The initial asking price was $70 million, a figure that plunged dramatically as the company ran out of money—and time. "People loved the magazines but didn't want the overhead that went with them," says a former executive. "Our big mistake was in not having a strategic partner who would have been more comfortable with the situation," says Meigher. Instead, he ended up with investors who wanted "fast returns"—not likely in the magazine business.

Meigher wanted a buyer who'd let him stay at the helm. "Hearst, Condé Nast, Time, Newsweek . . . I don't think I missed a one," he says. "Everyone thought the scale was too small."

But if Meigher was too small for Condé Nast, it was just the right size for Terry Snow, the soft-spoken CEO of World Publications. Snow started his Florida-based, fourteen-magazine empire 21 years ago, when he was two years out of the University of Florida, and launched a magazine called *Water Skiing.* Afterward, he says, "we launched a windsurfing magazine, then *Sport Fishing.* We've had no failures on any of our launches," he adds.

Initially, Snow offered Meigher $14 million for his company, an offer he declined. By year's end, the offer had dwindled to $7 million. "Their back was against the wall," admits Snow. "So they sold. I marvel at how little it sold for. Those are two good magazines." A rival publisher notes that *Saveur's* subscriber list alone was worth more than Snow paid for the company.

But Snow had no use for *Quest.* "Um, it didn't really fit with what we do," he says, adding pointedly, "I think it fit well with Chris Meigher and maybe *his* personal lifestyle. But my focus is on building a business." His plan? More synergy. The Internet. Marketing. "It's not so much that they didn't have the money to do things," he says. "It's just where they chose to spend their money." He laughs. "Car services, charity functions, stationery. Stuff that didn't have a return."

THESE DAYS, A CHASTENED MEIGHER IS busying himself with a pared-down *Quest.* He has a brand-new partner, Susan Obrecht, an Erin Brockovich–like divorcée who used to own *Baltimore* and some weekly newspapers in the Washington, D.C., area. She'd wanted to buy *Quest* herself, but Meigher beat her to it, with the help of a pal who kicked in $500,000.

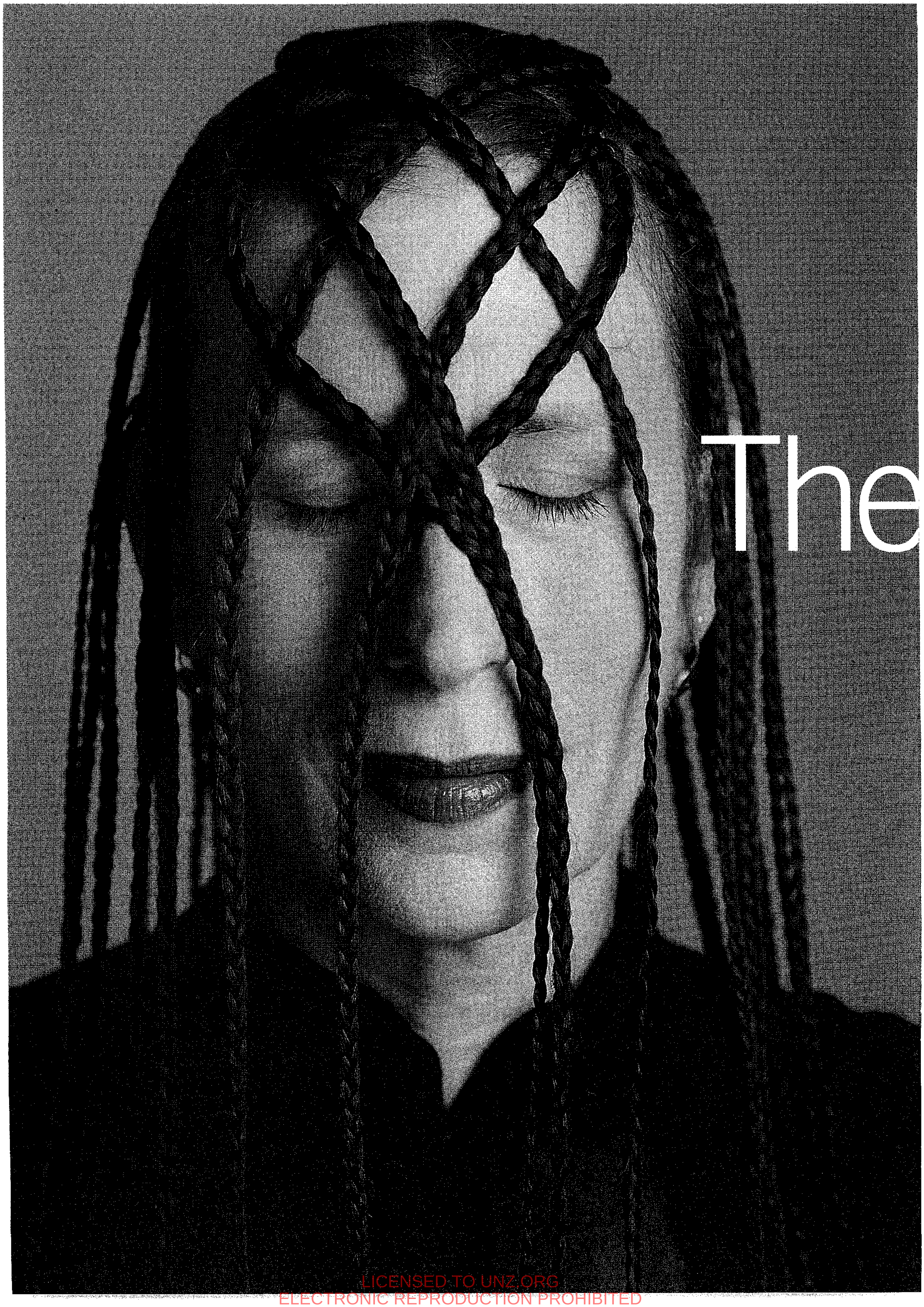
"I am an investor, business partner, and turnaround specialist," says Obrecht, who also is the COO. "It's a terrific business." Meigher says she's the "minority partner."

Last March, *Quest* hired a new editor, Sean Murphy, the 35-year-old head fact checker at *Vanity Fair.* Murphy says he has no qualms about going into business with Meigher. "I believe that people are able to redeem themselves," he says.

Meigher and Murphy are now working on a new, improved *Quest*—bolder, glossier. Listening to him talk about it, one can easily see how he persuaded Kalins and Armstrong to join him. "*Quest* will become a portal to enjoy their lifestyle more and more," he says. "They'll get their stocks and photos and hyperlink to Tiffany's or make reservations at Swifty's or '21.' "

THE FIVE PEOPLE WHO STARTED MEIGHER Communications are now scattered through New York's publishing world. Peabody is CEO of Weider Communications, a company that publishes physique magazines. Armstrong is vice-president of *Talk.* Kalins and Grossman have remained with Snow's company, where their magazines continue to earn praise, if not yet profits. Last May, *Saveur* won its third National Magazine Award; Kalins took the stage and thanked Snow for "giving us our dreams back."

Meigher, of course, has new dreams of his own. The past three years, he says, have been "very tough," and his tan seems a bit faded. When he thinks back about the first award, back in 1996, he turns a little weepy. "Now," he says, "you're making me feel nostalgic!" ■



The

Accidental Icon

While Lincoln Center surveys the singular career of Meredith Monk, the original artist-without-borders (composer, dancer, poet, cultural provocateur) keeps reinventing “the new.”

BY LOGAN HILL

“I’LL GET NEUTRON—SHE LOVES TO watch TV,” Meredith Monk says, crossing the long hardwood floor of the cluttered TriBeCa loft she’s lived in since 1972. It’s two weeks before the Lincoln Center Festival gives the full retrospective treatment to Monk’s three-plus decades of inspired vocal compositions, performance pieces, and films. At the moment, Channel 13 is airing her short film *Ellis Island,* and she doesn’t want Neutron to miss it. She passes a prayer shrine—one of several situated around the loft—crowded with round stones; small, brightly colored figurines; and photos of the Dalai Lama. On one wall, an original Alex Katz print, a gift of the artist (a longtime admirer), hangs casually among personal snapshots.

She returns clutching a small tortoise that was given to her in 1978 by sometime collaborator Ping Chong and is *not* to be confused with Proton, the tortoise who portrayed the massive monster that marched through the city streets in Monk’s 1983 urban fable *Turtle Dreams.* She sets Neutron gently on the kitchen table, and he stares raptly at the thirteen-inch TV as Monk fiddles with the rabbit ears. Above us, a tangle of exposed, ancient wiring hangs from the ceiling. As if by divine intervention, the static-filled screen clears, revealing Ellis Island in a ruinous state. The 1981 film evokes the haunted history of what was, at the time, an all-but-forgotten American landmark and the perfect stomping ground for Monk, great-granddaughter of a cantor, granddaughter of a bass-baritone from Russia, daughter of a forties radio star who sang pop tunes and jingles for Muriel cigars.

She started out a folksinger at Sarah Lawrence, where she studied dance, theater, and music and sang “Be-Bop-a-Lula” and “Bye Bye Love” at school functions. In 1964, she moved to Manhattan, where she could have been any other dilettante dipping into *la vie bohème* on the way to a manor in Scarsdale, but she wasn’t. Monk thrived in the creative explosion going on in the Village at Café La Mama, Judson Memorial Church, and Caffé Cino. “If the previous generation took everything out,” Alex Katz observes, “she put everything in. She really brought content and meaning back—but in her own personal style.”

Monk developed a multicultural choreography built around her own nondancer’s body. At the same time, she says, “I realized that within the voice there could be limitless color and texture, genders and ages, even landscapes and characters, and that I could build a vocabulary on my own voice. It was also my way of going back to my family’s legacy.” She recorded albums, made films, flooded the Guggenheim’s spiral walkway with 85 red-clad performers in 1969’s *Juice,* won acclaim in Europe, spawned scores of imitators, and produced many of New York’s first site-specific performances. For *Vessel,* in 1971, she bused people down to the Performing Garage in SoHo and led them from there to a TriBeCa parking lot and then up six flights of stairs to the same loft we’re in today.

Especially in works like her opera *Atlas* and her film *Book of Days,* Monk has found harmony in the unlikeliest places. Next to her grand piano and the shelves of archival videotapes in the loft’s rehearsal space, copies of *National Geographic* teeter in sloppy piles next to fifties sci-fi, histories of the Holocaust, old silent films, and books about Cambodia and Vietnam’s Hmong people. There are records by early American jazz singers Mildred Bailey and “Whispering” Jack Smith, Brazilian singer Caetano Veloso, and Egyptian songstress Om Khalsoum.

Monk has navigated these sprawling interests to create a graceful and surprisingly accessible body of work. “If you think about Asian theater forms—or what we know about ancient theater—music, dance, and storytelling are usually part of one thing,” she says, “and the same people can do all of these things. Western European art is the only tradition where these forms are separated.” She’s never had much sympathy for “that part of the Western European tradition that asks, ‘How complicated can you get?’ ” In “Gotham Lullaby,” for instance, a stark piece from 1974 that will be performed in the retrospective, repeated piano chords, ululating syllables, and piercing high-pitched vocals cohere not as musical gimmicks but as a mother’s plangent song.

“My work uses both sides of the brain,” says Monk. “The source is very intuitive and very emotional, but there’s always a balance between structure and flow. My style is more a language of the senses and direct perception.”

NOVELIST RICK MOODY, WHO CALLS MONK “a great soul,” has played her *Dolmen Music* “till the grooves were worn flat.”

“I see Meredith as a mentor,” Moody says, “because she reminds me that I don’t have to get caught up in the careerist model of all this, despite what a dismal time it is for the arts.”

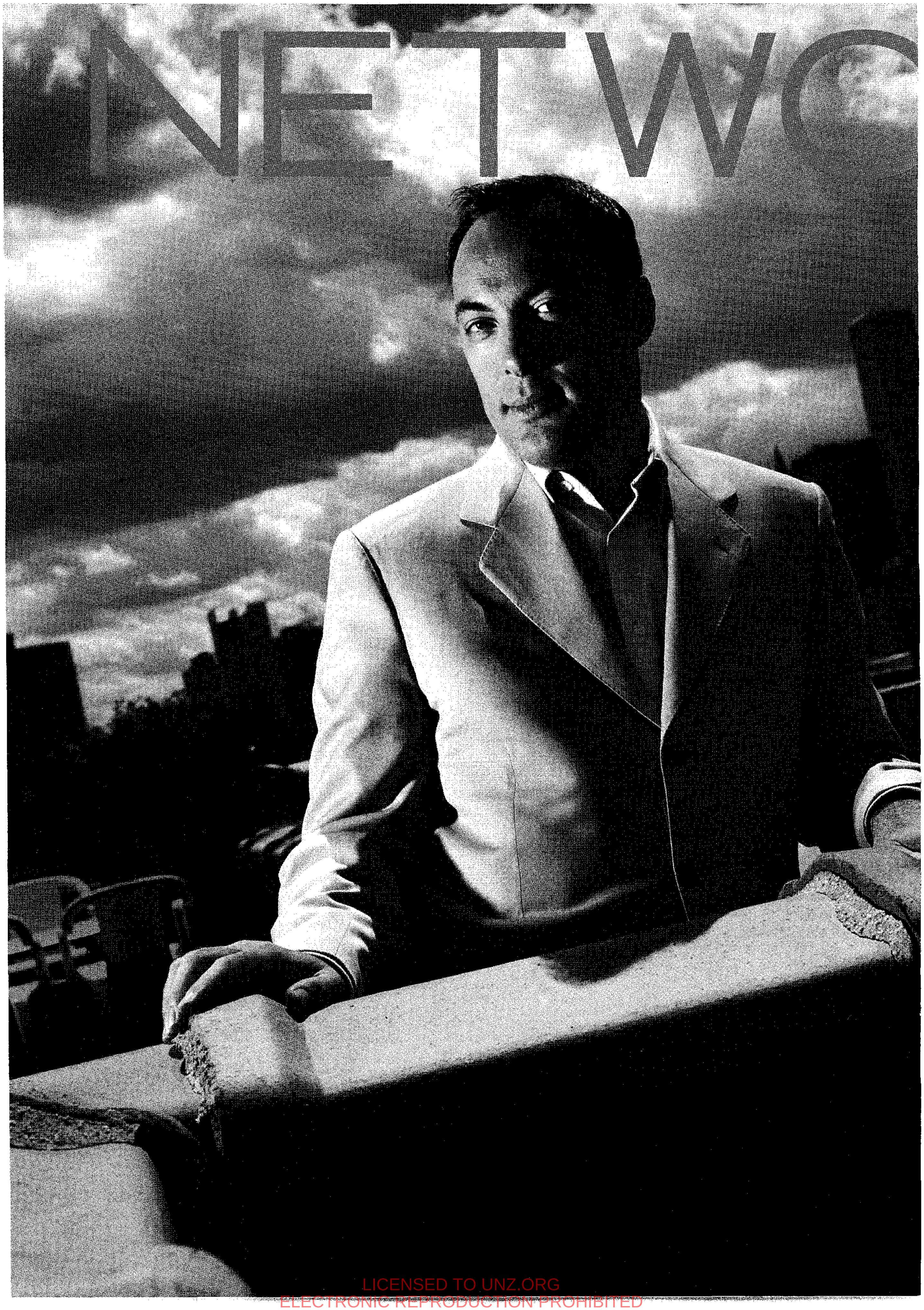
Dismal hardly overstates the case, even for one of Monk’s stature and 57 years: Her nonprofit House Foundation is always struggling to provide support for her new work. Last summer, Monk fulfilled a lifelong goal by performing *Vocal Offering,* a celebration service, before the Dalai Lama at the World Sacred Music festival. But she was forced to trim her company of seventeen down to just one—herself—because of the expense, and Barbara Dufty, managing director of the House Foundation, says the company will actually lose money on the retrospective.

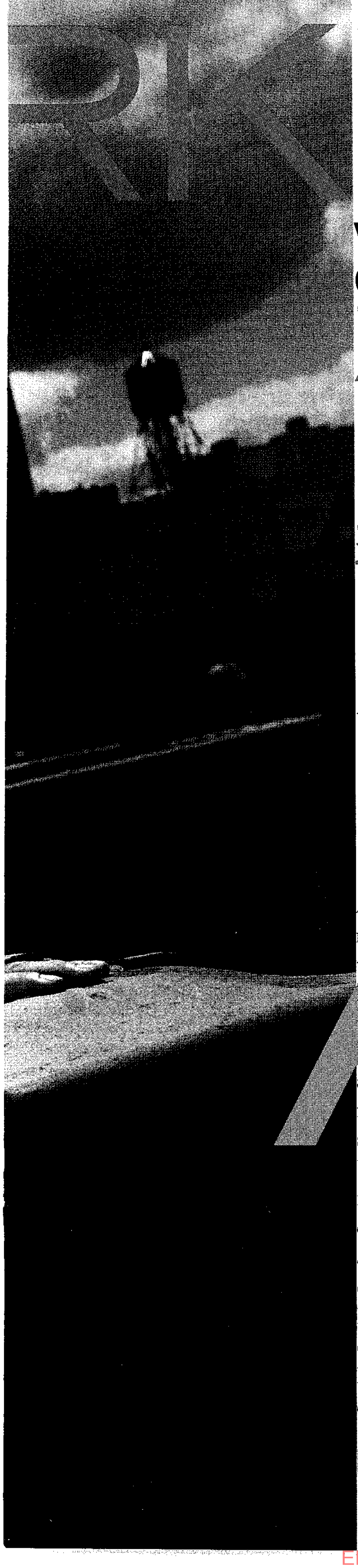
“I don’t want to kvetch at this point,” says Monk, as Neutron scrabbles over the kitchen floor and she thumbs through pictures of the Dalai Lama grinning and clapping gleefully during her performance. “When we got into this, none of us expected to make money.” As others search for more easily marketable projects, Monk observes, “I’m still in the R&D department, not the production line.” Currently, she’s collaborating with artist Ann Hamilton and composing her first piece for full orchestra. “After 36 years of work, you carry the backpack of your history around with you, but you want that curiosity, that beginner’s mind.

“That’s how you get your energy. You risk it every time.” ■

Photographed by Nigel Parry

NETWO





RKING IT

WHAT'S A WELL-CONNECTED NIGHTCLUB IMPRESARIO LIKE ANDREW RASIEJ DOING IN THE INTERNET BUSINESS? HE'S BRINGING LIVE MUSIC STRAIGHT FROM CLUBS TO COMPUTERS. AND IN HIS SPARE TIME, HE'S BUSY WIRING CITY SCHOOLS AND HOOKING UP POLITICIANS.

BY STEVE BODOW

A tall, tan Grace Kelly in a T-shirt and white jeans, the blonde college sophomore in seat 12D is still too young to know just how good-looking she is. But the 42-year-old man in 12E, who looks a little like George Clooney, can't keep his eyes off her. As the MD-11 taxis down the runway, he strategically picks a topic sure to connect with any undergrad: "Do you use Napster?" • She turns to him with a look that says she's busted. "Um, yeah," she giggles. "A lot. I have about three gigabytes of songs at school." • "You don't even buy CDs anymore, right?" he teases. • "Not really." She blushes. • "Let me ask you something," he says, leaning toward her. "If you could go online and see live concerts from bands like Blink-182 and Ben Folds Five, would you do it?" • "Oh, yeah—definitely!" • Introducing himself, Andrew Rasiej explains that he runs a start-up company in New York called Digital Club Network, which Webcasts and archives hundreds of concerts a week from nightspots all over the country. He drops some more band names, working the nonchalant big-city charm. • She loves the idea. She would *totally* check out a site like that—at least a couple of times a week. She wants to know what musicians he's met. She wants to know about New York. • He smiles, ever so slightly. A successful flirtation *and* a very encouraging one-woman focus group: It's going to be a good flight.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN FINKE

WORKING MULTIPLE ANGLES is Andrew Rasiej's specialty. True, the 50-employee Digital Club Network (DCN) commands the lion's share of his attention these days. The start-up's four-day, 30-city festival opens Saturday with big-name acts like Ben Folds, Wu-Tang Clan, and Aimee Mann Webcasting live sound and video from the tiny clubs that spawned them. In the process, Rasiej (pronounced Ra-*shay*) hopes to open another front in the war on the Napster-beleaguered traditional music business.

But DCN probably wouldn't have attracted a dollar of venture capital had Rasiej not come to his backers' attention as the founder of MOUSE (Making Opportunities for Upgrading Schools & Education), the $1.5 million-a-year charity whose volunteers have wired more than 50 New York City schools with computers and high-speed T1 lines. DCN's seed investors took him seriously "not because I was the most brilliant digerati guy," Rasiej says, but because "I had started this nonprofit organization without any money." MOUSE has also helped Rasiej draw the attention of politicians such as Hillary Clinton and New Jersey senator Bob Torricelli, whom he advises on tech policy. The president of the city Board of Education has called him an "instrumental" contributor to its forthcoming plan for an income-generating education portal.

Indeed, DCN probably wouldn't have been able to pull together its nationwide network of otherwise fiercely independent clubs if Rasiej hadn't made a Palm-VII's worth of connections as the former owner of Irving Plaza and the current president of the New York Nightlife Association, a political lobbying group. Then there's his background in real-estate development (South Street Seaport, World Financial Center), which inspired DCN's underlying concept that brick-and-mortar club owners are entitled to their piece of the content business.

As his connections keep coming around, Rasiej is emerging as one of the most versatile players in manically multitasking New York. "New media, education, politics, the nightclub economy—there's almost no one whose combination is as good," gushes eventual mayoral candidate Mark Green. "Here is a Zelig with substance."

THE REAL CRISIS FACING THE MUSIC BUSINESS isn't Napster, the software that lets Internet users download hundreds of thousands of songs for free. The crisis is the Internet itself. Napster is only the most dramatic sign that widespread broadband will put everything having to do with music and money up for grabs. As the major labels contend with copyright problems, ever-evolving technology, and the media culture germinating in Gen-Y's networked bedrooms, Rasiej means to make sure club owners (and he himself) grab their share.

As any music executive will tell you—off the record, of course—one of the greater pleasures of using Napster is finding unusual live material: R.E.M.'s mid-eighties cover of the Stones' "Paint It Black" or that too-nasty-for-radio number D'Angelo did in London. But actual A-list material is in short supply, and much of it sounds like it was recorded on a Walkman hidden in someone's pants.

"NEW MEDIA, EDUCATION, POLITICS, THE NIGHTCLUB ECONOMY—THERE'S ALMOST NO ONE WHOSE COMBINATION IS AS GOOD. HERE IS A ZELIG WITH SUBSTANCE."

What Rasiej and DCN co-founders Michael Dorf (better known as the brains behind the Knitting Factory) and Ted Werth figured out is that individual clubs own some of the rights to transmit any performance that occurs under their roofs. But those clubs, small and often disorganized, have seldom had a way to exploit them. DCN's business plan hinges on buying up broadcast rights from the best little clubs in the world, then installing Webcasting equipment and putting their concerts online. Of the 70 U.S. venues he wants, Rasiej says he's already signed 60, including Brownies and S.O.B.'s in New York, First Avenue in Minneapolis, and the 9:30 Club in Washington, D.C. He's also doing deals in Europe, Australia, and Asia.

Rasiej and his partners designed DCN to dodge Napster's legal hassles. It's offering only live performances, which shouldn't cannibalize artists' album sales. It's working with bands, managers, and major labels from the get-go. And it will negotiate with a certain amount of leverage: Anyone who wants to broadcast or record at most of the country's most prominent small clubs will have to talk to DCN.

"Rather than being a lab experiment like a lot of other Internet plays, Andrew's connected to something real in the music culture," says Danny Goldberg, former head of Atlantic and Mercury Records and now chairman and CEO of Artemis Records and, as of last spring, a DCN board member.

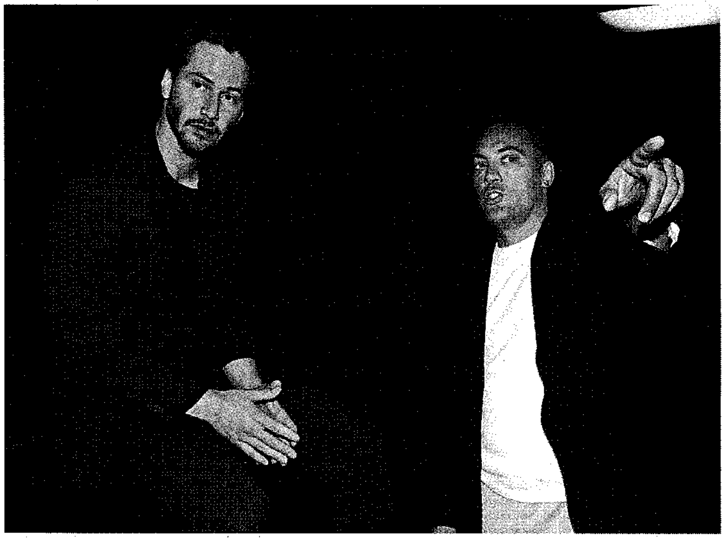
That something real is live club performances. And while the audience for an initial Webcast might be modest, DCN also archives every concert for posterity—and, Rasiej hopes, profitability. After the first year, Rasiej estimates DCN will have banked 50,000 concerts, the largest online library of digitally recorded live performances in the world. "You have to assume that 99 percent of them are worthless," Rasiej concedes—which is to say, most of the bands that play DCN clubs will never even get a record deal, let alone lay down a hit. But the incremental cost of recording each gig is only about $100, Werth estimates. So come 2004, amidst the dreck, DCN could quite possibly own hundreds of early concert recordings of tomorrow's Pearl Jams and Sheryl Crows at a nominal cost.

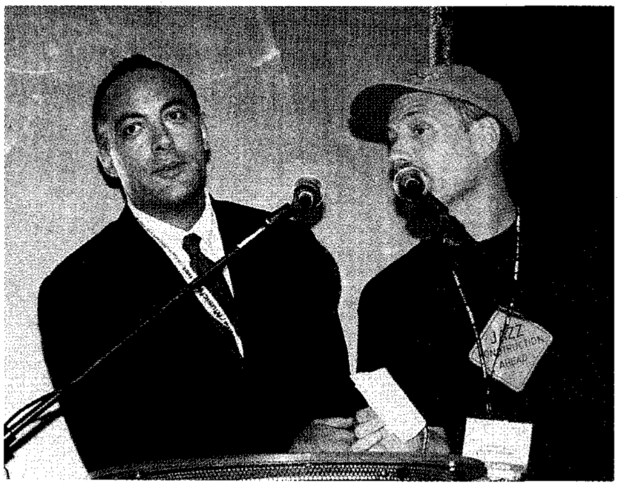
Which raises the question: Will there be any money left in the music business in 2004? Napster and the more decentralized (and therefore harder to shut down) Gnutella and Freenet have the industry fretting that people will flat-out stop paying for recorded music. This would hurt DCN as much as anyone: One user could record its concerts and put them up on Napster the same night.

Such deathbed scenarios have become the favored topic at media-mogul meetings from coast to coast. After dinner on the first night of *Silicon Alley Reporter* editor and CEO Jason Calacanis's recent Rising

Tide Summit—a kind of junior TED conference—Rasiej discusses the future with David Friedensohn, former CEO of SonicNet. Friedensohn now runs the video site Bigstar.com, which is changing its focus from the retail business—since "traditional distribution of any digital product vaporizes as a business in the foreseeable future"—towards e-mail marketing.

"Four months ago, I started looking at Napster and Gnutella, and I said, 'You know what? This business sucks,' " declares Friedensohn. "The record companies are going away."





HIGH-SPEED CONNECTIVITY Clockwise from top, Andrew Rasiej with Bill Rudin and Al Gore at a Silicon Alley briefing; Rasiej with Keanu Reeves at Irving Plaza; Rasiej with DCN co-founder and Knitting Factory CEO Michael Dorf.

"They'll figure something out," shoots back Rasiej, who's been busy making sure his fellow conferencegoers have the drinks they need and know the people he wants them to meet. "They'll morph."

"Andrew, you *know* the execs there—that's not going to happen."

"What do labels *do*?" Rasiej asks rhetorically. "They promote bands, and they act as merchant banks. Napster doesn't kill the need for those. They *morph*." He swaggers a little, enjoying the argument.

"Nev-er hap-pen," Friedensohn insists. "Time Warner has never gotten one thing right on the Internet!"

But, Rasiej parries, now that it's AOL Time Warner, maybe it doesn't care about making money the old-fashioned way. A crowd begins to gather: Everyone in the Alley wants to know what everyone else in the Alley thinks about history's most popular piracy tool. "Look, David, if there's no way to make money on content, no one's going to make content."

"That's crap—people will always make music."

"But imagine a two-tiered Napster system, one that pays the artists a little and one that doesn't. Which one do you use?"

With Rasiej, one enters into not so much a debate as a jovial war of attrition: As many rebuttals as someone offers, he's got one more. And when it comes to DCN's business prospects, he's full of ideas—none more fixed than a trailer home in a tornado.

In other words, there's only one thing he hasn't yet figured out (this is the new-media business, remember): how exactly DCN will make money.

RASIEJ WAS BORN IN NORTHERN New Jersey to Polish Catholic immigrants, survivors of a Russian World War II prison camp. The middle child of five, he was a parochial-school star, but unlike his older brothers, he didn't get into no-tuition Regis High School, a sort of Jesuit magnet school on the Upper East Side. "Mortified" that his father had to shell out for Fordham Prep, Rasiej applied to Cooper Union for college not because he had any artistic inclinations but because it was free. Cobbling together a photography portfolio, he somehow got in and proceeded to blow off the darkroom to study architecture. After graduation, he went to work in real-estate development—first for Harry Macklowe, then South Street, then Olympia & York. He left in 1989 to start his first nonprofit, a consultancy that gave real-estate advice to other nonprofits.

One of his first clients was the Polish Army Veterans Association, which owned an old meeting hall on Irving Place near 15th Street—a joint that hosted rock concerts for a brief time in the eighties. When the 1990 real-estate recession scuttled the vets' redevelopment plans, they asked Rasiej to rent the hall out again. He couldn't, so he eventually found himself running the reborn Irving Plaza with no music or concert-business experience. Bringing the downtown music scene a level of professionalism (paying his bills on time, cutting smart deals with promoters Ron Delsener and Jon Scher, wrist-banding under-21's), Rasiej turned Irving into arguably the city's most important small rock venue, not to mention the club Eric Clapton and Prince chose when they wanted to play somewhere intimate. Rasiej moved in across the street at the Zeckendorf Towers, where one apartment grew over several years to encompass three. (He's also in flagrante renovatio on a recently purchased $1.7 million West Village townhouse.)

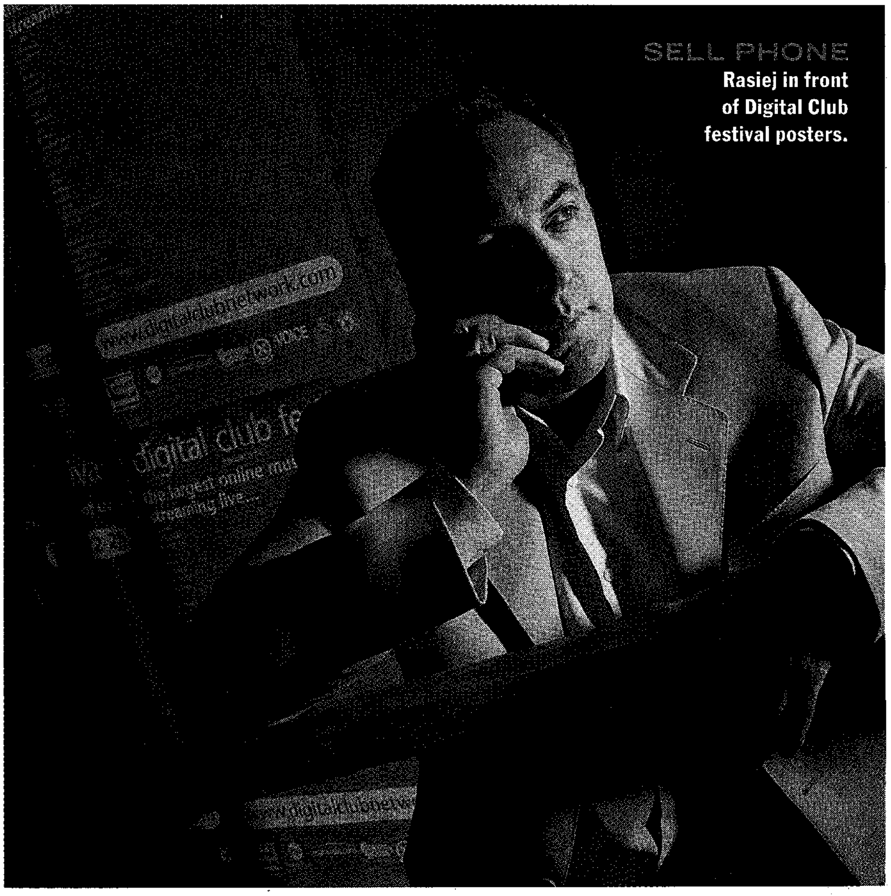
As the Web began to bubble up from the primordial media ooze, Michael Dorf approached Rasiej with an idea for what amounted to a wired version of the New Music Seminar, the new band showcase that had collapsed in 1994. When Rasiej heard that Dorf had signed Apple to a $75,000 sponsorship, he grew curious—maybe there was some money in this Internet thing. "There I was with the idea," Dorf recalls, "but because of Andrew's tenacity and salesmanship—he's so charismatic—we walked out of the idea partners."

The Macintosh New York Music Festival (later renamed the Intel New York Music Festival, for the obvious reasons) became the Digital Club Festival in 1999. Though it had never amounted to much commercially before then, and the labels treated it as, at best, a curiosity, the festival served as a terrifically funded R&D lab and boot camp for people who would soon emerge as some of the most important figures in digital music: Nicholas Butterworth (today president and CEO of MTVi), David Pakman (then of Apple, now senior vice-president of MyPlay), and RealNetworks founder Rob Glaser. Rasiej spent the night before the '95 festival personally chauffeuring Bell Atlantic technicians around town in order to get fifteen ISDN lines installed by showtime. When he and Dorf got an e-mail from some guy in Singapore saying "Hey, I feel like I'm club-hopping in NYC," it got them thinking. Why not have constant feeds from New York clubs running on the Web?

A budding sense that they were onto something capital-*B* Big started Rasiej evangelizing about the Internet and sparked what he calls his "evolution as a protagonist" in several endeavors. One was the company that would become DCN. Another was MOUSE. In 1997, Rasiej paid his first visit to Washington Irving High School, just across from his club. "I saw kids typing on Selectric typewriters, and I thought that was fucked up. So I ordered a T1"—he speaks as though this were the natural reaction anyone would have had—"and sent e-mail to ten of my friends asking them to join me to wire a computer lab in the school. Two weeks later, I had 150 people descend on this school on a Saturday." Martin Luther King High School—which had two dial-up computers on the premises—was next, outfitted with a T1 and 200 machines online. Today, MOUSE has a full-time staff of ten and more than 100,000 wired kids to its credit citywide.

On the for-profit front, Dorf and Rasiej spent a couple of years as 50-50 partners wrangling and redrafting a business plan, then hired the preternaturally mellow Werth, a creator of the first-generation city-guide site Total New York, to help them get it into final form. When they started off on the venture-capital circuit, the team quickly learned that potential investors didn't like the idea of co-CEOs; they wanted to know who was in charge. The Knitting Factory's planned expansion to Los Angeles and Berlin preoccupied Dorf, who's known as more of a visionary than an executive. Rasiej, who had sold Irving Plaza to concert-promoting powerhouse SFX Entertainment for nearly $2 million, assumed the CEO spot.

In July 1999, DCN landed $1.5 million in seed money from Carlin Ventures, which had known about Rasiej via MOUSE. Dorf, though still DCN chairman, receded from day-to-day involvement, and his company KnitMedia eventually sold part of its stake in the network to raise cash for its over-budget L.A. club.



SELL PHONE

Rasiej in front of Digital Club festival posters.

Photograph by Brian Finke.

Even after the dot-com funding well ran almost totally dry this spring, DCN closed on $12 million more of financing in May at a $53 million valuation. After the festival, DCN will look to raise $30 million to $50 million more, at a price that will probably make the last venture round look like a fire sale.

ON A 24-HOUR-TURNAROUND trip to Seattle, Rasiej pays a call on the Showbox, an 800-capacity room complete with smoke-damaged paint job, stale-beer bouquet, and perpetually twirling mirror ball. Since it pulls in about 100 national acts a year, he wants it badly for his Northwest hub.

Despite straddling two industries that spearheaded five-day casual, Rasiej wears what he seems most comfortable in—a navy Armani blazer. The old-school touch suggests both a New Yorker's reluctance to part too completely with his East Coast identity and the slightest strategic whiff of Establishment credibility.

Jeff Steichen, the Showbox's goateed fortysomething owner, has been a harder sell than most. "We've been met with lots of models for what a Web broadcast needs, how you monetize it," he explains over the din of noonday beer deliveries and pinball repairs. "We're right in the middle of a lot of technology stuff here in Seattle—we live and breathe it—so we're a little skeptical."

Jason Fitzgerald, a booker and manager, shows more enthusiasm: "DCN brings it all together—they'll have a great selection, the best clubs in the world, strength in numbers." In other words, when it comes to making a business of Webcasting, a club cartel should have a better shot than a bunch of unallied Showboxes. They also have a better shot at negotiating with artists, record labels, publishers, and other rights-holders to cut deals everyone's happy with.

The clubs get a piece of any DCN revenues their shows generate, plus a chunk of DCN stock options, which could be worth somewhere in the mid–six figures if the network succeeds. "The stock certainly sweetens the pot," Steichen says, although he still hasn't made a definite decision. "We watch the market daily here on our computers—we gaze at the Internet while we lick our brick-and-mortar wounds."

DCN's locational rights are only one element in the music business's famously byzantine tangle. Live performances themselves are almost always owned by the artist; today, every time it wants to stream a show, DCN has to negotiate with the band. Artists and/or their labels will generally get between 25 and 50 percent of any money DCN makes on both live-broadcast and archived material. Eventually, the network hopes to standardize its clubs' booking contracts to include Webcasting permission.

"ANDREW WILL BE A POLITICIAN IN TEN YEARS," CALACANIS PRONOUNCES WITH JUST A TOUCH OF JEST. "HE'S DONE AN EVEN BETTER JOB OF BRANDING ANDREW RASIEJ THAN MOUSE OR DCN."

Rights to the archive are even more convoluted. Unsigned acts (i.e., most of those that play DCN clubs) can generally grant ownership of their performances to DCN. Why would they sign? Because with worldwide reach and ample royalties, DCN will be able to give them the best deal. But with acts signed to major labels, the label almost always owns all recordings the band makes while under contract. BMG is negotiating an agreement as part of a possible strategic investment; others are at least discussing DCN. But none have committed. Until they do, the value of DCN's archive remains in question.

DCN also has some brand-name competition. House of Blues, the nation's second-largest concert promoter behind SFX, already Webcasts an impressive slate of live shows (this summer's lineup includes the Beastie Boys, Santana, and N'Sync) and has secured a distribution deal with MTVi. The company, which recently filed to go public, has also begun to get into smaller venues, mopping up whatever Rasiej misses (DCN lacks a strong presence in California, where HoB is based) and installing higher-quality video equipment than DCN has in its clubs. House of Blues Senior Vice President of Digital Technology Stephen Felisan thinks DCN's small-pond strategy won't work, because the audience just won't be big enough to pay off. "You can't have the small emerging artists only—people don't just want to see those kinds of artists."

Though DCN will carry some big acts, it will admittedly not feature established stars all that often. (This weekend's festival will be an exception.) Rasiej charges that House of Blues' investment in high-end video will prove wasted, and notes that his company will generally have more extensive rebroadcast rights to the material it records. Typically, he ends up spinning the situation as a win-win. He contends that any success for House of Blues would ultimately help DCN by validating Webcasting. "Cybercasting and archiving are going to be part of the business," Rasiej insists.

Problem is, he isn't sure which part. At the moment, he's enthusiastic about one potential source of revenue for DCN: data-mining, or compiling and selling information about how many of which people are interested in what new bands to A&R departments. At least some major labels have taken an interest.

"If there's an unsigned artist we're seriously looking at, it's great to get online usage stats and comments," says Elektra Records' new-media VP Camille Hackney. "Outside of an A&R person flying to Podunk to see a show and catch the vibe, it's a good way to see what's going on."

But data-mining is merely this week's idea. Depending on the prevailing winds, next week's Rasiej spiel might focus on DCN itself becoming a record label that uses audience data to snatch bands before the majors. Or DCN could go pay-per-view. Or it could charge an all-you-can-eat subscription fee for its thousands of shows a month. Or, as concertgoers head out after a show, it could offer to sell them a CD of the gig. Or it could make its live Webcasts free and charge five or ten bucks for archived shows. Or something.

There's one thing he's sure of: The rights intrinsic to prime brick-and-mortar real estate—for example, several dozen leading nightclubs regularly packed with rabid music fans—will always end up valuable to someone.

BACK AT CALACANIS'S RISing Tide confab, Rasiej has ascended to schmooze heaven. One minute, he's pitching former police commissioner William Bratton on a plan to hire uniformed off-duty cops to keep the peace outside nightclubs, as they do at sporting events. The next, he's mind-melding with an ABC News producer about educational technology initiatives. Then he's advising a leading nanotechnology CEO on P.R. strategy. Rasiej works a room best when it's crowded with people from all different walks of life. "He has that ability, in a 1,000-person cocktail party, to make you feel you're the only person in the room," says one Alley acquaintance.

That's a politician's skill, and elected types recognize it—which is why Rasiej will keep busy this summer between DCN deals by fielding calls from the likes of Torricelli. "Andrew has a tremendous ability to bridge the gap between key leaders in the high-tech community and in government," says New Jersey's soon-to-be-senior senator.

"Clearly Andrew will be a politician in ten years," Calacanis pronounces with a touch—but just a touch—of jest. "He's done an even better job of branding Andrew Rasiej than MOUSE or DCN." No wonder Calacanis cheers for Rasiej—he embodies the qualities that distinguish the Alley from new-media communities in other cities. San Francisco is about pure tech; L.A. still takes its cues from the entertainment business. Polymath New York likes not to be pinned down.

"There are benefits to having your worlds intersect," Rasiej says, "though for me it wasn't premeditated." For example, "the only reason I'm in politics is education." Undoubtedly true—but also a great line for a stump speech. ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

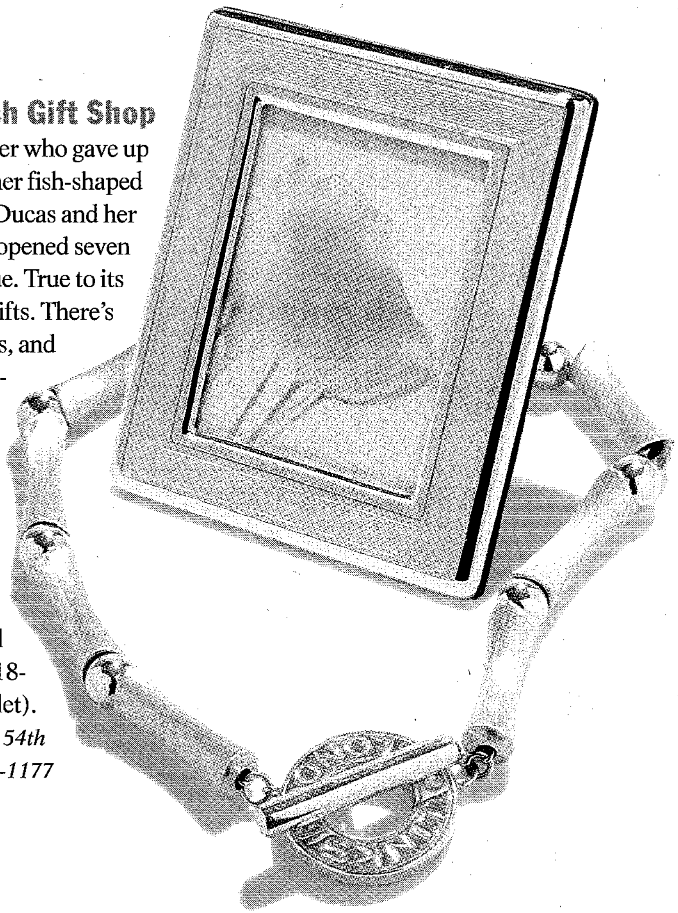
Bonjour, Dolly

These little girls do more than sit around looking cute: Squeeze their hands and they talk in French, Spanish, Italian, or Chinese. Language Littles won't take the place of classes, but they're certainly an ingenious introduction to another language for kids. Though their vocabulary is limited to the basics—days of the week, "How are you?," "What's your name?," and such—the accents are correct: Geri Grobman, their clever creator, tested children's voices to be sure to get the sound just right. The dolls are soft and cuddly and their clothing is removable and washable, so youngsters get to learn and play at the same time (around $38).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/212-861-2544*

MARY ARNOLD TOYS/*1010 Lexington Avenue, near 72nd Street/212-744-8510*

SERENDIPITY 3/*225 East 60th Street/212-838-3531*



There'll Always Be an English Gift Shop

Annoushka Ducas was a London fishmonger who gave up Billingsgate in 1990 for jewelry-making when her fish-shaped Christmas cuff links created quite a stir. Ducas and her partner (and husband), John Ayton, have since opened seven London shops, and now one on Madison Avenue. True to its genesis, the New York outpost is devoted to gifts. There's the expected (sterling-silver frames, ice buckets, and cuff links), the unexpected (a sterling-silver-and-fresh-water-pearl "bamboo" bracelet), and the downright quirky (silver-plate "roulette" pocket watches and sterling-silver wheelbarrow salt dishes and pig mustard troughs). Though utterly Brit, this spiffy shop is a trove for city tchotchke lovers (from $35 for a silver-plate business-card holder to $200 for the bamboo bracelet to $780 for a small sterling-silver cow creamer to $2,300 for an 18-karat-gold bangle bracelet).

LINKS OF LONDON/*535 Madison Avenue, near 54th Street/212-588-1177*

Bug Light

This giant bug won't freak you out if you find it sitting on your table: The copper, red, and burnished-gold tole ladybug is a votive light. It's handmade in the Far East and has a retractable hook for hanging it on the wall, a trap door in its belly for placing the tea candle with ease, and holes in the wings so the light shines through, mimicking a beetle's spots. No wimp, this insect is ten inches long and seven inches wide ($45).

LEXINGTON GARDENS/*1011 Lexington Avenue, near 72nd Street/212-861-4390*

BIRDWELL
BEACH BRITCHES
BIRDWELL
BEACH BRITCHES

New Wave

In the sixties, the name Birdwell was synonymous with surfing. Though the craze has long since peaked, the family-run company is still turning out Beach Britches. This year, it's added a Birdwell tote: Same colors, same sturdy nylon, but the Velcro now seals an inner pocket, not a body part. Unlike the suits, the tote is sure to be a keeper, since it will always be the right size ($28).

STEVEN ALAN/*60 Wooster Street/212-334-6354*

Photographed by James Worrell

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Hours of Bliss

Trying to find time to visit the salon or spa can be enough to give you gray hairs. These places stay open when you need them most. By Beth Landman Keil

SANDBLASTINGS, RUB-DOWNS, ELECTRONIC muscle stimulation, pedicures, root maintenance. In these youth-obsessed days, maintaining a radiant status quo has become a full-time job. But for those of us who already have full-time jobs, the fact that so many stylists and beauty technicians keep banker's hours has made finding time to squeeze in appointments a cause of not a few wrinkles. Most spas take Sundays as a day of rest; salons, like theaters, are traditionally dark on Mondays; and late nights and early mornings are usually out of the question. But there are a few spas and salons working overtime so that a busy schedule doesn't have to lead to a bad hair day or cramped neck muscles. Indeed, the next time you're about to head for an after-dinner nightcap, you might opt for a late massage instead; you'll sleep better.

Pierre Michel
131 East 57th Street (212-755-9500). Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., Thursday till 7 P.M., Saturday till 5 P.M.

Early birds with frequent breakfast meetings, take note. The secret here is that they will take appointments as early as 7 A.M. if you ask. So by 9 A.M. you can be cut, tinted, waxed, and plucked. The salon has the most thorough and lasting manicures ($22) and pedicures ($45) in town.

Moty Moty
40 East 63rd Street (212-750-4900). Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday till 7 P.M.

A Sunday-night date? Moty Moty at Equinox custom-blends hair-conditioning treatments and follows them with a blowout. Prices start at an extremely reasonable $50.

AKS
694 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street (212-888-0707). Monday through Wednesday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., Thursday till 8 P.M., Friday and Saturday till 6 P.M.

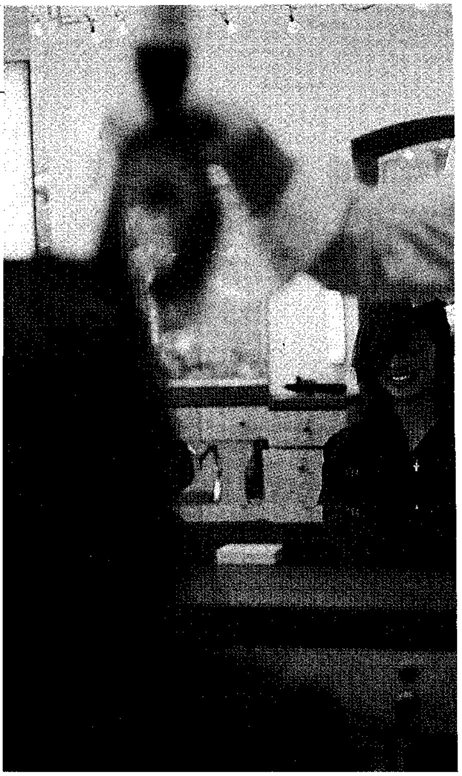
Mondays are a well-kept secret at AKS. You can get in and out of the usually hectic Madison Avenue salon in half the time and avoid having to wave at acquaintances from beneath the unflattering halo of a hair dryer (cut and blow-dry starts at $90).

Simon
22 East 66th Street (212-517-4566). Monday through Saturday 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

Don't be intimidated by the socialites' limos lining the block in front of Simon salon. Everyone gets personal attention, without pretense. There's a garden here, too, and even the frizziest of heads becomes shiny and sleek in under twenty minutes (cut and blow-dry starts at $85).

Salon Ishi
70 East 55th Street (212-888-4744). Monday 9 A.M. to 7 P.M., Tuesday through Friday till 8 P.M., Saturday till 5 P.M.

Their rapturous scalp massages and shiatsu pedicures ($63) are unavailable on Mondays, but you can get a basic color ($92), cut (cost varies), and blowout ($74) to get you through the week and return on Saturday for more leisurely indulgences.



TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS Clockwise from above, AKS, Margolin's Wellness Spa, Antonio Prieto.

Sacha and Olivier
6 West 18th Street (212-255-1100). Monday through Saturday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

It's all about hair—no nails or other beauty treatments—at the very French but *très* casual Sacha and Olivier salon. Cuts are done dry because they believe it gives better texture and control (cut and blow-dry starts at $85). Color, glossing, conditioning treatments, and stylish do's for Monday-evening soirées are available, too.

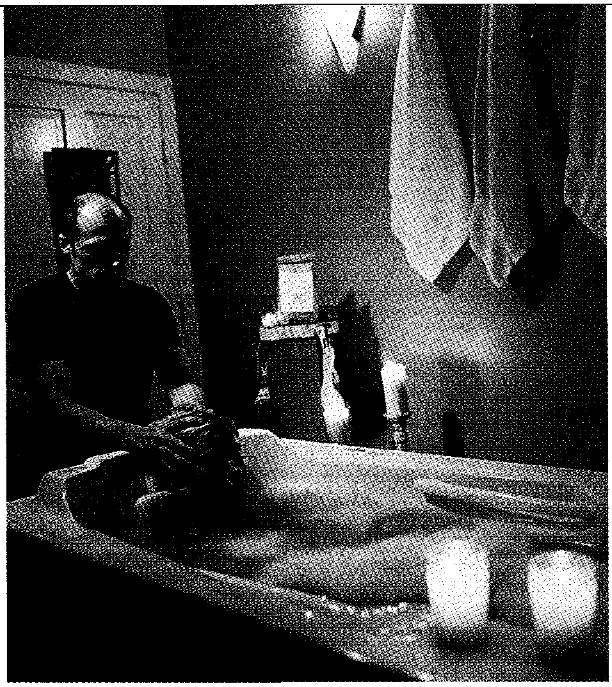
Splash Salon
45 Rockefeller Plaza (212-218-8600). Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 9 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

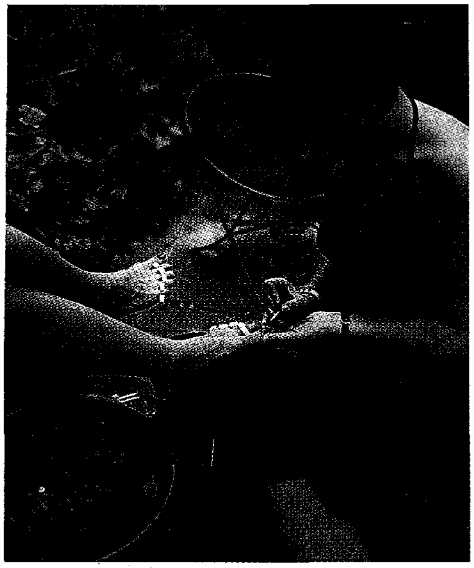
The new Sports Club L.A.'s Splash Salon at Rockefeller Center is even more medically geared, with endermologie treatments and dermatologist Steven Victor on board. So if your facial doesn't help as much as you'd hoped it would, you can always resort to a shot of botox.

Paul Labrecque Salon & Spa
160 Columbus Avenue, at 67th Street (212-595-0099). Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 11 P.M., Saturday 9 A.M. to 8 P.M., Sunday 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.

In a city where gyms stay open all night, the salons and spas attached to fitness centers can often be relied upon for long hours. Paul Labrecque at Reebok Sports Club on the Upper West Side has just gotten hold of the electronic lifting machine used at Yasmine Djerradine and Bi-

Photographs by Robert Wright.





ologique Recherche. Spa director Regina Viotto is as proficient at these toning facials as she is at her cleansing and oxygen treatments. Massages ($60 for 30 minutes, $90 for 60 minutes) are geared toward athletic types with sore muscles.

Frank Paul Salon
2151 Broadway, near 75th Street (212-595-4800). Tuesday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to *5 P.M., Sunday 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.*

It can be a challenge to find the Frank Paul Salon, which is located, rather regrettably, at the back of a Cosmetics Plus store. Though closed on Mondays, it's a fine place for Upper West Siders to run to for a blowout, waxing, or nail care on a Sunday (full-leg wax $40 and manicure $12).

Lia Schorr Skin Care
686 Lexington Avenue, near 56th Street (212-486-9670). Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 8 P.M., Saturday and Sunday till 5 P.M.

To make better use of your time, Lia Schorr has added combination facials to the menu, so not only do three people go at you at once—face, fingers, and toes—but the facial can be multitasked a step further: For the extra bang, get your eyelashes dyed while the mask is on (facials $65; manicures $15).

Antonio Prieto
25 West 19th Street (212-255-3741). Monday 10 A.M. to 7 P.M., Tuesday through Friday 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Summer is an ideal time to try Antonio Prieto, where you can sit in the garden and sip lemonade while your feet are rubbed with sage oil (one-hour pedicure, $40). To accommodate busy workers, the salon incorporated the "out-to-lunch" manicure ($15), which will have you back at your cubicle after 25 minutes.

Healing Hands
(888-HEAL-999) 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily.

What could be more relaxing than going to a spa? Having one come to you. Healing Hands will send well-trained therapists and estheticians to your home to dispense massages, reflexology treatments, and facials ($130 for one hour).

Oasis Day Spa
108 East 16th Street (212-254-7722). Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Shed your weathered skin over the weekend, not when you have to return to the office with bits of oil-soaked salt around your neck and in your shoes. Oasis Day Spa, a friendly, low-key enclave in the Union Square area, offers wonderful salt scrubs ($50 for 30 minutes) as well as waxing and facials.

Millefleurs Day Spa
130 Franklin Street (212-966-3656). Daily 9 A.M. to midnight.

Set up as an ancient Egyptian temple, Millefleurs offers tarot-card readings ($100 for one hour) as well as belly-dancing lessons ($20 for one hour). The spa, which also provides more traditional treatments like waxing ($20 for bikini) or aromatherapy facials ($85), stays open an extremely considerate seven days a week till midnight.

Carapan Urban Spa & Store
5 West 16th Street (212-633-6220). Saturday and Sunday 10 A.M. to 9:45 P.M.

Santa Fe spirituality comes to the big city at Carapan, where, as soon as you enter, street fumes are replaced by incense, and Pueblo Indian instrumentals block out car horns and fire trucks. They offer ten different massage modalities ($95 for one hour), including a serious Swedish-Shiatsu combination, medical massage, and deep tissue. Avoid the painfully New Age "aromatherapy rituals," in which the oil selected is matched to the moon's phases.

Physical Advantage
139 East 57th Street (212-460-1879). Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 9 P.M., Saturday and Sunday noon to 6 P.M.

If faulty office ergonomics have you self-adjusting several times a day, a weekend stop at Physical Advantage might set you straight. Trigger-point therapy and deep connective work, which focus on releasing muscle tension and spasms, are not for the faint of heart, but they get results ($75 for a one-hour session).

Dr. Margolin's Wellness Spa
166 Fifth Avenue, near 22nd Street (212-675-9355). Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 11 P.M., Saturday and Sunday till 6 P.M.

If steaming in a lavender salt bath after a thorough massage while someone feeds you organic oranges and places cool packs on your forehead sounds too soporific for a Sunday afternoon, you can try it as a way to unwind before bedtime, because Dr. Margolin's Wellness Spa is open until 11 P.M. weeknights. Being barely conscious enough to get home afterward will be your only complaint (aromatherapy salt scrub is $90, and a private steam shower is $20).

Osaka Traditional Therapy Spa
50 West 56th Street (212-956-3422). Daily 10 A.M. to midnight.

Sick of the same old dinner and a movie? Try Osaka. This Eastern-themed spa has gained a loyal following of couples who prefer a side-by-side late-night rubdown to a packed dance floor. All inhibitions are shattered when you and your lover's limbs are lathered in oil and loosened up. Don't feel shy if you're single, though: Plenty of men and women bring a friend or just show up stag ($100 per person for two hours). ▬

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Beach Bag Bingo

Straw votes: *Surf, salt, and sunblock won't wreck these grown-up sand pails—and at these prices, you won't have to* **dig too deep.**

SICK OF SAND SHAKING AROUND AT the bottom of your work tote all week? We'd say it's about time you invested in a proper beach bag. Our favorites—all under $40—are big enough to double as weekend luggage. Pack one with everything you'll need for a seaside weekend, and reload it with towel, water, and books when you head to the dunes.

Classic woven straw bags get appealingly sun-bleached by the end of the season. For an earthy look, try **Back From Guatemala**'s tall, skinny Moroccan tote ($35). **Anthropologie**'s pretty turquoise-and-purple-plaid one with a zippered pocket keeps car keys and cell phones safe from the elements ($39.95).

Mexican-made woven plastics are a funkier option. We love a pretty multicolor basket from **Calypso** ($35—and all summer stuff there is now 30 to 50 percent off) and a smaller, lighter one from **Pan American Phoenix** ($18.50).

Still too traditional? A bright mesh shoulder bag from the **Gap** looks clean and sporty on the sand and folds flat for easy packing ($12.50). A plaid version from Pan American Phoenix has a splashy red vinyl trim and is sleek enough to take shopping in the fall ($12.50).

Back From Guatemala, 306 E. 6th St. (212-260-7010); Anthropologie, 375 W. Broadway (212-343-7070), and 85 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-627-5885); Calypso, 424 Broome St. (212-274-0449, call for additional locations); Pan American Phoenix, 857 Lexington Ave., near 65th St. (212-570-0300); Gap (for store locations, call 800-GAP-STYLE).

Picks of the Week

Red Tape by Rebecca Danenberg, the downtown designer's line of hip-huggers, A-line skirts, and denim, is now 50 to 75 percent off. Nothing's over $50. *315 W. 35th St., third floor (for information, call 212-529-8483); cash only; Mon. 10–7, Tues.–Wed. 10–8:30; 7/17–7/19.*

Thé à la Menthe, a supplier of Moroccan home stuff to stores like ABC and Portico, is closing—and clearing all stock at 50 to 75 percent off, from $10 for lanterns to $1,400 for big tile tables. *236 W. 26th St., suite 1002 (212-675-4651); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 11–7; 7/17–7/25.*

Vintage New York, a cool new SoHo shop that sells *only* wines made in New York State, is taking 5 to 20 percent off everything during opening week, depending on how much you buy—and you can taste anything before deciding. Bottles from $8. *482 Broome St. (212-226-WINE); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 4–9, Sat. 10–9; 7/17–7/22.*

Country Floors' sale annex always has thousands of handmade, hand-painted ceramic tiles from all over the world for more than half off. Now there's even more to choose from, and prices are about 75 percent off, from $3 for large white floor tiles. *15 E. 16th St. (212-627-8300); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6, Thurs. till 8; 7/17–9/2.*

Z'Baby Company has thousands of kids' clothes from designers like Kenzo, Petit Bateau, and Sonia Rykiel for half price. But if you buy ten or more items, you'll pay only $10 each (original prices were up to $350). Boys' sizes newborn to 8Y, girls' sizes up to 16Y. *445 W. 50th St. (212-245-BABY); cash only; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 7/18–8/25.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Satchel page: Clockwise from top, bags by Gap, Pan American Phoenix, Calypso, Back From Guatemala, Anthropologie, and Pan American Phoenix.

Photographs by: Michael Kraus.

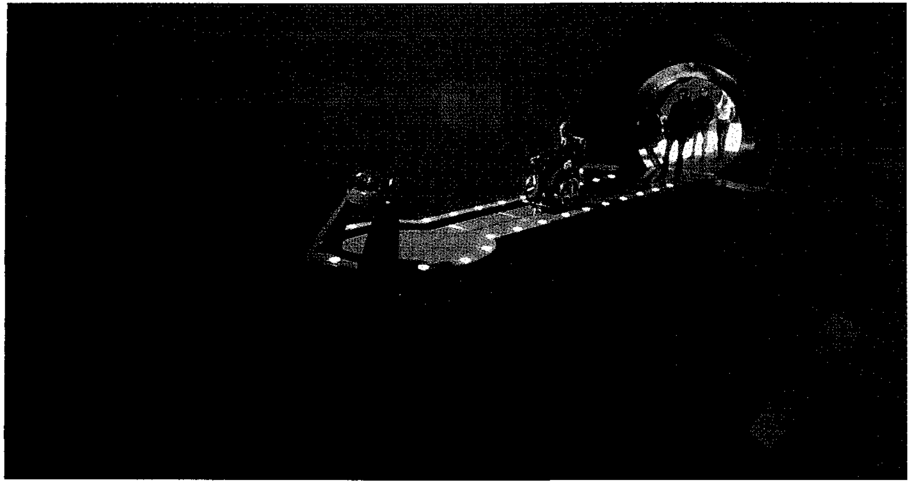
MOVIES PETER RAINER

Great *X*-pectations

'X-Men,' an adolescent fever dream, shifts easily from comic book to screen; 'Chuck & Buck' is about growing up Peter Pan–style.

X-Men IS A RARITY, A COMIC-BOOK MOVIE WITH A satisfying cinematic design and protagonists you want to watch. (Most such movies have one or the other.) Although the director, Bryan Singer (*The Usual Suspects*), obviously researched the *X-Men* comic books and animated television series, his film doesn't seem transposed from another medium; it has a fluidity all its own. And yet it will probably also satisfy aficionados of the Marvel comic book—if only because it bothers to take very seriously all that pop lore.

Comic books can elicit resounding emotions, and so can the best comic-book movies. The first *Batman*, for example, was a great big operatic squall of angst and transcendence. *X-Men* is "character-driven," which means that we're meant to care more about the perpetrators than about what they're perpetrating. But Singer, gifted as he is, still hews somewhat to commercial convention; he doesn't really let loose with such *X-Men* luminaries as the metal-clawed Wolverine (the striking Australian actor Hugh Jackman) and Professor Charles Xavier (Patrick Stewart) and Cyclops (James Marsden), because he's required to set up a franchise, and that means taking fewer risks. And yet he still gets far enough inside the idlike essences of his characters to make you wish he had gone even further into the kind of visionary fullness achieved by Tim Burton in *Batman* and Brian De Palma in *Carrie* and *The Fury*. In a Hollywood era where movies like this are arranged with the same corporate acumen as a stock portfolio, it may be that Singer's hit-and-miss achievement is the best we can hope for. It's a marvelous half-baked movie, leaving you feeling simultaneously full and famished.



Cyclopean eye zaps: Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart) and his X-Men and X-women, battling evil.

The X-Men, presided over by mind-meld master Professor Xavier, also include a few X-women, among them Storm (Halle Berry), who can conjure up enough climatic conditions to glut the Weather Channel, and Rogue (Anna Paquin), who can absorb the powers of whomever she touches, thereby sending them into horrifying oblivion. All are genetic mutants whose powers have made them outcasts in the human world (set slightly in the future). Their dissident supermutant counterparts are led by Magneto (Ian McKellen), who can bend metal to his will, and wills to his mettle, and such recruits as the shape-shifting Mystique (Rebecca Romijn-Stamos) and Toad (Ray Park), who scales walls lickety-split and has a twelve-foot projectile tongue that doubles as whip and lasso. Xavier, a man of peace, wants to save the human race from itself and from Magneto, who believes in victory "by any means necessary." (Stewart and McKellen seem to be carrying on a private war of their own over who has the plummiest diction.)

This Malcolm X–Martin Luther King routine, like the film's prologue showing Magneto as a boy in Auschwitz, is a bit too dolorous for what is essentially a grand-scale adolescent fever dream. (Early on, the point is made that the mutants' superpowers usually first show up at puberty.) The differentness and the self-loathing of the mutants, the way they lament finding a place in the world, is something adolescents will probably connect with on a primal level. It's what gives the film its intermittent, balled-up force. Being accepted, not feared, or being accepted *because* one is feared—this is what underlies the film's cyclopean eye zaps and tongue flicks and mind meltdowns. The appeal of the comic book, and, in a darker and more voluptuous way, of the movie, is that it celebrates being a freakazoid. Kids—and adults too—can watch *X-Men* and feel better about themselves. We're not dorks after all. We're the next stage in human evolution.

THE BUCK OF **Chuck & Buck** IS A 27-YEAR-OLD MAN-CHILD (Mike White) who sucks lollipops and speaks in a slow drawl that sounds as if he's readying the sentences in his head before mouthing them. At times, he looks like a young Stan Laurel, and at first glance, you might think he has Laurel's aloof innocence. When his mother dies, leaving him alone in her house with his old records and kid-stuff memorabilia, he attempts

(continued on page 53)

BOOKS **DANIEL MENDELSOHN**

Troubled Harry

Harry Potter's appeal isn't the cutesy magic but his struggle with the anxieties of pubescence; adults struggle with a childhood without innocence.

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire
BY J. K. ROWLING
Scholastic Press; 734 pages; $25.95

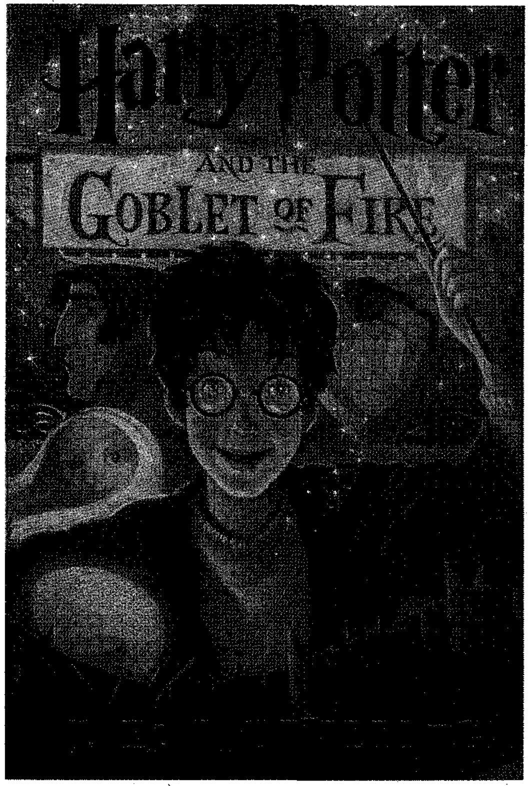
What We Don't Know About Children
BY SIMONA VINCI
Alfred A. Knopf; 160 pages; $21

MURDEROUS RAGES AND UNCONTROLLABLE furies; paranoiac oscillations between fantasies of total power and feelings of complete, humiliating impotence; sly manipulativeness and numbing, sluglike helplessness; endless, obscure, confusing guilt; uncritical adoration of family members alternating with the not-infrequent impulse to slaughter them.

Aren't children the cutest things?

Well, no. Despite our incessant efforts to sentimentalize them, children have dark inner lives filled with wildly, confusingly divergent feelings based on the wildly, confusingly divergent signals they get from the world: Total love (with any luck) from their parents feeds fantasies of security and power, yet growing desires for independence fuel "murderous" fantasies of eliminating Mommy and Daddy altogether. (Symbolically, of course, although no one seems to have remembered to mention this to the characters in a lot of Greek plays.)

It's no accident that these dark feelings are the ones we gain access to through the greatest children's literature. Think of how many fairy tales begin with violence to—or at least assume the elimination of—the parents, especially the mother: "Snow White," "Cinderella," "Bambi"; the list goes on. I don't know a single person my age who wasn't traumatized by the killing of Mrs. Bambi, and who doesn't still get worked up about it; just mention that scene in a crowded room of boomers and see what happens. But maybe there was more to the trauma than grief over the parent's death—a child's greatest fear, naturally . . . but perhaps also a child's greatest fantasy? For so many people, it's the first distinct memory of popular entertainment because it's also the first distinct memory of guilt.



Potter's field: Adults are reading J. K. Rowling's books even if they don't offer the challenges of adult fiction.

I couldn't help thinking these bleak thoughts last week as I read through the first three *Harry Potter* books and—after waiting in line at Barnes & Noble for two hours starting at midnight, along with about a thousand other people and at least three other book critics I know—the latest one too. A review of *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* that appeared in The-Paper-That-Must-Not-Be-Named (this is the manner in which one refers to the evil Lord Voldemort, Harry's nemesis, in the series), offered as reasons for the novels' phenomenal success the material's "enchanting innocence" and "the radically simple fact that they're so good." The books are indeed really good, and the new one is by far the best: Despite its girth, it's the most skillfully plotted and structured of the four. But after reading the series thus far, I'm not so sure that innocence, goodness, and simplicity are the point here. They're just words we like to use when we talk about children.

As anyone who's read the books—or read about them—knows, Harry's story begins with the double murder of his parents by Lord Voldemort and as it's progressed has gone on to include the usual innocent, good, simple childhood stuff: alienation (Harry's, not only from his horrible game-show-watching adoptive family but also from the other witch-students), loneliness, fear of rejection (by a cute girl who actually does reject him in the new novel), competitiveness (with his best friend, the always-overshadowed Ron), betrayal (in each novel, a trusted older person turns out to be working for Voldemort), civil strife, and many deaths. Don't be fooled: The enchanting witchy stuff is just the spoonful of sugar, the whimsically alluring package that makes it safe to explore the darker stuff, to experience it while at the same time containing it. Reality and imagination are the two principles that young children must struggle to understand and reconcile; no wonder the best children's literature provides moral darkness and imaginative fantasy in equal measure.

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire is rich in both; it's wonderful. Harry's now in his fourth year at Hogwarts

School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, where students have to help raise creatures like the Blast-Ended Skrewts and take classes in "Potions" and "Defense Against the Dark Arts." (Why didn't they offer that at Kennedy Senior High?) As before, the author reunites all the familiar students—Harry; Ron; the brainy and bucktoothed (but soon to be beautiful and orthodontically enhanced) Hermione Granger; the hoodlum Draco Malfoy—with the endearingly eccentric faculty and staff members. (To say nothing of the campus: The departed Hogwartians in the portraits that line the school's corridors leave their frames and visit one another.) And as before, the author provides a lot of excellent fantasy set pieces: Although not much of a sports person myself, I must say I found the Quidditch World Cup at the beginning particularly gripping. Quidditch, for those of you who haven't read a paper in three weeks, is a kind of witch polo played on broomsticks; unlike certain athletes from Atlanta, here it's the balls that have ugly minds of their own.

But the familiar dazzle is well balanced by emotional gloom. Rumors of Harry's incipient adolescence have, I'm relieved to say, been grossly exaggerated; aside from a few longing looks directed by Harry at a cute girl named Cho, this story is as chaste as a Hardy Boys mystery. What distinguishes this installment from the others is not incipient underarm hair but a surprisingly complex plot that never loses any of the several strands, which are aimed, in fact, at the anxieties of a prepubescent audience: Harry's un-self-confident participation in a pan-European wizardry tournament called the Triwizard, in which he represents Hogwarts against French and Bulgarian schools; Hermione's failed campaign to raise awareness about the ill-treatment of house elves (who knew?); and another of Voldemort's plots to return to power. It ends, spectacularly, in a grisly confrontation between He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and Harry, who causes the death of another student. The 12-year-old who can handle this sprawling, multilayered narrative will be ready to move on to Dickens in the not-too-distant future. (Any child who likes Harry will want to get to know Pip or David Copperfield.)

I was surprised to find myself a bit winded by the death of Harry's friend. (Rowling promises more deaths to come.) No, I thought to myself, that can't be; they'll think of a way to bring him back. It was the hard, adult reality of death—the fact that the author doesn't, in fact, "magic" the boy back to life—that suggested to me, at last, the reason why these books are so popular. After a *Sesame Street*–influenced generation of earnest p.c. children's stories—*Heather Has Two Mommies;* the loathsome picture book called *The Rainbow Fish,* in which a beautiful fish gives all its glittering scales away in order to appease its envious, mud-colored companions—the Potter books offer children the old-fashioned satisfactions of being children: creatures, themselves, of confused darkness as well as brilliant light. With their frank emphasis on real-life pain as well as narrative pleasure, the Potter books, more than many others in recent memory, offer kids an opportunity to explore all their age-appropriate fears and anxieties in an imaginative world as fully and delightfully realized as those in the great children's series—the Oz books, the *Lord of the Rings* cycle—without being asked to act, or think, like miniature adults.

Age-appropriate is the key word here. I don't think much of the adults who are, apparently, reading *Harry Potter* for themselves in such great numbers. When all is said and done, it's kid stuff. Great kid stuff, yes, but kid stuff nonetheless: simplistic, psychologically untextured, obvious in ways that serious adult novels shouldn't be. For the kids who are snapping up *Harry Potter,* on the other hand, I have nothing but admiration—and sympathy. A couple of weeks ago, The-Paper-That-Must-Not-Be-Named ran a story about *Potter*-mania on its front page; the adjacent column featured a story about sixth-graders who wake up in the middle of the night suffering from anxiety about SAT scores and college-entrance requirements. In an era in which children and grown-ups seem, dismayingly, to be trading places with alarming frequency, it's the kids who need a break.

I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT THE GROWN-UPS who are reading *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* won't be lining up to buy Simona Vinci's slender first novel, *What We Don't Know About Children,* which reads with the deceptive limpidity of a fairy tale but is as morally black as pitch. What don't we know? That kids have "bad and ugly thoughts." Led by a disturbed 15-year-old named Mirko, a group of small children in an Italian village start having sex with one another, blandly acting out what they see in the porno magazines Mirko provides, without, of course, feeling the desires that normally generate those acts; the magazines get more violent, and eventually one of the children gets killed. I'm not sure the author knows, in the end, what to make of her story—it just ends, without fully grappling with the issues it so harrowingly raises. But the stark, morally disturbing contrast that fuels this narrative—the tension between what the children do and what they know—will haunt you for a long time. If, that is, you're grown-up enough to pick it up in the first place.

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Rainer *continued from page 51*

to reconnect with Chuck (Chris Weitz), a childhood friend who has moved away and whom he hasn't seen in many years. Chuck was Charles back then; now he's a slick record executive with a gorgeous house in the Hollywood Hills and a fiancée (Beth Colt) to match. At the wake for his mother, Buck comes on to Chuck. Gently but forcibly rebuffed, Buck becomes a species of stalker, moving down the coast to be close to Chuck and insinuating himself into the man's life.

If you think this all sounds like a demento erotic thriller, you're half right. The other half—the message portion of the movie—is what we're supposed to take home with us and mull over. Buck, you see, represents the childhood we must relinquish if we are to become responsible adults. Chuck, on the other hand, who is indeed responsible and adult, is portrayed as a kind of fraud, a reconstructed man who has become a "player" at the expense of his lost innocence. Chuck is the hotshot phony we misguidedly aspire to be, but Buck represents who we really are. Despite the air of menace in his goggle-eyed goofiness, Buck is the hero of the piece because he is still in touch with his inner child. To stay in touch, he doesn't have to go very far.

The best sequences in *Chuck & Buck,* which was directed by Miguel Arteta, are the tense, creepy ones in which Buck preys on his friend. He has a nut-brain aplomb when he's carrying out his schemes, and both as actor and as the film's screenwriter, Mike White knows how to bring the audience into Buck's confidences. Chris Weitz, on the other hand, makes Chuck so bland that you can't figure out if he's commenting on the guy or just being a bland actor. Because of this imbalance, Buck has practically all the movie's best bits. (The rest of the best are stolen by Lupe Ontiveros as a local theater manager who sees through Buck with a maternal clarity.)

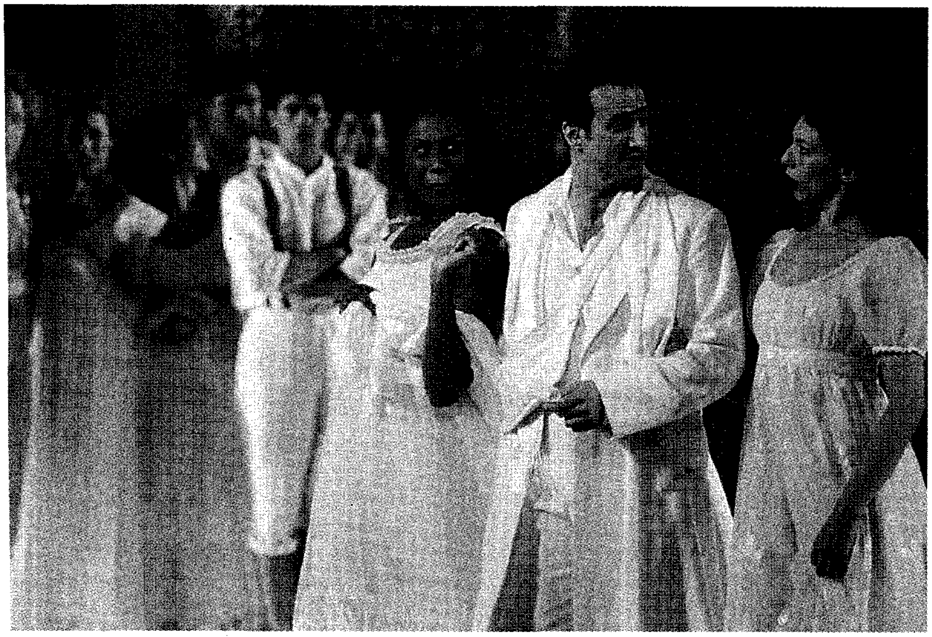
Buck remains, I think, a lot more disturbing than the filmmakers realize; their touchy-feely folderol prevents them from giving full dramatic license to their own best creation. How can we accept Buck as a poster child for reconciliation and forgiveness when, for example, he peers at night into Chuck's window as Chuck makes love to his fiancée, or neglectfully allows a boy actor he has befriended to injure himself with firecrackers? This odd, uneven movie, with its trumped-up ending that makes zero emotional sense given what came before, is perplexing in the extreme. Experiencing it is a bit like being asked to accept dear old Norman Bates as Huck Finn.

Peter Rainer's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Dis-Bard

Staged by the New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, 'The Winter's Tale' is a bleak, slushy production that will leave you cold.



Cold comfort: The cast of *A Winter's Tale.*

Photograph by Michal Daniel

SHAKESPEARE'S MOST BIZARRE STAGE DIRECTION is in **The Winter's Tale**: Antigonus "exits, pursued by a bear," which, offstage, mauls and devours him. Not so bizarre perhaps on a day when a Canadian woman athlete, jogging through the Quebec woods, suffers the same fate. Even so, the scene is in no need of being further queered by Brian Kulick, the director of the New York Shakespeare Festival's current Central Park revival.

As you will recall, Leontes, King of Sicilia, is heartbroken when his sudden and totally unfounded jealousy of his good wife, Hermione, causes her apparent death, the probable death of their daughter, Perdita, and the certain death from grief of their little son, Mamillius.

As Kulick would have it, Leontes collapses prone downstage left, and an attendant nonsensically tosses a bearskin over him. His unjust accusation of Hermione as having committed adultery with his childhood friend King Polixenes of Bohemia, for seven months a guest at Leontes's court, started all the trouble. Believing the newborn Perdita the fruit of Hermione's deception, he instructs the trusty Antigonus to expose the child in the wilderness. The worthy fellow travels with heavy heart all the way to Bohemia, there to abandon the babe, whereupon he exits upstage right. Instead of a bear, it is Leontes, back in Sicily, who, with measured pace, exits where Antigonus did, the bearskin dangling, head downward, from his shoulders.

If this is Kulick's idea of being pursued and eaten by a bear, we are forced to wonder how that bearskin, from faraway Sicily, managed to make a meal of the worthy courtier in Bohemia. Such absurdities infest many aspects of this production, and do not add to what is, even without them, the mature Shakespeare's arguably most contrived plot.

So, for example, court dances and country dances, in separate scenes, are staged largely in absurd slow motion. So courtiers, listening to an amazing tale, sit down on the ground across center stage in a row, the talebearer getting down similarly opposite the front man in the lineup. So all the ladies at a royal ball wear identical gowns, like chorines in a musical. Nearly identical dresses again for the shepherdesses at a spring sheep-shearing festival, very unrustic and all-white. White, too, is the attire of Perdita, queen of the event, who, as the text specifies, should wear the motley colors of the vernal season.

So, during a few scenes in Bohemia, the stage is bisected by a canal in which some actors splash about with their feet instead of, as you might wish, soaking their heads. The rogue Autolycus, posing as a peddler, arrives in elegant white evening wear, without a single item to peddle, yet all crowd around him to buy his goods. Clearly, one does not judge these late Shakespearean romances as a pedantic stickler for realism. But where romantic make-believe is the intent, the production should help us believe, not willfully court disbelief.

Time is an important figure in the story, but instead of Old Father Time, we are given a young fussbudget in a homburg, continually consulting his pocket watch, and bereft of his best lines. Kulick's chief folly, however, is the staging of the play's climactic and incontestable masterstroke. The staunch lady-in-waiting Paulina leads the court through her picture gallery, arriving finally at the pièce de résistance, the niche with the supposed statue of Hermione. The text calls for a curtain to be drawn, revealing with fine theatricality the living Hermione posing as her statue. Instead, Kulick gives us an empty stage with Hermione atop a pedestal at its center: no buildup, no suspense, no surprise.

George C. Wolfe's park productions aim, first, at maximum horseplay to tickle the masses. Second, at the casting of all possible and impossible minority actors; but Shakespeare's high-flown poetic language is sometimes delivered in improbable accents, at the expense of the play. Still, if Leontes, Hermione, and daughter Perdita are all black, why make the other sibling, Mamillius, chalk-white and golden-blond? This is seriously misleading, implying that Hermione has indeed produced this child out of wedlock, and may have done so again with Perdita. Third, it is assumed that unsophisticated park audiences are perfect guinea pigs for unwarranted directorial hocus-pocus. Fourth, now that Wolfe has blown millions on two unsuccessful Broadway musicals, the kitty may be depleted, and mountings may have to be cheap. None of this bodes well.

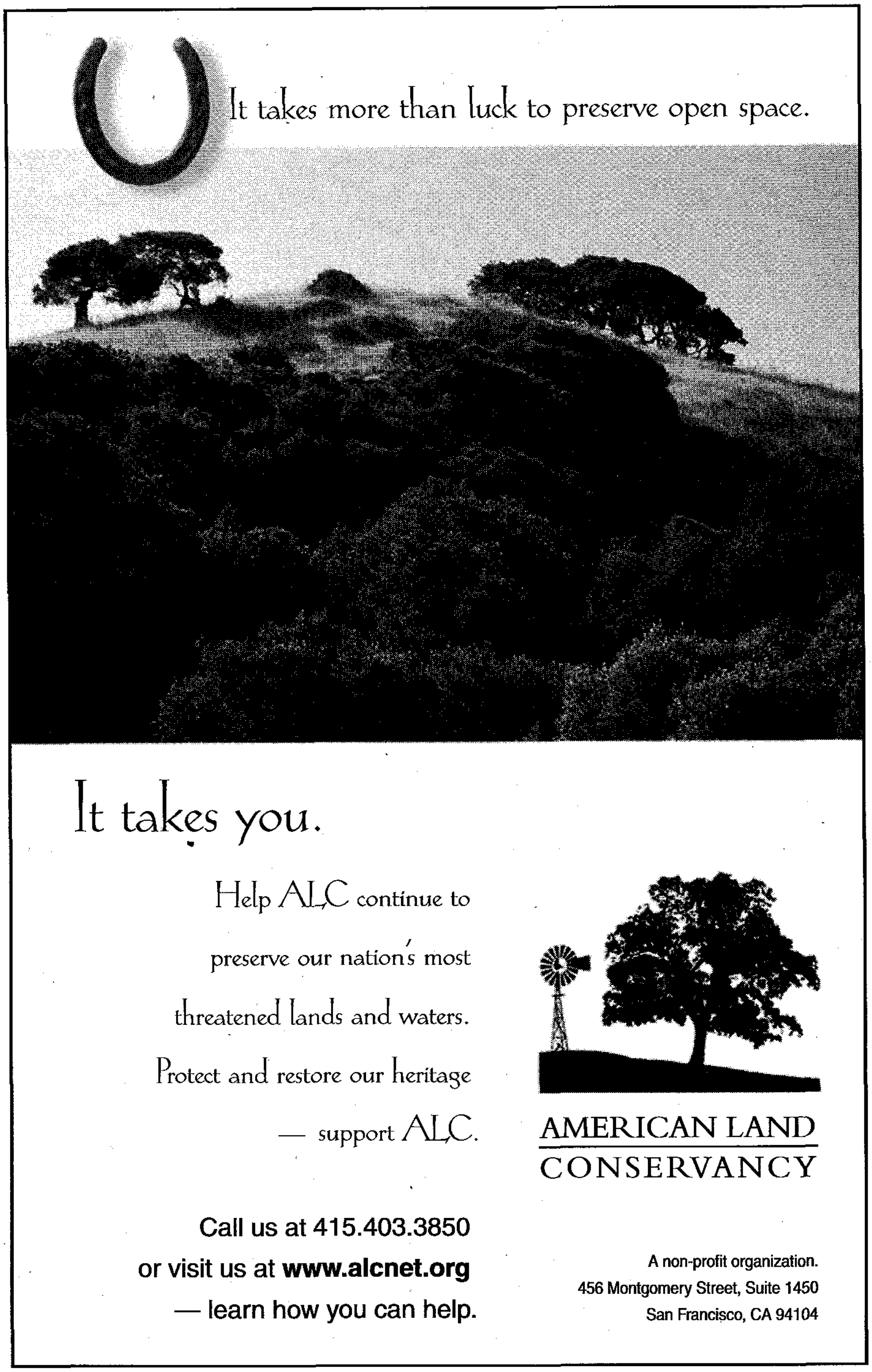
Riccardo Hernández is capable of better set design than panels of two great Renaissance paintings (by Botticelli and Mantegna) blown up, cut in half, mounted on casters, and their backs painted red. Shuffled to and fro, they are used down front as the curtain, and elsewhere as all sorts of palace or chamber walls. But why Renaissance, when the play is set in antiquity, and the costumes are more or less modern? Designed by Anita Yavich, they are both pedestrian and misguided, the uniform oversize tabby-cat bow ties for all the courtiers being just one example.

For the country scenes, Hernández comes up with symmetrical topiary cubes mounted on metal rods, each with a golden ball at its foot, making the innocent pastoral milieu even more showily unnatural than the Sicilian court. Mark Bennett's music shuttles uneasily between Stockhausen and Broadway musicalese, both inapposite. Naomi Goldberg's choreography is perfunctory, but Kenneth Posner at least projects some gaily colored lights on a downward-curling rear wall on which the cast's most athletic member, Michael Stuhlbarg, performs as a human fly.

The acting is ragged. Keith David, an imposing figure, does well by Leontes's rant but not by his regality, racked psyche, or repentance. Graham Winton's Polixenes, like Henry Stram's faithful courtier Camillo, is consistently passable, but never inspired. Aunjanue Ellis has neither the nobility nor the pathos of Hermione, still less the queenly utterance. As Perdita, so beautiful as to turn all male heads, and variously compared to a queen and a goddess, Erica N. Tazel egregiously lacks the necessary looks, accent, and talent. Jonathan Hadary minces in every part he undertakes, his Antigonus no exception. Bill Buell is blatant as the Old Shepherd; Francis Jue, puny as the First Lord.

Jesse Pennington makes a valiant stab at Prince Florizel, and Emma Bowers shows some spirit as Emilia and Mopsa. But the only significant contributions are from Randy Danson as a warm and spunky Paulina; Michael Stuhlbarg, who would be fine as the Young Shepherd had he not been goaded into excessive vaudeville clowning; and Bronson Pinchot, as an amusing Autolycus. But he is an actor with an unruly imagination the director unhappily allows to run riot. ▬

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.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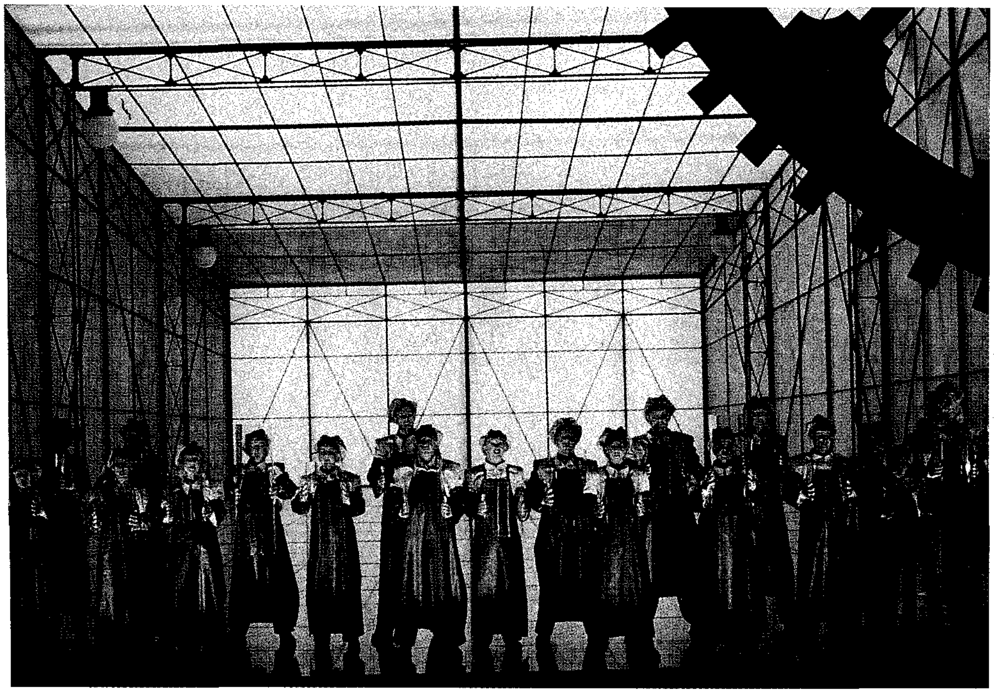
PETER G. DAVIS

Les Misérables

Glimmerglass returns to 'La Bohème' 25 years after its inaugural staging (this time with a darker vision), and excavates a forgotten operetta by John Philip Sousa.



Marching orders: Sousa's *The Glass Blowers* is almost certain to follow other Glimmerglass productions to the City Opera.

EVERYONE WHO LOVES OPERA LOVES **La Bohème**, and every opera company in the world performs it. For that reason alone, Puccini's classic weepie of doomed young love seems like an odd choice to open a major summer festival, where one expects to encounter more adventurous fare. On the other hand, Glimmerglass Opera is understandably feeling a bit nostalgic this year as the company celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. Now a preferred stop on the international summer music circuit, Glimmerglass made a humble start in 1975 with a production of *La Bohème* staged in the local high school at Cooperstown, New York. Since then, a handsome new opera house has risen on the banks of Lake Otsego and there has been plenty of growth, innovation—and trendsetting; virtually every production developed here now travels south to the New York City Opera. So an affectionate look back to where it all began only seems appropriate.

But what about good old *La Bohème*? How can this most popular of operas, performed over and over, presented in every conceivable manner, and even reworked into a hit Broadway musical, be made fresh again? Admittedly perplexed, director James Robinson cast about to find a way that might give the opera a new look and at the same time emphasize its universal theme of lost love, dreams, and innocence. His solution: Retain the Paris setting but advance the time from 1850 to a period that irrevocably smashed almost everyone's romantic illusions—1914, the first year of World War I.

Well, it's a novel idea at least, one that Robinson and set designer Allen Moyer seem to trust as they fill the stage with one fanciful invention after another. To warm up the bohemians' frigid Act One garret, Marcello has painted a truly dreadful Gauguinesque South Seas mural that fills the entire wall space. Café Momus on Christmas Eve teems with edgy activity. Colline, philosopher and antiwar activist, storms in with a placard reading SOCIALISTES POUR LA PAIX. Musetta, looking like an overdressed silent-movie vamp, drives up with her ancient admirer in a sputtering antique automobile. Newsboys hawk grim tidings from the front. The toy vendor Parpignol returns before the final curtain, a personification of death prancing at the head of a forlorn marching band on its way to nowhere. The wintry scene of Act Three is literally the end of the line: a terminus dominated by a huge iron locomotive with coffins bearing the war dead stacked nearby. Even the bohemians' occasional horseplay fails to lift the spirits of this cheerless *La Bohème*.

Since Puccini hardly set out to write a comic opera, I suppose that Robinson and his team have indeed found an unusual and often effective way to remind us just how miserable these people really are. The production's strength, though, lies in its treatment of character rather than surroundings. This opera's pathos arises from a craftily constructed network of tiny human details, poignantly reinforced by the music, and few go unobserved here. How moving for once to see Rodolfo's physical attraction to Mimì visibly turning into something deeper as she quietly tells him about her simple lifestyle. No sooner are they a pair than Puccini subtly plants the seeds of future lovers' quarrels amid the holiday revelry of Act Two—lost in most productions but gently brought to our attention here. And how sadly out of place these four bedraggled young artists look when surrounded by the Café Momus's upscale clientele. The telling details add up to a production that might even draw a tear or two from cynical souls at their hundredth *La Bohème*.

The Glimmerglass cast scores in terms of vocal freshness, deft acting skills, and willing spirit; those who want more—musical refinement, verbal acuity, authentic Italian brio, a sense of stylistic continuity—will have to turn to old recordings with

(continued on page 58)

Photograph by George Mott.

GAEL GREENE

Deep Knish

Chopped-liver king Shelly Fireman decides to add a touch of sensuous finesse to his earthy repertoire; Larry Forgione brings a touch of class to Times Square.

SHELLY FIREMAN HEARS VOICES. MOST OF WHICH are his own. He's not too interested in back talk from architects or interior designers or famous chefs. The cash registers at Trattoria Dell'Arte, Redeye Grill, Brooklyn Diner USA, Fiorello's, and Fireman's of Brooklyn tell him New Yorkers like lobster rolls, dancing shrimp, sixteen-inch hot dogs, and motzo balls in their chicken soup. Now his voices have convinced him **Shelly's New York** should be about sensuous eating. That dictates restoring Art Deco detail to what once was a Horn & Hardart Automat, hanging a painting of plump—or may I say voluptuous?—women dancing, and commissioning a joyful frieze of naked frolicking grown-ups in what he calls the Temptation Room. And his seared foie gras hugging a hamburger on toasted brioche with caramelized onions and apple slices cooked in the oozings is suitably lewd, possibly even illegal, but delicious.

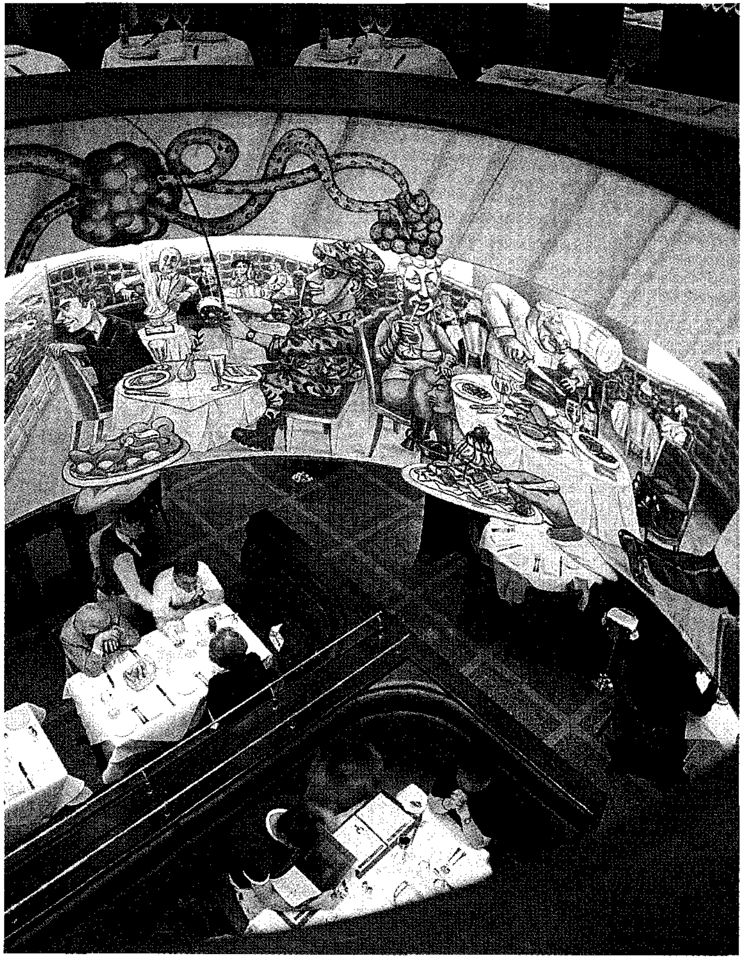
If it's about the senses, oysters are a must. A duet of shuckers in straw boaters unlock them to order, $2 to $2.50 each or $122 on the Royale Grand Platter with two lobsters, Alaskan king crab legs, and an aquarium of other sea critters. That could be a sensible after–Carnegie Hall supper. But we feel rash and have persuaded friends to join us in a death-defying binge, starting with an old-world New England chowder, devilishly creamy but not so dense you can't taste the clams. We like them in the shell, too, clams Casino, whole with bacon crisps. A garlicky Caesar with just the right twang of invisible anchovy and a Parmesan-crusted "twizzle" is the perfect palate-cleanser. Sensuality is not for 'fraidy cats.

Not that sense-tickling need be sense-numbing. Fatphobes and acolytes of moderation will be happy eating pristine lumps of crab with bits of hot pepper and onion over shredded iceberg lettuce, seared yellowfin sashimi, steamed lobster, even something as uptight as chicken paillard with asparagus-and-red-pepper salad in a balsamic glaze. Devout gourmands like us may hit the wall sharing the four-inch-thick $64 prime "Manhattan Cut" steak for two, but then we've already pigged out on spicy lobster and shrimp fra diavolo (enough to feed two sopranos and a tenor) as well as the fish and chips—a large rectangle of battered cod smartly seasoned, with sensational tartar sauce spooned from a big bowl and great fries. ("It's classic to do fish 'n' chips in three or four battered pieces," someone dares to inform Fireman. "I gotta do it big," he insists. "Otherwise the Jewish people will complain I'm giving them little leftover pieces.") The unabashedly retro macaroni and cheese, homage to the old Automat favorite, is just $5.95 and possibly the best dish in the house. Of course, we elect to have ours on the $18.95 combo of sides, a platter of sheer carbohydrate and fat including "Milty's spoon bread," a tall tangle of fried onion rings, and a potato patty called "it's not a knish."

The waiter is sure we are candidates for dessert and sets the tray of mockups under our noses. I order the triple chocolate pie and four forks. "What? No strawberry cheesecake?" cries one of my guests. "If you have the cheesecake, I have to get the pineapple double somersault," his wife threatens.

Maybe you'll love Peter Max's blowups of what look like finger painting and Red Grooms's *Last Supper at Shelly's.* Maybe not. Personally, I think I speak for voluptuous women everywhere when I say I find Shelly's canvas of dancing pudgies offensive. Especially when his wife, Marilyn, is a paradigm of thin. "They're not fat, they're beautiful," says Fireman. "They're not fat, they're *blue,*" says Marilyn.

Shelly's New York, 104 West 57th Street (212-245-2422). Lunch, Monday through Saturday 11:30 A.M.



Grooms with a view: A Red Grooms mural has diners at Shelly's New York looking up.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Davis *continued from page 56*

native singers, about the only option these days. The most rounded impersonation comes from Kelley Nassief, whose richly textured soprano has real future potential—her Mimì is already an affecting creation. As Rodolfo, Raúl Hernandez rejoices in a securely produced, ringing lyric tenor, which he unfortunately uses with a minimum of expressive imagination. Frank Hernandez (Marcello) and Kara Shay Thomson (Musetta) are comfortably in the picture, while the entire lively onstage ensemble benefits from Stewart Robertson's supportive musical direction.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

FOR ITS SECOND OFFERING OF THE SUMMER, Glimmerglass came up with a risky project that qualifies as a genuine festival event: the first performance since 1913 of John Philip Sousa's **The Glass Blowers**. Few people are aware that the March King even wrote for the musical stage, but apparently his first ambition was to become America's Sullivan, if he could only find a Gilbert. That never happened, and like the best operettas and musical comedies of its day, *The Glass Blowers* contains much worthwhile music wedded to an impossibly dated book and embarrassing lyrics. Broadway musicals back then seemed obsessed with class friction—poor-boy-loves-rich-girl and vice versa turns up right through Jerome Kern's Princess Theater shows. In this improbable farrago, the love mix-ups get entangled with labor problems in a glassblowing factory until the Spanish-American War breaks out and everyone sets off for Cuba. You don't want to know why.

As with so many revivals of textually troubled works from the early Baroque to the recent past, this production of *The Glass Blowers* has been scrupulously researched to arrive at the most authentic performing version possible, and then put on the stage in a way that negates whatever charm the piece might still be able to convey. One never knows what to expect from Christopher Alden. His staging of the Thomson-Stein *The Mother of Us All* for Glimmerglass was enchantingly warm and witty, but this rigidly mechanized show—a cross between Busby Berkeley without heart and Bertolt Brecht without brains—is positively reptilian. The large cast goes through its exercises with militaristic precision, and Sousa's overlong score, full of tunes that never quite stick in the ear, dances pleasantly under John DeMain's baton. I found it all mostly tedious, but the audience on opening night seemed enchanted, and a future engagement at Lincoln Center is practically guaranteed. ▬

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

to 3 P.M.; Sunday brunch, 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.; midday menu, 3 to 5 P.M.; dinner, Sunday and Monday 5 to 11 P.M., Tuesday through Thursday till midnight, Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

INCURABLE ROMANTICS, EVEN THOSE DISguised as incurable cynics—all of us who love this haughty, naughty, hungry-for-love, motley village—are cheering and jeering the new Times Square. By official fiat, it has become an overblown parody of its classic neon image.

What, you ask, is chef-master Larry Forgione's name doing on the discreet chrome plaque at the entrance to the new Times Square Hilton, where little brass trolls frolic at shin level and on the big clock above? Representing what? we ask. "Time and money," says the doorman cheerfully. Ride an elevator to the Hilton lobby. Wander past nobody you want to know at the Pinnacle Bar, and you're in Forgione's sleekly dapper **Restaurant Above** (202 feet from the sidewalk, to be precise), with a non-daunting view of the Chock Full o' Nuts building, the *Times* tower, the Carter Hotel, and, if you stretch your neck, the New Jersey Divide. Forgione can be dour, but last time we met, he couldn't stop smiling. With Manhattan Prime, his steakhouse at the new Battery Park Embassy Suites, and a 12,000-square-foot catering setup in Liberty State Park, the Godfather of the free-range chicken can now imagine sending all his kids (grandchildren too) through college.

He's not here tonight. No sign, either, of whisk-for-hire Jonathan Waxman, the chef's longtime chum and consulting partner. Nor is this Larry Forgione American cooking. Instead, all the predictable name-brand products have gone deliciously Asian in the hands of Kazuto and Vicki Fan Matsusaka, a talented husband-and-wife act from the left coast. True, prudence requires recognizable filet mignon with garlic whipped potatoes, and a luscious veal chop for out-of-towners who suffer culinary agoraphobia or fear of frying. But my intrepid coterie and I are grooving on the bolder "small plates," mostly big enough for four or more nibbles: Fragrantly spicy lamb shreds to wrap in elegant leaves of lettuce and radicchio. Salmon carpaccio with rainbow radish salad in a drizzle of warm ponzu-sesame vinaigrette. Tempura'd soft-shell crab on poblano-cilantro-spiked soba noodles. A $3 oyster shooter with shiso, saké, quail egg, wasabi, and soy, not in a shot glass but in a soup spoon. Since most are so gently priced ($6 to $8), less-than-thrilling pot stickers at $4 each provoke sticker shock.

Arriving late one evening, we find one of our guests contentedly sipping a drink and studying the menu. "They were all wonderfully solicitous," she reports. "But isn't it an odd place? I feel like I'm in Cleveland." I look around for a waiter. They scurry about like windup toys, ignoring us. I raise my hand in the air. I wiggle my hand. I wave my arm violently. I shake a napkin: Three managers huddle over a computer. Waiters whip out of the kitchen delivering food, but I am invisible. "I want to drop a glass," I announce. I drop a fork. Nearby eaters look up, but no one on the payroll notices.

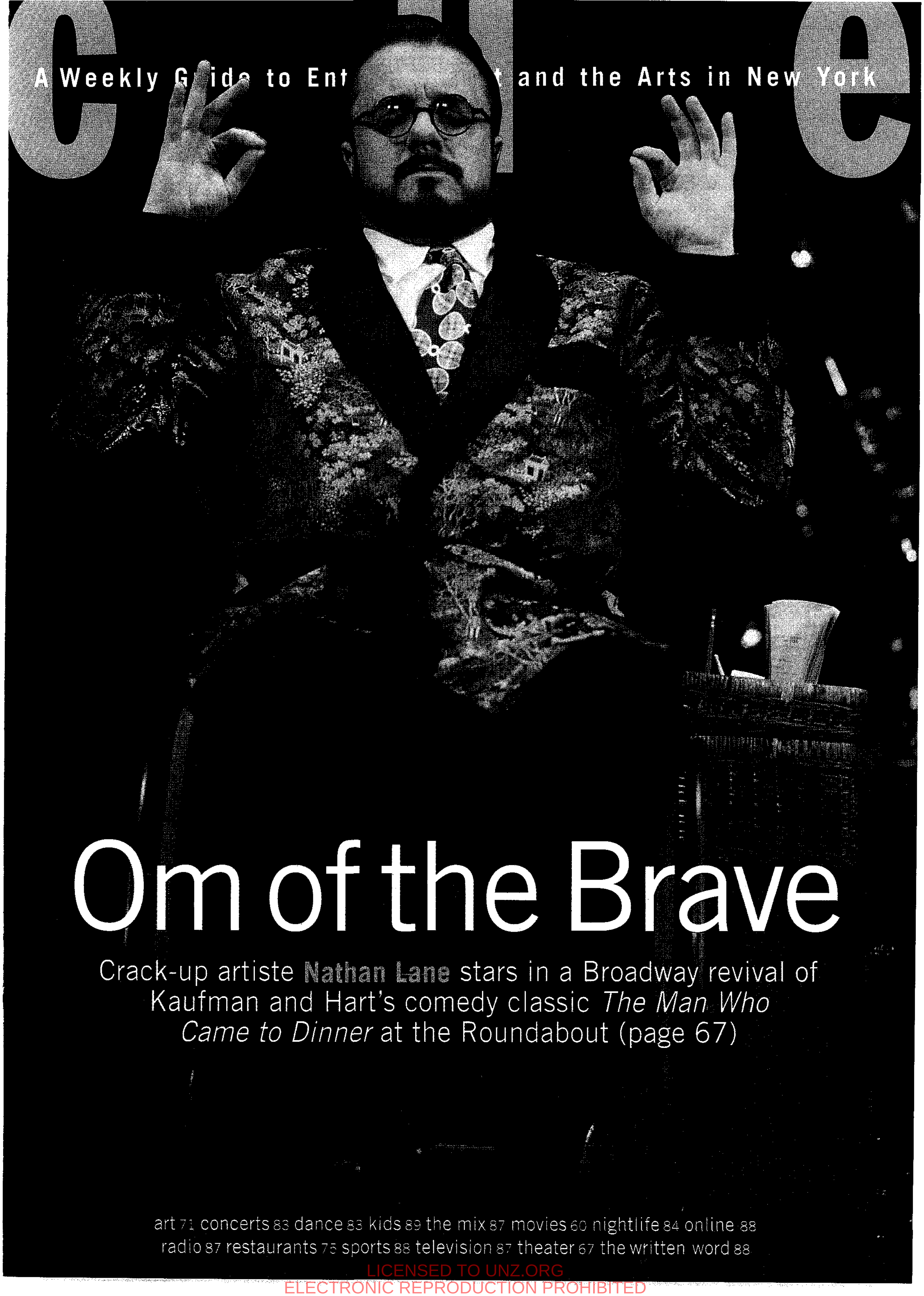
At last, a barman does a graceful jeté, kneels tableside and takes our drink order. But instantly we are invisible again. Have we been reading too much *Harry Potter* for our own good? Somehow we can still appreciate Chinese roast duck with stone-fruit chutney; sesame-crusted yellowfin on vermicelli; and sensational grilled salmon, its skin crispy and nutty, the flesh tremulous as satin, accompanied by edamame succotash and soft mounds of corn pudding.

The dining room's gracious arched ceiling and its vexing hourglass trapezoid table base that doesn't let you cross your legs is even more handsome by daylight. Now some of the feisty little starters like five-spice marinated-chicken salad and the lobster-and-foie-gras salad with mango and green papaya grow into lunchtime "big plates" ($16 to $28). But one small soft-shell crab in a too-chewy roll seems stingy. The anemic watercress soup of the day makes me wonder if any of the high-price help is in the kitchen. A decent seafood-pasta special has no discernible style. Six dollars for grapefruit juice feels brutishly unfriendly. But at least we have dancing attendance. Finally, the crew is on its toes.

They can't fool me. I know the Times Square Hilton isn't Cleveland. This is just another astonishment in an ever-changing city. I doubt that Swifty's white-bread clan or Rao's eclectic habitués or the Four Seasons' immutables will soon be landing here. I *can* imagine buses disgorging the Westchester ladies who matinee. And if the kitchen and serving crew learn to march in sync, Above will make a perfect perch for pretheater dinner: $29.95 if you check in by 6:30. Meanwhile, it's a convenient escape for Si Newhouse's darlings and other media transplants to the neighborhood, with rooms to book if tuna tartare leads to spicier canoodlings.

Restaurant Above, the Hilton at Times Square, 234 West 42nd Street (212-642-2626). Breakfast, 6:30 to 11 A.M.; lunch, 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; dinner, 5:30 to 10 P.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ▬

Gael Greene's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.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A Weekly Guide to Ent
t and the Arts in New York

Om of the Brave

Crack-up artiste **Nathan Lane** stars in a Broadway revival of Kaufman and Hart's comedy classic *The Man Who Came to Dinner* at the Roundabout (page 67)

art 71 concerts 83 dance 83 kids 89 the mix 87 movies 60 nightlife 84 online 88
radio 87 restaurants 75 sports 88 television 87 theater 67 the written word 88

movies

Smoke...Criminal Lovers...Sexy Robots

New Films

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle—Mildly enjoyable live-action-and-animation big-screen update of the Jay Ward TV show. Its not quite kiddie-ish enough for the kiddies and not quite brainy enough for their parents. Jason Alexander and Rene Russo star as Boris and Natasha; Robert De Niro, who looks like he's on a much-needed actor's holiday, plays Fearless Leader. (7/17/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

American Pimp—The Hughes brothers' first feature-length documentary examines the wide and not-so-witty world of pimps: the expensive clothes, the flashy automobiles, the fat bankrolls—not to mention the multitude of women they exploit. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this overconceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, overconceptualized novel. Director Mary Harron has done an admirable job paring down Ellis's numbing catalogue of conspicuous consumptions, and the film is less gory than the book. The movie comes across as a classy slasher flick. (4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

The Big Blue: The Director's Cut—Luc Besson's 1988 film returns to the theaters as it was originally intended. Rosanna Arquette plays the love interest of handsome Jacques Mayol, who stars as an eccentric diver who has more rapport with porpoises than with human beings. (2 hrs. 43 mins; R). *Quad Cinema.*

Big Momma's House—*The Nutty Professor* meets . . . *The Nutty Professor* in this Martin Lawrence vehicle, which finds the would-be funnyman playing an FBI agent who has to dress up as an obese southern grandmother in order to nab some crooks. (1 hr. 33 mins; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Blood Simple—The Coen brothers' audacious debut, about a green-eyed Texas bar owner who puts a contract out on his wife and her lover, returns in a trimmed-down director's cut. Starring John Getz, Frances McDormand, and Dan Hedaya. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Boricua's Bond—Love, death, and racial discord run rampant through this South Bronx tale, which features cameos by the late Big Pun as well as Method Man, Treach, Stickyfingaz, and model Tyson Beckford. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Boys and Girls—Freddie Prinze Jr. and Claire Forlani co-star in this teen romantic comedy. At first, they can't stand each other. But suddenly . . . (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keeffe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival and the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

★**Chicken Run**—The Bristol, England–based Aardman Studios has fashioned its first feature-length claymation movie, and it's a pip: a prison-break movie starring chickens, a kind of egglayer *Stalag 17.* The concept itself is funny, but co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord bring in a lot more, including an assortment of hens who together make up a panorama of British spinsterhood. Mel Gibson is the voice of the Rhode Island rooster who helps with the rescue, and he's jauntier here than he is in *The Patriot.* (7/10/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Chuck & Buck—See Rainer, page 51. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers; UA Movies at Bayside; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Decline of Western Civilization, Part Three—Penelope Spheeris's third installment of her celebrated musical documentary centers on liquor-sodden L.A. squatters and gutter punks. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Dinosaur—This latest Disney animated feature uses digital techniques against mostly live-action backdrops, and the cost of the whole shebang is said to top $140 million. The visual expressiveness of the dinos is expert, but the script is the usual homiletic Disney dishwater. Thankfully, it's not a musical. May be too scary for little kids. (Rainer: 5/29/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Disney's The Kid—Bruce Willis stars as a caustic, snide image consultant who magically connects with himself as a chubby 8-year-old (Spencer Breslin) in this gooey movie that's all about the virtues of locating one's inner child. Hollywood would be better off trying to locate its inner adult. (Rainer;

Festivals
Pixel Stop

Who wants to see a young, pre-*Fast Times at Ridgemont High* Sean Penn impersonate Olivia Newton-John? Now's your chance: The Film Society of Lincoln Center presents the New York Video Festival, which will feature *Beaver Trilogy,* a 1981 bizarre short starring Penn as a fan obsessed with the Aussie chanteuse. Those indifferent to the lowbrow charms of Penn's juvenilia can take pleasure in meatier fare like *Secrets of the Shadow World,* focusing on author and magician John Keel, or the digital pyrotechnics of *Fire of Time* (pictured). Begins July 21.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOAN MARCUS

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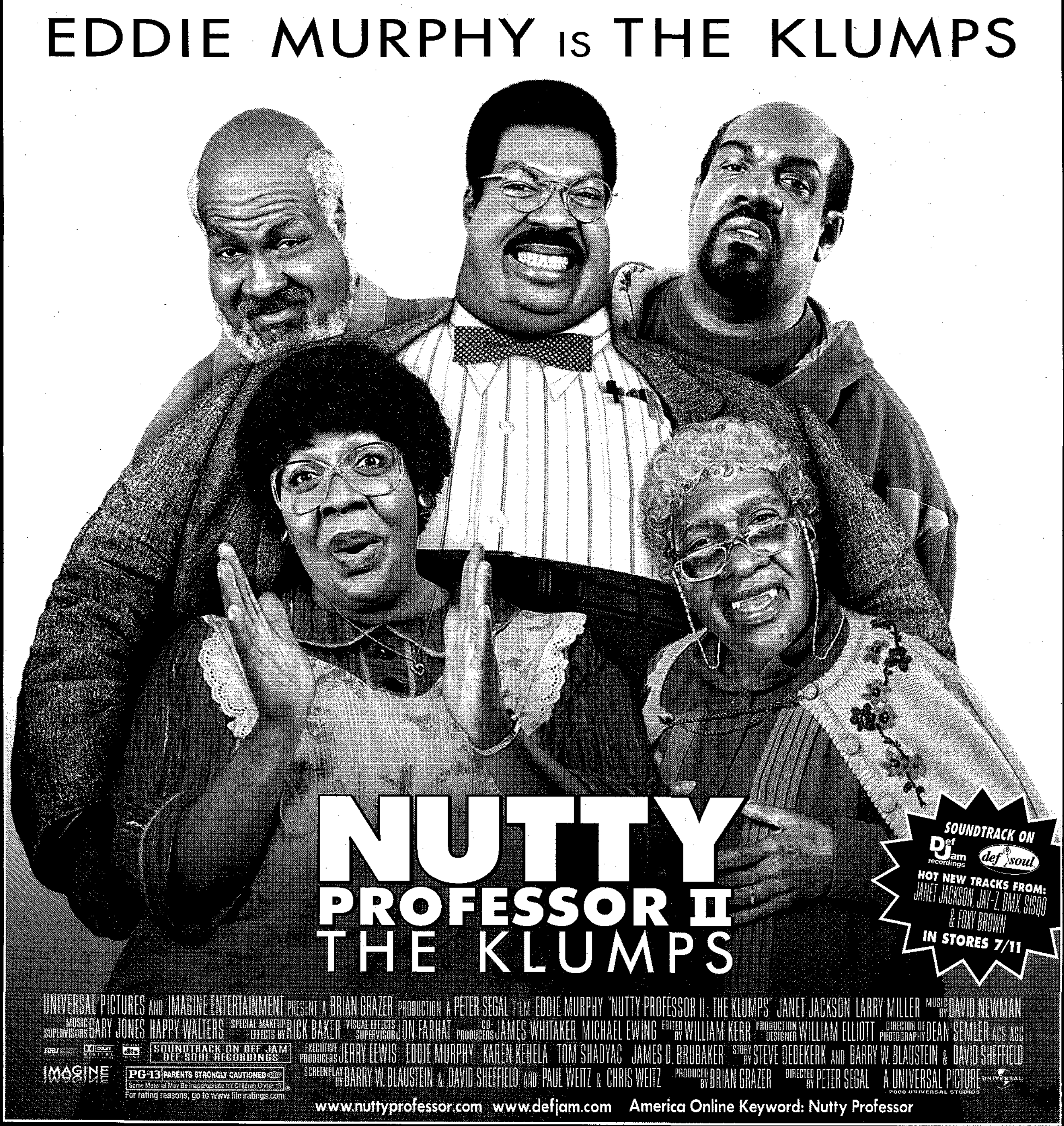

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The first 100 readers to call 888-696-2498 on Tuesday, July 18th at noon will receive a complimentary screening pass for two. No passes will be distributed through the New York Magazine switchboard.

No purchase necessary. Seating for the screening is on a first-come, first-served basis.

OPENS NATIONWIDE ON JULY 28TH

Opening Up in *Smoke*

"The thing we want people to know," says co-director Jem Cohen, "is that *Benjamin Smoke* is funny." "In fact," adds the other co-director, Peter Sillen, "parts of it are hilarious." You wouldn't think this could possibly be the case with a documentary about an HIV-positive drag queen who lives in a trailer in Atlanta and has a seemingly insatiable appetite for speed—yet there you are. Culled from footage shot over a ten-year period, *Benjamin Smoke* chronicles the travails of Benjamin (no last name), a talented singer-songwriter who fronted the punk-country-blues band Smoke, an act that garnered a serious cult following, including devotees like Michael Stipe and Patti Smith. "Our relationship with Benjamin wasn't that of the traditional documentarian and subject," Cohen explains. "When we were introduced to him back in 1989, we just got into a habit of filming him since he was so entertaining." "He sensed right off that he could trust us," adds Sillen. "Filming him became our strange way of hanging out." Once they decided to do something with the footage, their aim was simply "to capture Benjamin's vibe: a personality we felt was akin to a rural Oscar Wilde." But Benjamin's inspired Wildean rants run side-by-side with footage of him altogether incapable of forming sentences. "We didn't want to glorify the darker elements of his life, the drug abuse and illness," Sillen explains, "but we couldn't exactly ignore them, either. It was all part of one really complicated package. I think his philosophy is best summed up by the sayings that were such a part of his vernacular—sayings like 'Better to smoke here than in the hereafter.' " *Benjamin Smoke* begins July 21 at the Screening Room. DEREK DE KOFF

Photograph courtesy of Cowboy Booking International.

7/17/00) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father*, but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian-émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Erin Brockovich—Julia Roberts plays a high-heeled, cleavage-enhanced, tough-talking, sparsely educated, twice-divorced mother of three who also spearheads an investigation leading to the largest payoff ever made in a direct-action lawsuit in this intermittently enjoyable crusading-underdog movie directed by Steven Soderbergh. For a while, it promises to be something more than conventional; it has a nice, uncondescending feel for the little moments that make up little lives. Albert Finney plays the lawyer who is also Erin's foil, and his underplaying is a boon amid all the posturing and righteousness on display. (Rainer; 3/27/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven other animated IMAX extravaganzas set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Whitestone; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Five Senses—Canadian director Jeremy Podeswa's American feature-film debut examines a series of intertwining relationships that are all inexorably tied to taste, touch, hearing, smell, and vision. And no, it's not a prequel. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—Prequels being all the rage, the Flintstones take us back to Fred and Barney's youth, when they were courting their future wives. Mark Addy and Stephen Baldwin star as Fred and Barney, respectively. Features Alan Cumming in dual roles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of a rip in the space-time continuum and an old ham radio, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Loews State.*

Getting to Know You—Teenagers, showbiz parents, and plain country folks run rampant in this lush adaptation of three Joyce Carol Oates stories, which stars Bebe Neuwirth, Heather Matarazzo, and Zach Braff. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while at the same time presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero, he radiates a force field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Gone in Sixty Seconds—Nicolas Cage stars in this update of the 1974 classic about a thief who has to pull off one final heist—stealing 100 cars—in order to save his younger brother's life. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; North Shore Towers.*

Groove—Greg Harrison's sweet, disposable movie about the San Francisco rave scene appears at times to be a cross between a sixties American International picture like *The Trip* and a seventies disco flick. Despite all the drugs ingested, not to mention bottles of distilled water, lurking within all the techno-thump is a standard boy-meets-girl scenario. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *BAM Rose Cinemas.*

★**Hamlet**—Michael Amereyda's overconceptualized nouveau version of Shakespeare's high-body-count classic is set in a present-day fortresslike New York and features the youngest and most grad-student-ish Hamlet in memory, affectingly played by Ethan Hawke. It's streamlined and clotted with references to our consumerist media culture: Denmark here is Denmark Corp. The film is notable mostly for its occasional daring and for some of the performers, including Diane Venora (Gertrude), Sam Shepard (the Ghost), Liev Schreiber (Laertes), and, yes, Bill Murray (Polonius). (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Crown Gotham.*

Humanité—This achingly slow film, which, despite its pace, garnered three awards at Cannes last year, involves a dim-witted police detective (Emmanuel Schotté) who's investigating the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic novel about a saintly stoner.

The director Alison Maclean has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies-era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wowness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Me, Myself & Irene**—Not as many classic bad-taste moments as previous Farrelly brothers outings, but Jim Carrey, playing a Rhode Island cop with a split personality, is at his frenzied near-best. Half milquetoast, the other half insanely bullying, he's a whirling dervish of a performer who probably could have added on another four personalities to the mix without breaking a sweat. Renee Zellweger is his comic foil, and she's a bit bland. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

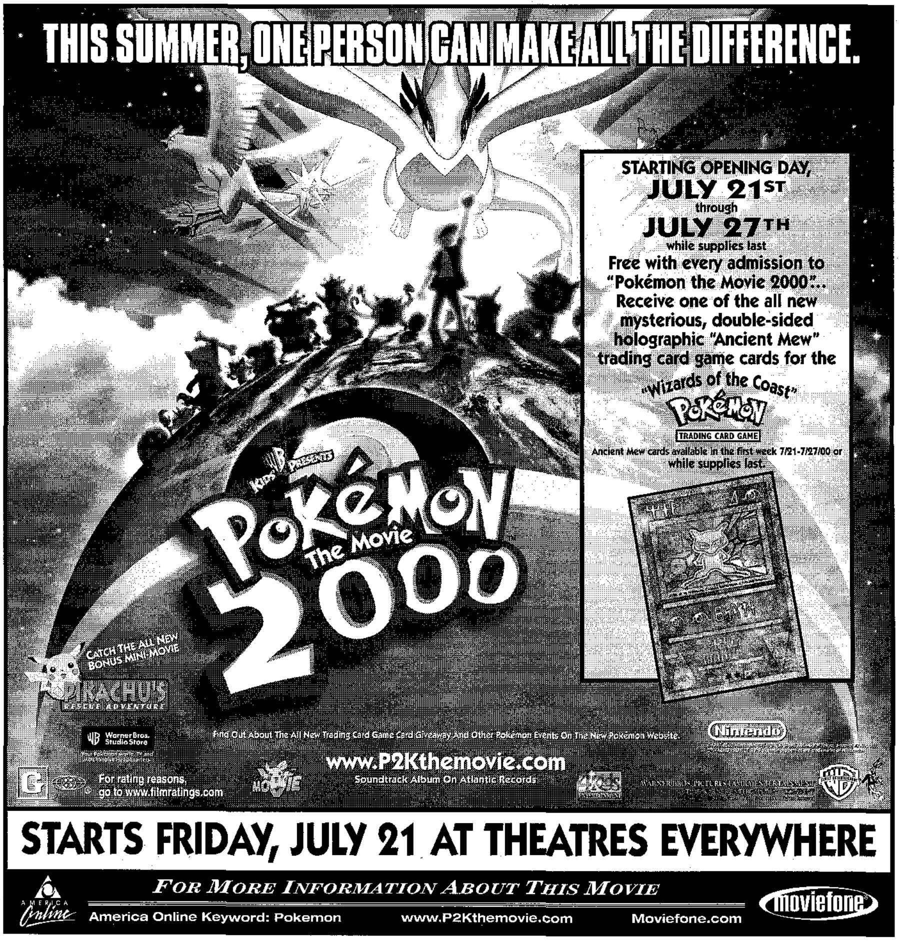
Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond–ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves isn't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond Girl. (Rainer; 6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Patriot—Mel Gibson is the widowed Colonial patriarch who at first opposes fighting the British and then practically becomes a Revolutionary War ninja in this melodramatic battle epic that, in tone, at times resembles a cross between *Little House on the Prairie* and *Gladiator.* The plotting is basic: Someone is killed, then revenged, followed by more killing and more revenging. It works fitfully, but turning the anthem of American liberty into a battleground fit for a Sega computer game is a bit much. The British come across about as bad as they ever have in this film, while the French, usually a bunch of Pepe Le Pews in our movies, are the good guys. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Perfect Storm—Wolfgang Petersen's epic based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller has an impressive assortment of computer-generated waves and lots of men yelling to be heard above the sound of those waves. George Clooney plays the skipper of a swordfishing ship that heads out from Gloucester into perhaps the worst nautical storm ever recorded. His thin dark beard goes grayish as the waves hit. Except as spectacle, the film isn't much. The mythic-heroic stuff lacks an undercurrent, and you keep

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.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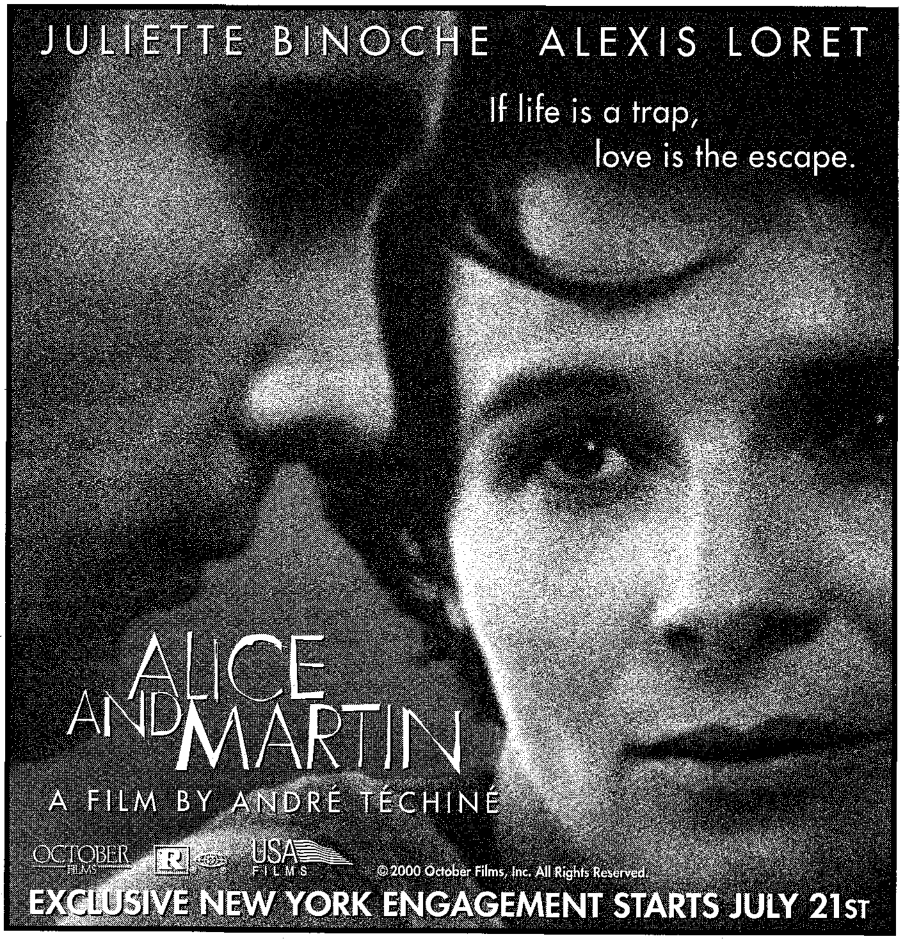
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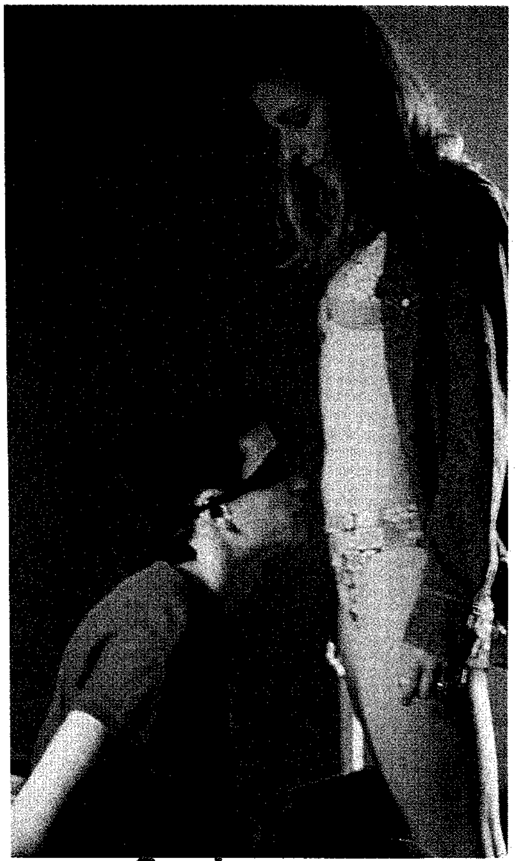


Opening

A Cut Below

"Little Red Riding Hood" meets *Basic Instinct* in *Criminal Lovers,* François Ozon's *tres* melodramatic film that incorporates the fantasy of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* into a conventional crime thriller. The tale involves a feeble, sexually conflicted young boy (Jeremie Renier, pictured with Natacha Regnier) driven to murder by his castrating Gorgon of a friend, Alice. Begins July 21.

asking yourself why these men are risking so much when there's an easy way out. Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane, and John C. Reilly co-star. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Praise—Based on Andrew McGahan's novel of the same name, this Australian fare focuses on two lovers—one, a chain-smoking, asthmatic alcoholic; the other, an ex-heroin addict with a bad skin condition and compulsive need for sex—who fall in love, immediately move in together, and waste little time in smashing things up. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks' animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatan is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline, and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Road Trip—A raunchy comedy that aims, apparently, to outdo *American Pie* finds four friends traveling 1,800 miles in search of a smutty videotape accidentally mailed to one of their girlfriends. Co-stars Beckin Meyer, Tom Green, and Andy Dick. (1 hr., 45 mins.; R) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Romeo Must Die—Hong Kong film veteran Jet Li is an ex-cop looking to avenge his little brother's murder in gang-torn Oakland. Li hooks up with pop star Aaliyah in her film debut as the rival gang leader's daughter in this hi-fi action flick based loosely on *Romeo and Juliet.* (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel turned lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson), who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shadow Hours—Balthazar Getty stars as an ex-druggie who befriends the chic and mysterious Stuart Chapell (Peter Weller), a sinister figure who introduces the youth to L.A.'s lurid nightlife circuit, complete with dastardly raves, S&M dens, and fight clubs. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Shaft—John Singleton's new version of the seventies blaxploitation hit stars Samuel L. Jackson in the Richard Roundtree role. Like its predecessor, the film seems to really be about stylishness as a form of militancy. Jackson is so burned up about everything that he never has time to be a sex machine, and so the Isaac Hayes theme song sounds more like a taunt than like a tribute. Christian Bale, in what amounts to a recap of his *American Psycho* sicko, plays a racist murderer, and Jeffrey Wright is effective as a Dominican drug lord. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shanghai Noon—Director Tom Dey attempts to make a wacky Western by casting Jackie Chan as a klutzy imperial guard to the emperor of China who's trying to rescue a kidnapped princess, with the help of a petty thief/big dreamer (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Shower—A bittersweet examination of Chinese culture taking place in a public bathhouse about to be closed down by a young entrepreneur—who happens to be the son of the man who owns it. (1 hr., 32 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen's new movie isn't just minor, it's minuscule. It harkens back not to the early classics like *Bananas* and *Sleeper,* but even further, to the milquetoast humors of *Take the Money and Run.* Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holy-fool dimwit. (Rainer, 5/29/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish-Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Szábó's movies, most famously *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl,* are all about the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He's fascinated by the fatalism of history, and by the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fate. His new film carries on these themes on an even broader canvas, but often he seems to be inflating the usual recriminations and capitulations of a family by placing it against the Holocaust and the gulags. Ralph Fiennes plays three separate roles, but he's too refined, too Dirk Bogarde-ish, to hold this behemoth of a movie together. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (3 hrs.; NR) *UA Union Square; Loews 72nd St. East; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Time Regained—The disembodied voice of Marcel Proust (Patrice Chereau), speaking, apparently, from his deathbed, guides us through key moments in his life, gradually interweaving elements of his fiction into the narrative until fantasy completely wins out. Co-starring Catherine Deneuve, Vincent Perez, and John Malkovich. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Titan A.E.**—The animation in this Don Bluth–Gary Goldman feature is often at a very high level, on par with some of the best Japanese animé. The 3-D tableaux, including a startling expanse of potentially explosive hydrogen trees, are more effective than the 2-D characters, who seem cobbled together from the *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* movies. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG).

Trixie—Alan Rudolph's nineteenth film, a hybrid of film noir and screwball comedy, stars Emily Watson as an irrepressible security guard hot on the trail of a cold-blooded murderer. Nathan Lane, Will Patton, and Lesley Ann Warren are all suspects. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St..*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

The Virgin Suicides—The material—five suburban adolescent girls kill themselves off, poetically, inexplicably—is perhaps too woozy for the rueful, mythological treatment it gets here, but debut director Sofia Coppola has a fine, fresh eye and a way with actors, among them Kirsten Dunst, James Woods, and Kathleen Turner. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Water Drops on Burning Rocks—The tale of a smug 50-year-old businessman who seduces a fresh-faced 19-year-old boy. It's all smooth sailing until a buxom blonde enters the picture and seeks out the boy's affections. (1 hr.; 39 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Wisdom of Crocodiles—Jude Law plays Steven Griscz, an oversensitive young man who manages to be quite lucky with the ladies—until the bodies of his ex-girlfriends start piling up. Timothy Spall plays the busybody detective snooping around for clues. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**X-Men**—See Rainer, page 51. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *But I'm a Cheerleader; Butterfly; Chuck & Buck; The Five Senses; Shadow Hours; The Wisdom of Crocodiles.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Disney's The Kid; East Is East; Trixie; The Virgin Suicides; X-Men.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *A Clockwork Orange; American Pimp; The Decline of Western Civilization, Part Three; Time Regained.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *The Patriot; Scary Movie.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Getting to Know You; Grass; Humanité; Water Drops on Burning Rocks.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St.(50-

Photograph courtesy of Strand Releasing.

LOEWS#952) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *The Big Blue; Blood Simple; East-West; Shower.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal)(212-334-2100) *Croupier; Praise.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway(212-253-2225) *Chicken Run; Gladiator; Jesus' Son; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Scary Movie; Sunshine.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Gladiator; Me, Myself & Irene; X-Men.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Big Momma's House; But I'm a Cheerleader; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Scary Movie.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *X-Men.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Disney's The Kid; Scary Movie.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Hamlet.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Shower.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *East Is East; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The New York International Film Festival.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *X-Men.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Love and Basketball; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Patriot.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Perfect Storm.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Psycho; Boricua's Bond; Frequency; Small Time Crooks.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Butterfly.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Disney's The Kid; East Is East; Me, Myself & Irene; The Virgin Suicides.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *East-West.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Croupier; Jesus' Son; Me, Myself & Irene; Small Time Crooks; Trixie.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *X-Men.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Sunshine.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Gladiator; Shaft.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Chicken Run; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Gladiator.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Patriot.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Me, Myself & Irene.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Blood Simple; Croupier; The Decalogue; East-West; Shower; Time Regained.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Mission: Impossible 2; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall(777-FILM#833) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft; X-Men.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn(718-623-2770) *Croupier; Groove; Jesus' Son; Sunshine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Up at the Villa.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U(777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Chicken Run; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

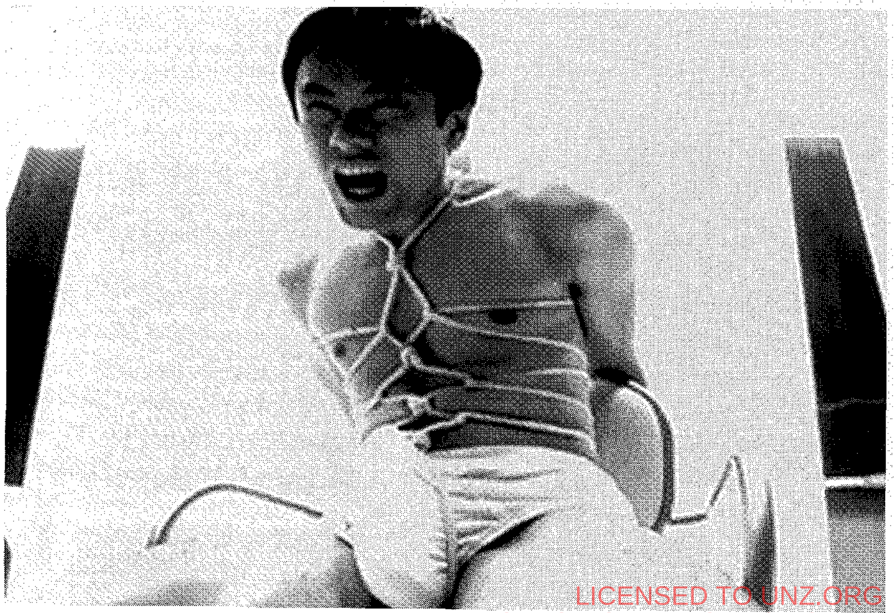
UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself &*

Festivals

Sex Machine

There are more than 60 films at the twenty-third Asian American International Film Festival—but one in particular has really piqued our interest: Shu Lea Cheang's Japanese sci-fi erotic film 'I.K.U.,' a self-anointed sequel to Ridley Scott's cyber-noir classic 'Blade Runner.' The plot is all about marauding robots who prey on innocent bystanders in the name of collecting "sexual data." As we said before, there are plenty of other solid films in the festival . . . but frankly, it's hard to beat, er, trump, horny robots. Begins July 21.



Revivals

Indecent Exposure

Condemned in its day by the Legion of Decency and all but unseen since its 1955 release, 'RiFiFi' is widely considered the masterpiece of French film noir. Directed by Jules Dassin (a blacklisted Hollywood expat who fled to France), the triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue, plus a set piece in which a hard-boiled gangster strips and whips his felonious mistress. That scene, disturbing to this day, is probably where the Legion of Decency panelists started getting excited. Opens July 21 at Film Forum.

Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; The Road to El Dorado; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills(718-261-2244) *Disney's The Kid; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows(777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone(718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Boys and Girls; Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Refugee; Road Trip; Scary Movie; Sunshine; Titan A.E..*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Croupier; Dinosaur; East Is East; East-West; Jesus' Son; Joe Gould's Secret; Small Time Crooks; Sunshine; Titan A.E..*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Croupier; East Is East; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Joe Gould's Secret.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Chicken Run; The Perfect Storm.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; Shaft.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Perfect Storm.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The Perfect Storm; Shaft; X-Men.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Scary Movie.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Gladiator; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Croupier; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; X-Men.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Shaft; X-Men.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950s." 7/22–7/23: *Touch of Evil* (1958); *The Night of the Hunter* (1955). "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." *Only Angels Have Wings* (1939). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50, members and children under 4 free.

Anthology Film Archives—7/19: *Deja-Vu* (2000); *Leaving Drew* (2000); *Krewstown* (1999); *Odd Job* (2000); *Henry Hill* (2000). 7/20: "The Zanzibar Films & the Dandies of May 1968." *Acéphale* (1968); *Twice Upon a Time* (1968). "Sound & Vision." *Lapis* (1963–66); *All My Life* (1966); *Kustom Kar Kommandos* (1965); *Mirror Animations* (1957). 7/21: *Performance* (1970); *Vite* (1969). 7/22: *Velvet Goldmine* (1998); *Détruisez-Vous* (1968). 7/23: *The Shield Around the K* (1999); *Instrument* (1999); *La Révélateur* (1968). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—7/18: *The Eel* (1998). 7/20: *Strangers on a Train* (1951). 7/21: *The Big Lebowski* (1998). 7/22–7/23: "Village Voice Best of '90s." 7/22: *Portrait of a Lady* (1996). 7/23: *My Sex Life, or How I Got Into an Argument* (1996). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 7/20: "Time and Again: The Cinema of Alain Resnais." 7/18: *Muriel* (1963); *Providence* (1977). 7/19–7/20: *Smoking* (1993); *Not Smoking* (1993). Beginning 7/21: "The New York Video Festival." 7/21: *Beaver Trilogy* (1980–88); *Only Disconnect*. 7/22: *Brought to Light; All Too Human; George Kuchar: Large and In Charge!; Beaver Trilogy*. 7/23: *Secrets of the Shadow World* (1989–99); *Only Disconnect; Brought to Light*. 7/24: *Electronic Unconscious; All Too Human: Three Chronicles of Abject Lives*. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $3 "Movies for Kids."

The French Institute—Beginning 7/21: "The 23rd Asian American International Film Festival." 7/21: *Angels! Heaven Sent . . . Hell Bent!* (2000) *Running Out of Time* (1999). 7/22: *The Cut Runs Deep* (1999); *Family . . . Lost and Found Shorts Program* (1999); *Yellow Fever Shorts Program* (1999). 7/23: *Fastpitch* (2000); *Junk* (1999). 55 E. 59th St. (212-989-1422).

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/10: "Peace and Its Discontents" 7/18: *Berliner Ballade* (1949). 7/20: *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (1947). 7/21: *House of Strangers* (1949). 7/22: *Laura* (1944). 7/23: *Woman on the Beach* (1947). 7/24: *Woman in the Window* (1944). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 7/21–7/22: *Truck Turner* (1974). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—Through 7/30: "The Surreal World of Luis Buñuel." 7/23–7/24: *Death in the Garden* (*La Mort en ce jardin*) (1956). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of Rialto Pictures.

theater

Santos & Santos...Avow...Nathan Lane

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Nathan Lane and Jean Smart star in this comedy about a snooty writer who wreaks havoc on the happy home of some plain Midwesterners. By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (No, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Previews
Outrageous Fortune

Nathan Lane, who owns the hardest-working eyebrows on Broadway, will need them when he headlines *The Man Who Came to Dinner.* He just played a washed-up lounge lizard in the film *Trixie,* and Costard, the clown who is mocked by scholars who have "liv'd long by the alms-basket of words" in Kenneth Branagh's adaptation of *Love's Labours Lost.* But now the three-time Tony Awards co-host is reversing roles by playing a savage-tongued sophisticate in the 1939 comic classic by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. In Jerry Zaks's revival, which inaugurates the Roundabout Theatre Company's new 42nd Street digs, Lane takes on the role of a literary celebrity that was inspired—and later acted—by the Algonquin wit Alexander Woollcott. "He was actually a very lonely, very strange guy," says Lane, who's been reading up on the old card. "He pursued women but used to say that because of a severe case of the mumps he was impotent." Sidelined by a fall outside the home of a gullible Ohio family, Lane's Sheridan Whiteside is the complete opposite of Sidney Poitier's gentlemanly John Prentice. A cantankerous windbag who confirms all of your nightmarish fears about imposing houseguests, Lane (pictured, with cast) spends his six weeks' confinement making the family as miserable as he is, all the while wheelchair-bound. So if Kelsey Grammer was criticized for acting "from the neck up" ("If I'd only had five minutes with him on the phone," Lane laments, "five minutes"), Lane, legs immobilized, will have to play this marathon three-act role with just half a body. "I call this the *Hamlet* of comedy," he jokes. "Even in *Forum* I had more breaks." And that's not all: "They don't make plays like this anymore—we've got 35 or 40 people, choirboys, and penguins." In previews. (See "Broadway.") LOGAN HILL

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical,* mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Real Thing—The clever Tom Stoppard tells a fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. He has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Still, Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees. (Simon: 4/24/00.) $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—Shakespearean star and Starfleet captain Patrick Stewart plays Lyman Felt, a bigamist businessman who must confront his two wives after a terrible accident, in Arthur Miller's drama. $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Avow—Jack Hofsiss (*The Elephant Man*) directs Bill C. Davis's new play about same-sex marriage, an unwed mother, and a priest. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 7/14 for a 7/27 opening. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Filao—Featured in the Lincoln Center Festival, a *nouveau cirque* performance by the French company Les Colporteurs. $55. Most nights at 7. Call for schedule. Through 7/26. *Damrosch Part Tent, 62nd St. near Amsterdam Ave. (212-721-6500).*

Great Black One-Acts 2000—Woodie King presents one-acts by Amiri Baraka, Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, Alice Childress, Charles Fuller, Langston Hughes, and others. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

High Infidelity—*Falcon Crest* alum Morgan Fairchild and John Davidson star in John Dooley's new comedy about a senator and his wife. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Innocent as Charged—For the State Academic Theater of Russia's U.S. debut, and as part of the Lincoln Center Festival, the company presents nineteenth-century social realist Alexander Ostrovsky's play about a woman who is separated from her son and lover. $55. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. 7/19–7/23. *Fordham University Theatre, W. 60th St. at Columbia Ave. (212-721-6500).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—Comedian Mark Maron riffs on his pilgrimages to Hollywood, a Philip Morris factory, and Israel. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 7/19 for a 7/27 opening. Through 8/26. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Santos & Santos—Two Mexican-American lawyers and brothers become embroiled in narcotics smuggling when their younger brother returns to their El Paso law firm in Octavio Solis's new play. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7. Previews begin 7/14 for a 7/18 opening. Through 8/5. *Studio Theatre, 145 W. 46th St. (212-971-1074).*

Spinning Into Butter—As part of the Lincoln Center Festival, Daniel Sullivan (*A Moon for the Misbegotten, Dinner With Friends, Proof*) directs Hope Davis in Rebecca Gilman's new play about a racial controversy at a small Vermont college. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Anonymous—A novelist who works in advertising is set up with a batty nutritionist and a mafioso in

Opening Gabler Fest

The Williamstown Theatre Festival will host Michael Emerson and Kate Burton, last seen together Off Broadway in Brian Friel's *Give Me Your Answer, Do!*, and Harris Yulin (pictured, with Burton) in *Hedda Gabler*, adapted from the Ibsen drama by Jon Robin Baitz (*The Substance of Fire*). The festival, which recently premiered the productions of *The Price* and *The Rainmaker* that transferred to Broadway, isn't slowing down, either. August productions include Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* and Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky*, which stars Eric Stoltz. *Hedda* opens July 19. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Gary Mamay.

Glen Merzer's new comedy. Directed by Pamela Berlin (*Steel Magnolias, Crossing Delancey*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Comedy of Errors/The Iliad: Book One—The British and American Aquila Theatre Company returns with two performances in repertory. $20–$35. *Errors*: Thurs. at 8 and Sat. at 3 and 9. *Iliad*: Fri. at 7 and 9, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 E. Washington Square Place (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 8/13. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Place (212-532-8887).*

The Dance on Widows' Row—A new comedy about four rich widows by Samm-Art Williams (*The First Breeze of Summer, Home*). Produced by New Federal Theatre. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Eat the Runt—Audience members pick which roles the eight Mefisto Theatre company members will play in this surreal story about the hiring of a grants manager at an art museum. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-760-5940).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening

Brother, Can You Drop a Dime?

Based on a true story, Octavio Solis's new drama, 'Santos & Santos,' tracks two brothers and partners in a Texas law firm who live large until their younger brother returns home to join the family firm—and finds that his siblings are the middlemen for a drug deal. Featuring, from left, Kaipo Schwab and Arthur Acuña, this family reunion is in previews for a July 18 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Judith Shakespeare Company's Festival 2000—Feminist interpretations of *Julius Caesar* and *The Comedy of Errors*, directed by Joanne Zipay. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2 and 8. Through 7/22. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-352-8887).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

The Laramie Project—In November 1998, one month after Matthew Shepard's murder, director Moisés Kaufman (*Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*) traveled with his company to Laramie, Wyoming, just as Shepard's death was becoming a catalyst for hate-crime legislation nationwide. Six visits and several hundred interviews later, Kaufman and members of his company present a set of sampled monologues about the town and the

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

murder. $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Michigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy tracks a part Irish, part African-American, part Native American man's search for identity. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 9/22. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/10. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellence award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor's bizarre play pits two friends against each other in a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Off the Meter—John Ahlers directs Peter Zablotsky's new play about a cabdriver and an investment banker who concoct a get-rich-quick scheme together. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-279-4200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Poet of Columbus Avenue—The Pan-Asian Repertory presents Dennis Escobedo's new romantic comedy. $45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. Through 7/23. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Proof—Mary-Louise Parker plays a young woman who faces an elusive mathematical proof, a would-be lover, and Dad, a very sharp mathematician. Directed by Daniel Sullivan (*Moon for the Misbegotten*). $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/30. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Tabletop—Rob Ackerman, a playwright who has worked on television commercials for ten years, takes his audience into the twisted world of product promotion in his new play, the tale of an ambitious ad agency and their precious product: a fruity drink with a swirl. $20–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/5. *DTW's Bessie Schönberg Theatre, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. 7/11–7/23: Teri Hatcher, Ricki Lake, and Regina Taylor. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Baal—The Ontological Theatre presents a bop-era production of Bertolt Brecht's drama by Fovea Floods. $12. 7/20–7/30 at 8. *Ontological Theatre, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Big Kiss—Self-deprecation isn't just for big stars. Here, unknown actors unearth the terror of their most humiliating auditions for your enjoyment. $5. Mon. at 7. Through 8/14. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-268-9829).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Vaudevilles in the renovated porn palace. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Chicago City Limits Turns 20—Celebrating twenty years of shtick, the improv group tackles Elián, *Jeopardy,* and more. $20. Wed–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *City Limits Theater, 1105 First Ave., near 60th St. (212-888-5233).*

Classical Theatre of Harlem Shakespeare Festival—A modern adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* set and performed outdoors in Harlem. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. 7/14–8/6. *Harlem School of the Arts Courtyard, 645 St. Nicholas Ave. (212-539-8828).*

Durang vs. Ives—Christopher Durang and David Ives one-acts square off in this four-play fight. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. 7/13–7/23. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. (212-462-9233).*

Emerging Artist Series 2000—The Wooster Group showcases four young talents. 7/20–7/23: The fantastically talented crutch-dancer Bill Shannon ("Crutch"). 7/27–7/30: Multimedia group Radiohole. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Hot! Ninth Annual Celebration of Queer Culture—A full slate of queer-riffic performances. Highlights include Paul Bowde and Murray Nossel's unusual autobiographical performance about AIDS and friendship. 7/18: Perry Brass, Peter McLeon, Andy Horowitz. 7/19: Michael Burke, Tom Bondi, Mark Holt, Ken Bullock. 7/20 and 7/21: Carolin Brown, Sally Sockwell, Lexa Rosean. 7/22: Judith Scray. 7/24: Jeff McMahon, Clarinda Mac Low, Tanya Barfield. 7/25: Coco Frio. 7/26: Ken Bullock, Scotty the Blue Bunny, James Ferguson. 7/27: Paul Browde and Murray Nossel. 7/28: Jess Dobkin, Utopia Roaming. 7/29: Timothy Levitch. 7/31: Timothy Levitch, Jess Dobkin, Utopia Roaming, Forward. Most shows $7–$15. Performances at 8. *Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).*

Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival—Pack a picnic basket and brush up on your Shakespeare. *Measure for Measure* runs through 7/30. Beginning 7/19, *The Taming of the Shrew* runs in repertory through 8/27. $19–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Boscobel Restoration, Garrison (914-265-7858).*

Ice Factory 2000—Soho Think Tank presents a series of performances and works-in-progress, including Daria Fan's performance *What's the Matter.* $12. Call for schedule. Wed.–Sat. at 7. Through 8/12. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).*

Jesus Hopped the A Train—Toto, I don't think we're in *Oz* anymore: Philip Seymour Hoffman (*True West, Magnolia*) directs a new play by Stephen Adly Guirgus about two prisoners in Riker's, starring John Ortiz, David Zayas, and Ron Cephas Jones. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 7/18 for a 7/28 opening. Through 8/12. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-2228).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

The Picture—Tony Torn stars in Eugene Ionesco's classic, in which a "Large Gentleman" haggles with a painter over a work of art. $15. Through 7/22. *CHA, 135 W. 42nd. St. (212-206-7188).*

The Ridicu-Fest—Nada's festival of "high camp" features a fusion of *The Stepford Wives* and *A Doll's House* alongside other new works and camp classics by the Charleses Busch and Ludlam. $12–$15. Call for schedule. Through 7/23. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlow and Nada ShowWorld, 675 Eight Ave. (212-420-1466).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot—A free (!) Mod and R&B production of *As You Like It* presented by Expanded Arts. Free. (Did we mention the price already?) Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).*

Sistah Supreme—An autobiographical one-woman show by Bronx-born Liza Colon-Zayas. $25. Wed. and Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 7:30 and 10. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Summer Camp 6—The SoHo Rep presents new plays by emerging playwrights, including a frenzied "Ten-Minute Play Series" on 7/13 and 7/14. $8. Call for schedule. 7/13–8/13. *SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-334-0962).*

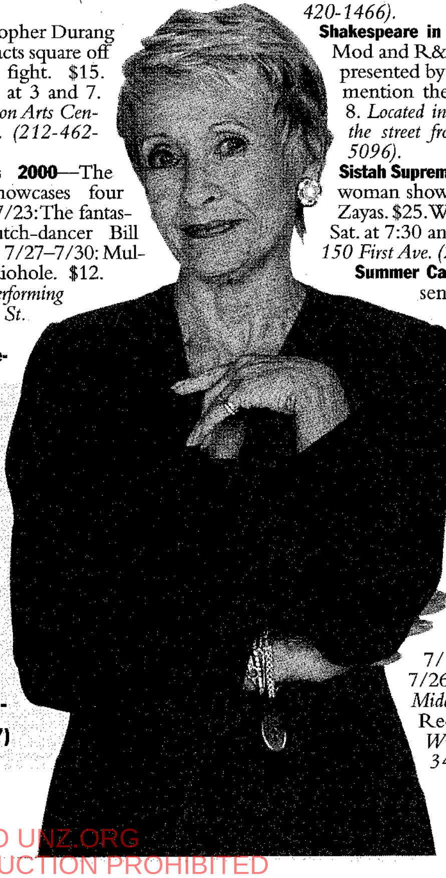
Surface Transit—Talented spoken-word performer, actress, and playwright Sarah Jones presents her one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Williamstown Theatre Festival—7/19–7/30: *Hedda Gabler.* 7/26–8/6: Simon Gray's *The Late Middle Classes,* directed by Roger Rees. Call for schedule. $18–$40. *Williamstown, Mass. (413-597-3400).*

Previews

Going to the Chapel

As advocates battle to keep gay marriage on the front pages, director Jack Hofsiss is trying to keep the issue on the marquee. 'Avow,' a new play by Bill C. Davis, introduces Brian and Tom (Christopher Sieber and Scott Ferrara), a gay couple; Father Raymond, the priest they want to marry them; and Irene, Brian's unwed pregnant sister. When Father Raymond and Irene fall in love, Brian's Catholic mother (Jane Powell, pictured) tries to reconcile her faith with her unconventional family. In previews for a July 27 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

art

Contemporary Landscapes...Weegee

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—Three installations by the American artist (1932–1997) from the past three decades, two of which have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 8/14. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Peter Dayton—Color laser Xerox collages of flowers; through 8/16. Winston Wächter Mayer, 9 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Herman Maril—Paintings and drawings of landscapes on Monhegan Island, Maine, from the sixties and seventies; through 8/31. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Eugenie Baizerman—Still-life and figurative paintings by a Polish-born artist (1899–1949); through 7/28. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Vanessa Beecroft—Photographs of the artist's staged performances from the series VB39 and VB42; through 9/16. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Raoul Hague—Five large-scale, carved wood sculptures made between 1969 and 1978; through 7/29. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Sean Snyder—Photographs, videos, and installations that present the artist's impressions of the urban environment, public space, and architectural structures; through 7/28. Koenig, 359 Broadway (212-334-9255).

Chelsea

Deborah Butterfield—New cast-bronze sculptures of horse forms; through 7/30. Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Roberto Juarez—New large-scale abstract paintings whose compositions of lines, circles, and squares were influenced by the renovation of Times Square as viewed through the windows of the artist's studio; through 7/31. Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Art of the Americas From the Chase Manhattan Collection: Icon + Grid + Void," paintings, sculpture, and photographs from the bank's collection by North, South, and Central American artists, among them Caldas, Ceemin, González-Torres, Porter, Rockburne, Serrano, Vaisman, Wall; through 7/30.

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338). "Out-of-Doors," contemporary landscapes by eighteen artists, among them Blosser, Cleveland, Crandall, Forman, Hannock, Katz, Morley, Palmer, Steinberg; through 7/28.

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works on paper by Colson, John, Morris, Ruscha, Starns, Therrien, Weiner; through 8/4.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). "Fluid Flow," works that investigate fluid systems by 25 artists, among them Arm, Bolande, Bradshaw, Derges, Fuss, Kalymnios, Obrosey, Parlotto, Siena, Wright; through 8/25.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). "New York-Classicism-Now," works that embody the characteristics associated with the art of classical antiquity—among them harmony, clarity, and restraint—by Akutsu, Collins, Croak, Drake, Gilje, Moore, Parrish, others; through 9/15.

57th Street Area

Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). Works that use the ball or sphere as an object of rumination, by Chiappa, Feher, Hammons, Hirst, Majore, Oursler, Wegman, others; through 8/18.

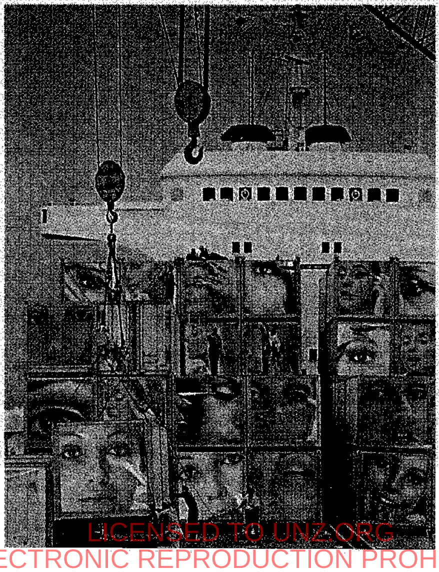
Littlejohn Contemporary—41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323). "Information, Interpretation, Revelation," works by Heffernan, Hogin, Marten, Moritsugu, Sisto; through 8/18.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century."

Retrospective Survivor

It's generally assumed that young radicals who shout the loudest lose their voices first, but activist and artist Martha Rosler, subject of a retrospective at the New Museum (833 Broadway; through October 8), isn't about to shut up. Since the sixties, she's bent documentary to her own purposes, whether directly in works like the now-canonical photographic series "The Bowery in Two Inadequate Descriptive Systems" or less obviously in her performance works and collage series, which place others' documentary images and texts in new contexts. With a dark sense of humor and an appreciation of the surreal quality of everyday lives, she's pasted images of Vietnam War victims inside spotless model American kitchens, snippets of women's naked bodies on top of their clothes, strip malls on the moon, and statistics about homelessness on the Flatiron Building. So it's striking when Rosler says, "It might be that documentary was primarily a twentieth-century mode. Documentary once had a function—the transformation of the social world—but now people think that images are all related to entertainment." In an important 1981 manifesto on documentary photography, Rosler denounced the "confusion between voyeurism and information." Now, she argues, it's even worse, with *Big Brother* and *Survivor* on primetime. "CBS used to be the network of Edward R. Murrow," she says. "Documentary was its forte, and now it's completely given that up in favor of voyeurism without any kind of message." But Rosler's not giving up; she's adapted. Whereas she used to supply temporary libraries so that gallery visitors could research the issues she tackled in her art, Rosler is now setting up Websites and distributing links for an unfinished piece on the politics of global commodities, including coffee—a product that may have something to do with her longevity. "I was drinking ten cups a day," she says. "Then I moved to California. You couldn't get a good cup anywhere." Luckily, she's back home in Greenpoint.

LOGAN HILL



Photograph courtesy of New Museum of Contemporary Art.

Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, New Jersey, among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Recent acquisitions of works by Expressionist and self-taught artists; through 9/8.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Blum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

Collins—83 Grand St. (212-226-1861). "Summertime," new works by Basora, Clough, Isensee, Lozano, Milloff, White, others; through 7/28.

Cowles—74 Grand St. (212-925-3500). Works by Arnoldi, Ben Tré, Caracciolo, Enders, Negroponte, Waterston, others; through 7/28.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (212-343-7300). "Sentimental Education," an exhibition curated by David Rimanelli for which twelve artists created their own visual responses to Gustave Flaubert's novel, *Sentimental Education*; through 7/29.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676). Works in glass or depicting glass, by Africano, Averbuch, Calderon, Frey, Hirst, others; through 7/29.

Chelsea

Brown's Enterprise—436 W. 15th St. (212-627-5258). Works by Ethridge, Guyton, Just, Kardel, Sweeney; through 7/28.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937). "Miracle Whip," works by Anderson, Bovasso, Frank, Farber, Miller, Stoetzel, others; through 7/29.

Eller—526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411). "Back to Nature," works by Bhabha, Dupuis, Ostendarp, Reeves, Rudolph, Zeller, others; through 8/4.

Erben—516 W. 20th St. (212-645-8701). Paintings, photographs, and audiovisual drawings, and other works by Monastyrskij, Nelson, Universal, Wood; through 7/28.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500). "Maximal Minimal," abstract paintings by Blake, Bovasso, Gwyn, Kaneda, Lyon, Rosmarin, Uglow, others; through 8/4.

Folin/Riva—529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434). Works by Chir, Kuwayama, Mancione, Mitchell, Odita, Segond, White, Victoria; through 8/5.

Foster—529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044). "Elbow Room: Manhattan's Public Spaces in Recent Art," works by Hirakawa, Landers, Norman, Petracca, Tunick; through 8/4.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "OO," drawings by Acconci, Baldessari, Barney, Bourgeois, Celmins, Kapoor, Lewitt, Kusama, Marden, Peyton, Serra, Tiravanija, Walker, others; through 8/30.

Golden—526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304). "Human/Nature," works by Alvarez, Ashkin, Beck, Kalymnios, Seimens, Vega, others; through 7/28.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770). "Kool Aid," works by Gartrell, Inoue, James, Korty, Pruitt; through 7/29.

Kasmin—293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474). Unique photographs by Bucklow, Derges, Hutcheson, McClelland, Miller, Rose; through 8/18.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Works that make use of the urban landscape, by Arden, J. Craig-Martin, Colson, Ess, Graham, Greenaway, Korty, Maher, Struth, others; through 8/18.

Lombard-Freid—531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040). "Psycho/Soma," works that examine the human condition through portraiture and staged images, by Baran, Brooks, Core, Dauder, Hines, Pollack, Silva, Von Zwehl; through 7/29.

Meltzer—516 W. 20th St. (212-727-9330). "Game On!", works on the theme of sports by 14 artists, among them Bowers, Chiappa, Dodge, Kimmel, Lambert, Steinfeld; through 7/28.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752). Photographs by Boberg and Schabel, an installation of lifelike "weeds" cast in PVC by Matelli; through 8/18.

Postmasters—459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323). Works by gallery artists, among them Armstrong, Cooper, Cottingham, Finch, Hoberman, Pearlstein, Risley, Schumann; through 7/29.

Shainman—513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701). "Simultaneous," paintings, photographs, and sculptures that compel the viewer to comprehend multiple images, gestures, and meanings at once, by Attie, Knox, Mthethwa, Wagner, Vega; through 7/28.

Sonnabend—536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018). "Retrospective," works by gallery artists celebrating the gallery's new location; through 7/30.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219). Recent video projections by Hans Op de Beeck; group show of works by Heist & Genesis P-Orridge, Lucy, Violette; through 8/4.

Tibet House Cultural Center—22 W. 15th St. (212-807-0563). "Art Treasures From the Land of Snows: Selections From the Tibet House Repatriation Collection," gilt bronzes, *thangkas* (paintings), ritual objects, and photographs; through 9/22.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photography

Baumgartner—418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276). New photographs by Baker, Geiger, Jennings, Kereszi, Lambert, Pearlstein, Schaesberg; through 7/29.

Benrubi—52 E. 72nd St. (517-3766). Photographs of interiors by Abranowicz, Alpern, A. Arbus, Casebere, Devine, Imes, Maul, Morell, Polidori, Turyn, others; through 8/31.

Valenti Claverol—Photographs documenting daily life in the principality of Andorra in the Pyrenees between 1930 and 1970; through 7/27. Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave. (212-628-0420).

Louise Dahl-Wolfe/Farooz Zahedi—Portraits, still-lifes, and fashion work by the photographer (1895–1989) who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* from 1936 to 1958/Mural-sized Iris prints of botanical forms arranged in compositions. Through 9/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). Images of the sea by Italian photographers, including works by Bernardi, Bruno, Gucci, Migliori, Stravisi, Vasco, Vitaliano, others; through 9/9.

Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of museumgoers from the fifties to the present; through 8/11. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-70070).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010). "Made for America," vintage photographs from the *Time-LIFE* photo archive that were taken for *LIFE*, *Time*, and *Fortune* magazines by Bourke-White, Capa, Evans, Parks, and other photographers; through 8/12.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Klotz—22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211). Works by Atterberry, Denny, Folberg, Halverson, Perkis, Shapiro, Scheer, Tuempling, Tytla; through 8/18.

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). Works exploring personal identity and family by Baden, Guarino, Miesenberger, Millet, Rubinfien; through 8/25.

Miller—20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930). "Alternative Realities," works by Aziz + Cucher, Berger, Campus, Castonguay, Costa, Geerlinks, Taylor, Weiss; through 8/18.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999). "Photographs for Summer Reading," works that use the written word as a subject by Acconci, Attie, Bourdin, Brassai, Callahan, Evans, Frank, Gowin, Michals, Siskind, others; through 8/30.

John Pinderhughes—Color photographs of eastern Long Island; through 7/31. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819). Recent photographs by Chapman, McKenna, Ruiz i Altaba. Through 8/18.

Tokihiro Sato—Photographs that record movement through specific locations; through 7/28. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Saul—560 Broadway (212-431-0747). Staged and constructed photographs on the theme of architecture by Asymptote: Rashid and Couture, Boberg, Casebere, Groover, Kasten, Nicosia, Voita, Wood, others; through 8/18.

W. Eugene Smith—Vintage photographs from Smith's 1948 *Country Doctor* essay for *LIFE* magazine; through 8/12. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600). Black-and-white photographs by Hirsch, Hosoe, Iturbide, Jacobson, Mapplethorpe, Mark, Rauschenberg, Sherman, Witkin, Wodiczko; through 7/28.

Juergen Teller—Photographs from "Go-Sees" and "Miss Worlds," the former chronicling a year of meetings between the London-based photographer and aspiring models and the latter a series of portraits of Miss World contestants; through 7/28. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Wilhelm von Gloeden—Portraits of young male nudes posed alongside ancient ruins in Sicily, taken between 1878 and 1914; through 9/9. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Weegee—The first exhibition devoted to the photographer's distorted images, among them distortions of Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon, the Empire State Building, and Coney Island; through 7/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). "Cool," works by Anderson & Low, Cratsley, Dugdale, English, Flynt, Halliday, Hawkins, Horst, Van Dongen; through 8/25.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia." Masks, costumes, headdresses, ritual aprons, and ceremonial implements used for "Devil Dances," the traditional Lamaist Buddist dance ceremonies of Mongolia; through 9/17. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.–Sat. 10–6; $4, $2 students and seniors (free Mon.–Fri. 12–2).

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886–1890." Paintings of outdoor scenes in Brooklyn and Manhattan by the American landscapist; through 8/13. . . . "Maxfield Parrish, 1870–1966." The first critical survey of the works of the American artist, including paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, artifacts, and ephemera; through 8/6. . . . "Vivian Cherry: A Working Street Photographer 1940s–1990s." Photographs documenting social conditions in the Lower East Side garment industry, Depression-era Harlem, Brooklyn neighborhoods, and Times Square, as well as images showing the 1950s demolition of Manhattan's Third Avenue El; through 8/6. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. . . . "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Photograph courtesy of Matthew Marks Gallery.

Photography

Those Lips, Those Eyes

Known primarily for his eye-popping book 'Naked City' as well as his thirties and forties tabloid photos in the 'Herald Tribune' and the New York 'Daily News,' Arthur Fellig (a.k.a. Weegee) spent the last twenty years of his career in relative obscurity, pushing the limits of photographic printing techniques. "Weegee: Distortions" (Matthew Marks Gallery, 523 West 24th Street; through July 28) highlights the artist's darkroom experiments through eerily distorted images of well-known landmarks and popular figures ranging from Times Square and the Eiffel Tower to Fidel Castro and the Mona Lisa (pictured).

Drawing Center—"Selections Summer 2000." Works on paper by emerging artists; through 7/26. . . . "Mark Manders." An installation in which the Dutch artist focuses on the role of drawing in *Self-Portrait as a Building*, a work-in-progress that he has been developing for the past fourteen years; through 7/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699–1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition of African art; through 9/3. . . . "The Beginning of Baroque: Carracci at the Metropolitan." Paintings, prints, and drawings made between 1580 and 1610 by Annibale, Agostino, and Ludovico Carracci from the museum's collection; through 9/17. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." A selection of recent acquisitions of early drypoints created by the German artist between 1914 and 1922; through 1/7/01. . . . "Art and Oracle: Spirit Voices of Africa." African sculpture and objects dating from the sixteenth to the twentieth century; through 7/30. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless steel sculptures displayed on the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 April to September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

On View **Artists drawing inspiration from the great outdoors are about as rare as New Yorkers in a hurry. But what makes "Out-of-Doors" worth a trip uptown is that the eighteen participating artists—Marilla Palmer, Alex Katz, and Nick Blosser (pictured, *Trees Near Road,* 2000) among them—exhibit paintings, works on paper, and sculptures of contemporary landscapes so alluring you'll want to plan your next few vacations around their subjects. At Adam Baumgold Fine Art, 128 East 72nd Street; through July 28.**

Photograph courtesy of Adam Baumgold Gallery.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Freud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s"; through 8/22. . . . "Anatomically Incorrect"; through 9/26. . . . "Home Movies"; through 9/26. . . . "How Simple Can You Get?"; through 9/26. . . . "Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and Callahan"; through 9/26. . . . "Modern Living 2"; through 9/26. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Paris Salon"; through 9/26. . . . "The Rhetoric of Persuasion"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Shigeru Ban: A Paper Arch"; through 8/1. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Projects 72: John Armleder and Piotr Uklanski"; through 8/1. . . . "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection; through 1/28/01. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. . . . "Tiborocity: Design and Undesign by Tibor Kalman." A retrospective of the late designer's work in print, film, video, and product design, including more than 200 pieces from his personal collection; the archives of M&Co., the design firm he founded in 1979; and his contributions as editor-in-chief of the Benetton-sponsored magazine *Colors*; through 8/7. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Manhattan Contrasts: Twentieth-Century Paintings of New York From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Chesley Bonestell, Theresa Bernstein, Colin Campbell Cooper, Martin Wong, and others; through 8/27. . . . "New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 8/13. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Works by approximately 80 sound artists presented through headphones and a room designed with speakers for individual and group sound-art presentation; through 9/30. . . . Projects by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30. . . . "Max Neuhaus: Drawings." Drawings that complement the artist's sound works; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), consisting of works by African and African-American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, and sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Barbara Kruger." The first major museum retrospective of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched metal plates, installations, and sculptures that use text and image to raise questions about values, taste, and the material world; through 10/22. . . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Tony Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified.*" A new work commissioned by the museum that allows three-dimensional projections to appear in free space; through 10/31. . . . "Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who striptease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned works by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rachel Feinstein, Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lisa Ruyter, and Alyson Shotz; 7/21–12/15. . . . "Expanding Horizons: Landscape Photographs From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works by Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and others; 7/21–10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

restaurants

French Connections...8 ½...Big Nick's

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bari—Downstairs, this perpetually bustling café attracts SoHo shoppers taking time out for cappuccino, sandwiches, and a view of the always entertaining street scene. Ascend the spiral staircase for a more substantial meal in the loftlike dining room, which features a woodburning oven and grill and dishes like spice-rubbed duck breast with bok choy, crispy roasted halibut, and broiled asparagus with browned Parmesan and bread crumbs. *529 Broadway, at Spring St. (212-431-4350). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food attract a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—This is Drew Nieporent's baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

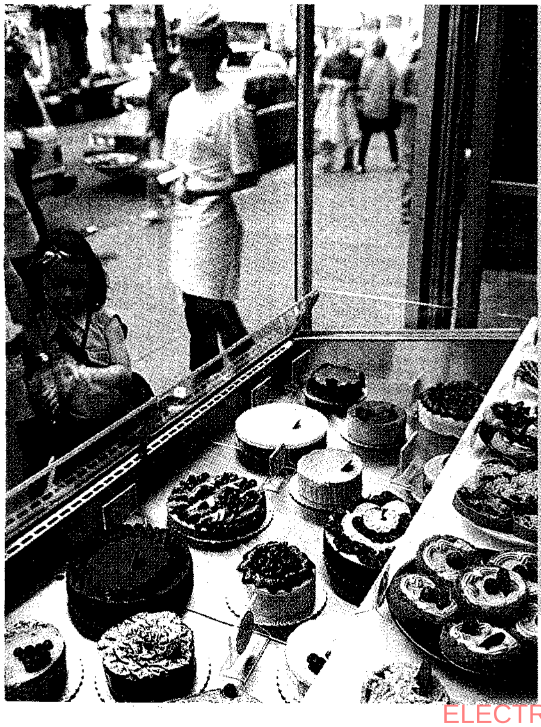
Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as



Opening
A New Attitude

Food Attitude, the spacious new café and pastry shop off Union Square Park, hopes to distinguish itself from the fancy-food fray with its "BYOC" ("Be Your Own Chef!") dessert station, a take on the "build your own sundae" routine popular at children's birthday parties and midwestern restaurant chains. The pastry emporium—which also serves soup, salad and sandwiches—ups the do-it-yourself ante by allowing frustrated Pierre Hermé wannabes to direct the surprisingly attitude-free French staff in a three-step process involving a selection of 24 deluxe ingredients including croustade puff pastry or tulipe cookie shells to start, followed by fillings like chocolate ganache or vanilla mousseline, and topped with, say, pâté de fruit or passion-fruit sauce. Optional bittersweet chocolate or roasted-coconut shavings are free, but sprinkles, alas, don't make the cut. (20 East 17th Street; 646-486-6222.)

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

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good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

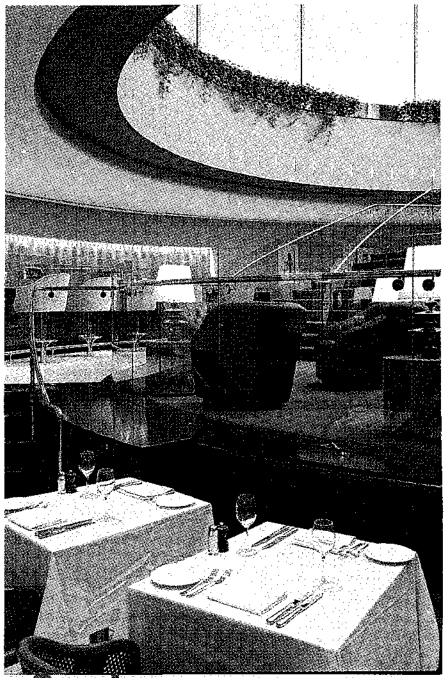
Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*



Photograph by Bruce Katz.

Opening
Vanity Plates

A great fan of the old Brasserie as well as the unrecognizably stylish new one, real-estate developer Sheldon Solow commissioned architect Hugh Hardy to build him one of his very own, in the basement of his curved-front skyscraper at 9 West 57th Street—thus, Brasserie 8 1/2, opening Wednesday. And he's contracted with Restaurant Associates, the operator of the reborn Seagram building Brasserie, to run the brand-new kitchen, where chef Julian Alonzo pays equal attention to Brasserie classics (frisée aux lardons) and more contemporary, eclectic combinations (diver-sea-scallop seviche with lime, cilantro, and green chili, for example). A serpentine stairway descends to a circular bar and lounge, featuring a light, late-night menu and Matisse prints that represent only an infinitesimal portion of Solow's personal collection, which is impressive: The only thing standing between diners and an open kitchen is a multi-million-dollar stained-glass screen by Fernand Léger. (9 West 57th Street; 212-829-0812.)

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mi—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

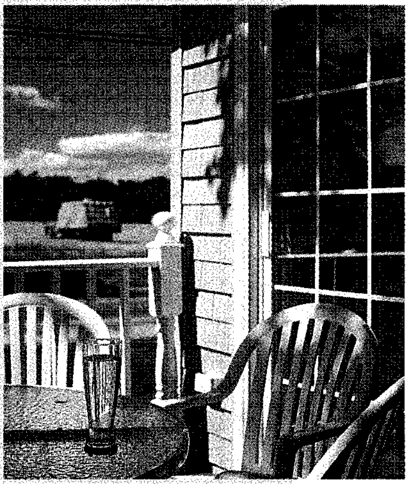
Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private

Opening
Claw Daddy

Anyone who's ever been to a Hampton has seen Lobster Roll, better known as Lunch—a weather-beaten roadside clam bar, no-frills seafood restaurant, and geographic point of reference that's as much a part of the South Fork scenery as the Montauk lighthouse. Unlike most of the ritzy competition, it's nothing fancy: just fried clams, hearty chowders, flawless lobster salad, and homemade pie served without a shred of pretense in a perpetually packed, family-oriented setting. So seasonal residents and drive-by diners who equate Lunch with the sun and sand might be surprised to learn that owner Fred Terry has opened an outpost in Riverhead, the working-class juncture between the North and South forks, where the roads diverge and the weekending hordes breeze by. Will the charm of the East End locale translate to Lobster Roll Northside, where diners sacrifice the sea breeze for the two-mile proximity to Tanger outlet mall? Terry, a Riverhead native whose family has owned the Amagansett Lobster Roll for 35 years, is sure of it. He and his son Rick have converted a century-old farm into Baiting Hollow Commons, the home of seven retail shops clustered around a gray-shingled Victorian farmhouse, where meals are served on the porch and in what used to be the Zdunko family living room. Besides the signature sandwich, there's fried blowfish, linguine pescatore, and seafood pizza, plus an adjacent Italian deli called Lunch Country, serving salads and sandwiches featuring local produce and herbs plucked from the garden out back. A kids' menu and a playground equipped with a pedal car and tractor track prove that, just as at the original Lobster Roll, family is foremost. Terry's in particular. "I have seven children and was running out of things for them to do," he says. In this family business, no one gets a free ride. "I make my ten-year old twins mow the lawn." (3225 Sound Avenue, Riverhead; 631-369-3039.)



LUNCH
LUNCH

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf, plus panini sandwiches. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch offered on weekends. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of

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course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie Bit—With David Ruggerio supervising the kitchen at this new theater-district restaurant, customers can expect a bit of Italian cooking to seep into the French-American brasserie menu. Pre- or post-curtain appetites are sated with hearty fare like braised short ribs with olive-oil-enriched mashed potatoes, and garlic-roasted pork shank. Want something less heavy-duty? Try the European tapas, served at the serpentine zinc bar. *258 W. 44th St. (212-869-4440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with *porto* marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. *1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (212-869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (212-575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs a paltry $10.95, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a lineup of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vago—This Northern Italian midtowner makes its own pasta and breads along with house specialties like warm sea-bass carpaccio, venison medallions sautéed with chestnuts, and roasted baby pheasant with black-truffle sauce. The wine list is extensive, and the dining room is adorned with frescoes, alabaster sconces, and cherrywood trim. *29 W. 56th St. (212-765-5155). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

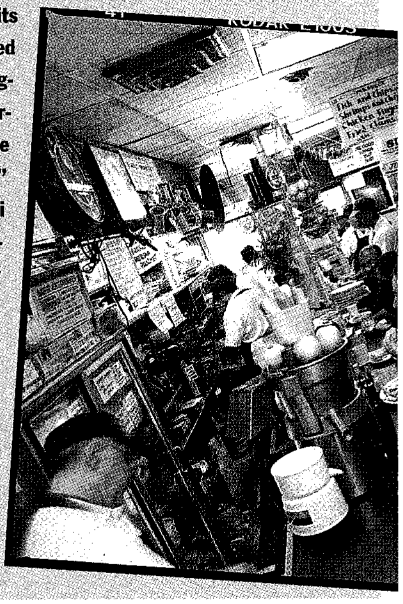
57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

How about a meal for $15 you'd be willing to eat?

Waiting for a table at Big Nick's Burger & Pizza Joint, I detect a dangerous drift toward trendiness in the hand-lettered signs tacked on every bit of wall space touting: PINA COLADA, FRESH-SQUEEZED CARROT JUICE, TOFU PIZZA, TUNA BURGER, ICED CAPPUCCINO. Is there a Nick? I haven't a clue. But I like that his hot grinder melt comes with Mylanta "on request." Somehow an invisible kitchen in this cramped and frenetic round-the-clock sliver of a storefront and its twin next door is poised to dish up a couple of hundred menu options from blintzes, burritos, and an ostrich burger to chicken potpie. Tonight we have a hungry 22-year-old in tow and all of us are committed to carnal sin. We're having chili burgers—not the one-pound "sumo burger" but Big Nick's standard half-pounder, really rare, the chili a tad thin, with good enough fries, a paper cup of macaroni salad, and a side of raisin-pocked coleslaw, nicely drowning in mayo. The Greek salad is a satisfying crunch of iceberg with tomatoes and salty feta. Good grub and just $42 to feed three. As we swivel toward the exit, dodging relays of rushing waiters, I spy little crumbly cubes speared with toothpicks. "Have one," says the counter guy, setting a single cubic inch of sweet and sticky carrot cake on a saucer for each of us, a sweet petit four on the house. Delivery. (2173–2175 Broadway, at 77th Street; 212-362-9238.)



Photograph by Bruce Katz.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

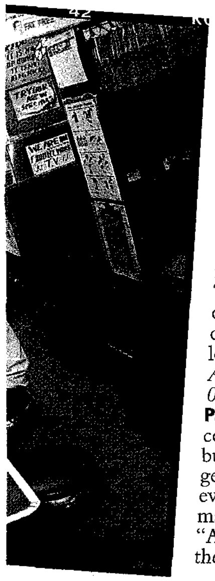
Nascimento—This fun, romantic Brazilian restaurant with a supplement of Italian dishes features live entertainment nightly and Brazilian music on Saturdays. Try the authentic Bahian specialties like moqueca de peixe (fish stew made with dende oil) and Brazil's hearty national black bean dish from Rio, feijoada completa. *1068 First Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-755-6875). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

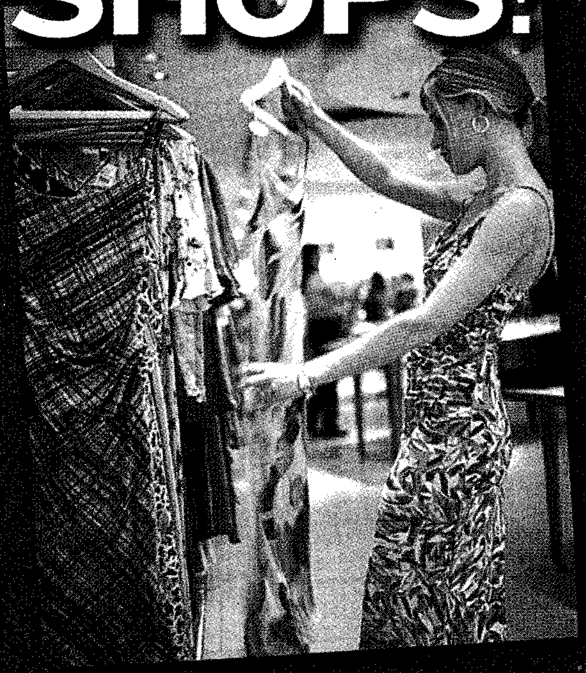
Above 60th Street, East Side



Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with



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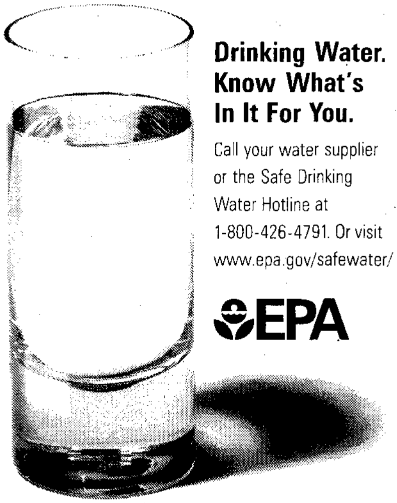

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signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

Bringing Up Gaby

As gastronomic luck would have it, the French parent company of the Sofitel luxury hotel group also owns Lenôtre, fabled source of some of Paris's most exquisite pastries and chocolates. Which explains why the gift shop of midtown's new $370-a-night Sofitel is stocked with Lenôtre butter cookies and candy bars, and the staff of the hotel's Gaby Brasserie Française is undergoing intensive training in the classic art of baking croissants, brioche, and bread. But resist the temptation to fill up on carbs: Chef Eric Fraudeau, who apprenticed under Joël Robuchon and Alain Ducasse, has crafted a menu of greatest Gallic hits, like onion soup, charcuterie, salmon rillettes, bouillabaisse, and choucroute. (44 West 45th Street; 212-782-3040.)

in concert

Verdi in Central Park...Alvin Ailey

Classical Music

Meredith Monk—Harks back to her groundbreaking performances of the seventies in three concerts, beginning with her unaccompanied *Songs From the Hill* and selections from *ATLAS* and *American Archaeology.* The final program includes *Our Lady of Late,* for solo voice and wineglass, and the classic sextet *Dolmen Music,* interspersed with excerpts from Monk's two silent films. 7/18, 7/21, and 7/23. Please call the festival hotline for individual program details, ticket prices, and locations *(212-721-6500).*

Washington Square Festival Orchestra—Presents a program of Mozart masterpieces including the Clarinet Concerto in A and Symphony No. 40 in G minor. 7/18 at 8. *Washington Square Park; free. Rain space: New York University Theatre, 34 W. 4th St.*

Electronic Evolution—Lincoln Center Festival concludes a five-part exploration of electronic music with works for the theremin played by Lydia Kavina, the last protégée of its inventor. 7/19 at 8. *The New York Society for Ethical Culture, 64th St. and Central Park West (212-875-5928); $20.*

Mannes College of Music—Vladislaw Kovalsky, Jerome Rose, and Mykola Suk continue the International Keyboard Festival with a program ranging from Bach's *Partita No. 2* to Chopin's *Ballade No. 3.* 7/19 at 8. *Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (212-580-0210, ext. 336); $15.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs romantic music alfresco, including Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 5* and Glinka's Overture to *Ruslan and Ludmilla.* 7/24 at 8. *The Great Lawn, Central Park at 81st St. (212-875-5709); free.*

Opera

The New York Grand Opera Company—Stages the five-act version of Verdi's *Don Carlos,* conducted by Vincent La Selva as part of the SummerStage series. 7/19 at 6:30. *Central Park SummerStage, at 72nd St., near Fifth Ave.; free.*

Dance

Pilobolus—Premieres Alison Chase's *Tsu-ku-tsu,* accompanied by Japanese *taiko* drummer Leonard Eto; a duet by Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken called *Tantra;* and *Sweet Dreams,* a quartet by Michael Tracy with music by Paul Sullivan, through 7/22. Please call for performance schedules and times. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $36.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Lincoln Center celebrates summer dancing under the stars Tuesdays through Saturdays, 7/11–7/29 at 8:15, dance lesson at 6:30. Please call for programming and rain updates. *Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-875-5766); $11, six-night pass $62.*

Noche Flamenca—Harnesses the dramatic power of flamenco in a series of premieres, including Martin Santangelo's *La Plaza,* which draws out the tensions between people gathered in a marketplace, and his new *Alegrias,* which tells a traditional love story. 7/12–8/13, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8, Sundays at 5. *The Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-278-4200); $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun.*

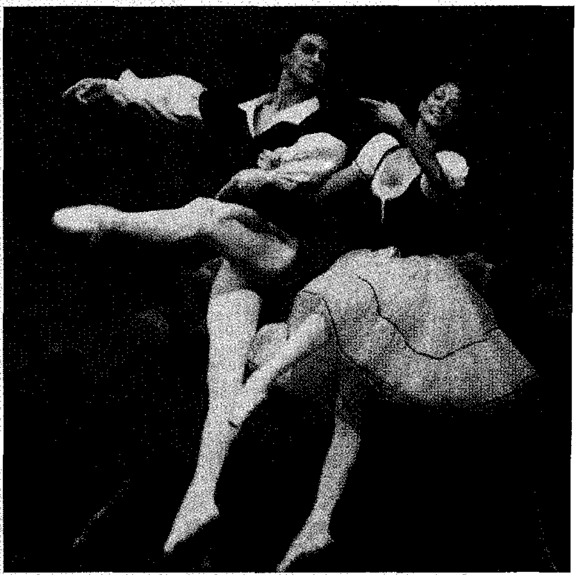
The Bolshoi Ballet—Returns to New York for the first time in ten years with two programs of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russian choreographers, including *Giselle* and "The Kingdom of the Shades" from *La Bayadère.* 7/18–7/22 at 8, 7/23 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $20–$75.*

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—Explore the blending of cultures in a new work, *You Walk?,* set to music chosen for its ethnic origins, including Amazon Indian polyphonies and American blues. *The Breathing Show* is a solo performance by Jones featuring a series of new dances choreographed to Schubert lieder. *You Walk?* 7/19 and 7/22 at 8, *The Breathing Show* 7/20 at 8. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $38.*

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—Presents two programs of works, both featuring the incomparable *Revelations.* Program A includes the world premiere of a new work by the company's artistic director, Judith Jamieson. 7/25–29 at 8, additional performance at 2 on 7/29. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $20–$75.*

Preview
Strictly Ballroom

At a party to celebrate the Bolshoi Ballet's recent return to the U.S., prima ballerina Nina Ananiashvili surveyed the chattering crowd and leaned across to producer David Eden, a fellow veteran of the Soviet era. "We were so different then, so much more reserved," she confided, "and now they look like dancers anywhere." A vague nostalgia for a not-so-pleasant past has always, it seems, been characteristic of Russia, perhaps most deeply so in Pushkin's account of Peter the Great's brutal modernization in 1717, pulling the country up "with an iron bridle" that later rulers have not hesitated to apply as well. "The Bolshoi has been tremendously affected by social and political upheavals in Russia," Eden admits. "In the Soviet era it was the premiere prestige organization, reflecting the accomplishments of the Soviet state." Now that's no longer the case, and we spend a moment comparing the great troupe to old Moscow herself, in Pushkin's poem depicted as an obsolete dowager empress, gazing enviously at the pretty new czarina. "It's a major challenge for them," Eden concedes. "They've got to look at the repertory they missed in the twentieth century, and at the same time, be open to new choreography. They recently performed Stravinsky's *Agon;* it's an incredible challenge for Russians to dance to that music." Although the company is relatively young and open to innovation, it still looks to mentors who were the greatest dancers of the forties and fifties, including the father of artistic director Alexei Fadeyechev. Under the direction of veteran Vladimir Vasiliev, the dancers have retained their power of characterization, if the reviews to date are an indication, along with the expressive, unorthodox style for which they were renowned. The company's opening program in New York on July 18 features Vasiliev's new production of *Giselle* (pictured), and the second, a mixed bill, includes the first U.S. presentation of Balanchine's *Symphony in C.* "You know the Russians," Eden concludes. "No matter how ready you think you are, they always surprise you." (See "Dance.") **Tara Pepper**



Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph courtesy of Lincoln Center.

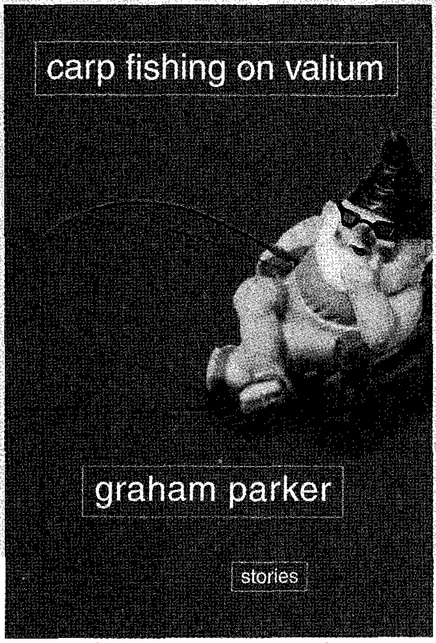
nightlife

Parsons . . . "Bossa Rio" . . . Hendryx

In Print
No Ordinary Words

To Graham Parker, "pub date" always meant "a gig in some crappy pub," of which he had many before staking out his turf in the late seventies as one of Britain's finest, and most ferocious, singer-songwriters. But now the 49-year-old first-time author enjoys enunciating the phrase carefully ("Pub. Date"), testing its other meaning with more than a whiff of irony. About five years ago, Parker began writing the linked stories that would become *Carp Fishing on Valium* (just out from St. Martin's Press), having put aside a draft of a novel he'd begun out of boredom while on tour in Sweden. He was a quick study. "You take a grain of truth and blow it up out of all proportion," he explains. "In a way, it's like songwriting. But there's not so much time in 3½ minutes, you know? Songwriting to me is immediately emotionally manipulative. Whereas with this, you can take your time, tell a real story." At least part of the real story in *Carp Fishing* is Parker's. "Brian Porker, our hero, is from the working class, and obviously I am," Parker says. "The more I wrote, the more I started going back. It was fascinating to me to find out that my life was way more interesting before I got my first record deal. When I was twentysomething, I was working in a factory and going to pubs and talking to all these rather bigoted, probably racist, homophobic, sexist characters. It was another life; I was a different person." While the basis for characters like the blushing Beetroot ("Massive scarlet sheets would run up his face from the neck at the slightest provocation") might be obscure, the protagonist "Brian Porker" is but one of several recognizable rock-world figures. In "Me and the Stones," Mick Jagger dies under the wheels of a London double-decker and Keith Richards auditions Porker as lead singer because "Man, y'know, things 'ave to carry on with the Stones." That's affectionate; Parker saves his famous bile for his portraits of the bandanna'd guitarist "Small Billy, sometime accomplice of the superstar Speigelstein," and the tedious "Ron Bonhomie" of "the superstar rock band Bonhomie." "There's a few things I've written where I've looked and said, 'Damn, why did I do that, what am I thinking?'," Parker says cagily, "so I'd rather not clarify anything about names that seem familiar." Then he laughs. "It's for me to worry about, and you to guess." Since finishing the book, Parker, who continues to release albums regularly, has written a passel of "interesting songs that bounce off the stories" and is organizing a *Carp Fishing* words-and-music tour for the fall. Meanwhile, he's got a question: "And when is the, ah, pub date on this, by the way?"

George Kalogerakis



Concerts

The Beach Boys/The Four Tops—7/23 at 7:30: *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $20–$47.50.*

The B-52's/The Go-Go's/Psychedelic Furs—7/21 at 7: *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $32–$42.*

Def Leppard—7/24 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $29–$39.*

Jimmie Dale Gilmore—7/19–7/20 at 7: With John Wesley Harding and Albert & Gage. *Angel Orensanz Center for Performing Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

The Moody Blues—7/22 at 8. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$45.*

"Spitkicker"—7/18 at 8: With De La Soul; Common; Biz Markie; Pharoahe Monch; Talib Kweli & Hi-Tek. *Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill— 7/17: Johnny Bassett. 7/18: Little Milton. 7/19: Wayne Toups; Loup Garou. 7/20: Jorma Kaukonen. 7/21: Leon Redbone. 7/22: Dave Mason. 7/23: Savoy Brown. 7/24: Rod Piazza & the Mighty Flyers. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

Bottom Line—7/19: Scott Henderson Trio. 7/21: Brave Combo; Blotto. 7/22: "Soupy Sales: Stop Me If You've Heard It!" An evening of nonstop joke-telling. 7/24: Sally Taylor; Jack Hardy; Ceili Rain. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/20: The Dandy Warhols. 7/21: Grandaddy; Home; Bright Eyes. 7/22: Blonde Redhead. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Brownies—7/22–7/23: "Digital Club Festival" presents Superchunk. 7/24–7/25: "Digital Club Festival" presents Freeheat. *161 Ave. A (212-420-8392). $.*

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Third World—7/22 at 7:30: With Carl Hancock Rux. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Part West, Park Slope (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—7/19: New York Grand Opera presents: Verdi's "La Forza del Destino." 7/21: Ronald K. Brown; Philip Hamilton. 7/22: "Teen Jam!" with Tarsha Vega; Rock Steady Crew; R-Angels; Innosense. 7/23: "Family Jam!" with Rebirth Brass Band; Shorty Trombone; DJ Jus and Lil' Nique; Double Dutch Divas; Hanulsori Kids. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., midpark (212-360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Cooler—7/17: Lip Bomb; the Ghost Exit; the Maximals. 7/21: Vote Robot; Pitchbrite. 7/22: The Slackers; Twinsound. 7/24: Ira Cohen. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Creative Time at the Anchorage—7/20: Glenn Branca; Phil Kline; The User; Symphony for Dot Matrix Printers; Annie Gosfield. 7/21: Bridge Noirs. 7/22: Dead Prez. 7/23: Gospel Under the Bridge. *The Anchorage is located inside the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, on Cadman Plaza West at the intersection of Hicks and Old Front Streets (212-206-6674, ext. 251). Tickets for the entire series are $40 and can be purchased at Other Music (212-477-8150).*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat, "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb, "Playing for Time." 7/17–7/19: Daniel Bauer. 7/21: Merry Daze. 7/23: Kevin Aviance. 7/24: Mark Kozelek. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hudson River Festival presents "Music at Castle Clinton"—7/20: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band. All concerts are at 7. Free tickets are limited to two per person and will be distributed first-come-first-serve starting at 5 on the day of the concert. *Castle Clinton in Historic Battery Park (212-835-2789).*

Irving Plaza—7/21: Lucy Pearl. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses". with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 7/19–7/21: Sandra Bernhard. 7/17: Funk 'n' Lata. 7/18: Nona Hendyrx. 7/23: Ayo. 7/24: Absolute Ensemble. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—7/17: John Fahey. 7/18: Broken Compass II; Antibalas. 7/19: Merry Days Festival. 7/20: Betty; Dan Zanes and the Rocket Ship Beach Experiment. 7/21: Rebirth Brass Band. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—7/18: Jess Klein; The Blue Noise Band. 7/19: Lucy Kaplansky. 7/20: Gary Lucas; Avram Fefer. 7/22: The Chesterfields. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Maxwell's—7/18: The Muffs; the Hissyfits. 7/19: Richard Shindell; Stacey Earle. 7/20: Big Sandy & the Fly Rite Boys. 7/21: Spacehog; the Mike Hunt Band. 7/22: "Digital Club Festival" presents Richard Thompson; the Dandy Warhols. 7/23: "Digital Club Festival" presents the Queers. 7/24: "Digital Club Festival" presents Yo La Tengo. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—7/18: Errortype: 11. 7/19: Jack Lukeman. 7/20: Heroine Sheiks. 7/21: Puracane. 7/22: Extra Virgin; Hobex. 7/23: Sue Garner & Rick Brown. 7/24: Carmin Turco; Jamie Green. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—7/19: "Fat Beats" D.J. competition. 7/20: Chiwoniso. 7/21: Mandrill; Dead Prez. 7/22: "Digital Club Festival" presents Silvana Magda with Katende, Brazuca, and Ogans. 7/23: "African Roots Tour 2000" with Ishmael Isaac; Positive Black Soul. 7/24: "Digital Club Festival" presents Maraca & His Descarga; Yousy Barbara. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/18: Rana. 7/20: Granola Funk Express. 7/22: Uncle Sammy; Addison Groove Project. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Cheetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

"Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. 7/22: Timmy Richardson; Andy Haley of "Body & Soul." *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Wednesdays: "Rock Candy" with D.J. and host Steven Blush. Thursdays: "BeavHer," a long-running eighties night. Fridays: Drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Fun—This sprawling, bilevel, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese anime, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

Halcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." 7/19: Casey Hogan; Alexi Delano. 7/22: Mel Cheren reads from "Keep On Dancin'," D.J. Nicky Siano of "Twelve West" spins. *227 Smith St., bet. Butler and Douglass, Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

SPA—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic thanks to the club's visionary Steven Lewis, who maintains the kind of balance among office zhlubs, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Mark Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/19: "Sounds Like Paper" with D.J. Mark Farina. 7/21: Paul Van Dyk. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the breakdancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. 7/19: "Dance Ritual" remembers Larry Levan and the Paradise Garage with D.J.'s "Little" Louie Vega; Joe Llanos; David DePino. 7/22: "Shelter" presents a tribute to Larry Levan. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Jazz

BAMcafé—"Live Summer Season" featuring African funk, jazz, salsa, and more. $10 food-or-drink minimum. 7/21: Chocolate Genius & Friends. 7/22: Hi-Fi Honey. *30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111).*

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 7/19: Ralph Irizarry & "Timbalaye." 7/20–7/22: John Tropea with Will Lee, Ronnie Cuber, Leon Pendarvis, and Shawn Pelton. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/17: Gene Ludwig with Grant Green. 7/18–7/23: "Bossa Rio" wih Baden Powell and Leo Gandelman. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

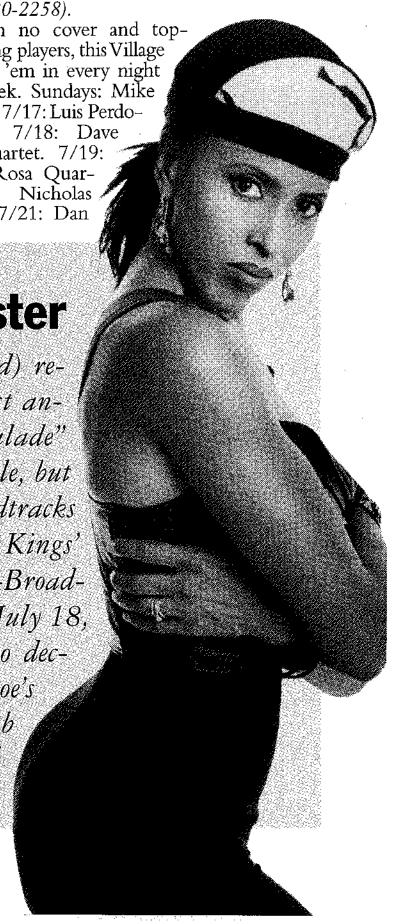
Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/17: Luis Perdomo Trio. 7/18: Dave Bixler Quartet. 7/19: Carlo DeRosa Quartet. 7/20: Nicholas Drakides. 7/21: Dan

Performance

Funk Soul Sister

Nona Hendryx (pictured) recorded the funky feminist anthem "Lady Marmalade" with the disco trio Labelle, but she's since sung on soundtracks for movies like 'Three Kings' and scored the bound-for-Broadway musical 'Blue.' On July 18, Hendryx will bring two decades' worth of soul to Joe's Pub for a rare small-club appearance. (See "Small Stages.")



Willis Quartet. 7/22: Brooklyn Boogaloo. 7/24: George Colligan Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 7/18–7/23: Javon Jackson Quartet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz Insights: Women Jazz Instrumentalists"—Lecture and performance series hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 7/18 at 7:45: Diedre Murray. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5783). $30.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 7/18–7/23: Kevin Mahogany and his trio. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 7/20 and 7/22: Joe D'Amico Duo. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—Located in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/19–7/20: Joey Baron. 7/21: Arto Lindsay; Vanilla. 7/22: Momus; Arto Lindsay; Moisturizer. 7/23: The Scene Is Now. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/18–7/23: Gary Bartz Sextet. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Performance

Meet the New Bossa

As a resident at Rio's Copacabana club in the fifties, guitarist Baden Powell (pictured) jammed with the likes of Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, and Benny Goodman. Later in his career, Powell ventured beyond tradition to work with everyone from Japanese jazzmen to improvisatory saxmen like Stan Getz. July 18–23, Powell will bring his blend of Latin music and jazz to the Blue Note for "Bossa Rio," a celebration of Brazilian jazz. (See "Jazz.")

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. 7/18: Hot 97's "Phat Tuesday." 7/19: Monteria Ivey's "The Goon Squad." 7/20–7/23: Michael Winslow. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 7/17–7/23: Colin Quinn; Gregg Rogell; Wanda Syke; Nick DiPaolo. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 7/19: Robert Klein. 7/20: "So What Are You Lookn' At?" 7/21–7/22: Justin McKinney; Greg Giraldo; Rich Francese. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 7/29: The Loston Harris Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. 7/17 and 7/24: Jim Caruso. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. Through 7/21: KT Sullivan. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 7/17: Miles Phillips in "Might As Well Be." 7/18: The Randy Sandke Jazz Trio. 7/19: Sandra DeLeo 7/20: Audrey Lavine in "This Is No Dream." 7/21: Julie Reyburn in "Fate Is Kind." 7/23: The Artu Williams Studio. 7/24: "Leer Mondays" with the Lounge-O-Leers. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

the mix

Akhil Sharma...Harlem Book Fair..."Manhattan, AZ"

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Lost Gods of Easter Island (7/18; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) permits Sir David Attenborough to run agreeably around the world, from London to St. Petersburg to Sydney to the South Pacific, with a stick. It's a carved stick, with a grotesque head, which he'd like to think is lots older than the auctioneer imagined. But he really wants to dream out loud about the great stone heads of Easter Island, as goofy-looking as Bob Hope or a Cubist penguin. Sir David prefers not to dwell on European invasions, Peruvian slave raids, the missionaries who destroyed the sacred rongo-rongo tablets, and the merchants who burned down native huts to make more room for copra and sheep.

Race Against Time (7/23; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), set in a near-future where we're allowed to sell our own bodies, stars Eric Roberts as a construction worker who can't pay the medical bills for his sick son; Chris Sarandon, Cary Elwes, and Diane Venora as Lifecorps vampires who haven't bargained in good faith; Sarah Wynter as the blonde martial-artsy bounty hunter who will switch sides; and as many missing children as there are fascistic uniforms and over-the-top mayhem up and down a skyscraper elevator shaft. Good, clean summer violence and a way-cool Wynter.

The War Next Door (7/23; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; USA) proposes, in the blithe spirit of USA's *Cover Me,* to send ex-CIA superwarrior Linden Ashby into suburban sitcom rustication, where he will sell cars for his father-in-law. Except that he is followed by his Cold War nemesis, Damian Young, who just can't live without their "dance of death." So we get comic-book action and cartoon jokes, some of them pretty funny. Meanwhile, between 29 ways of killing people with a spoon, we get to look at Linden's wife, Susan Walters, and Damian's designated vamp, Tara Rosling—who, perhaps not surprisingly, calls herself Barbara Bush.

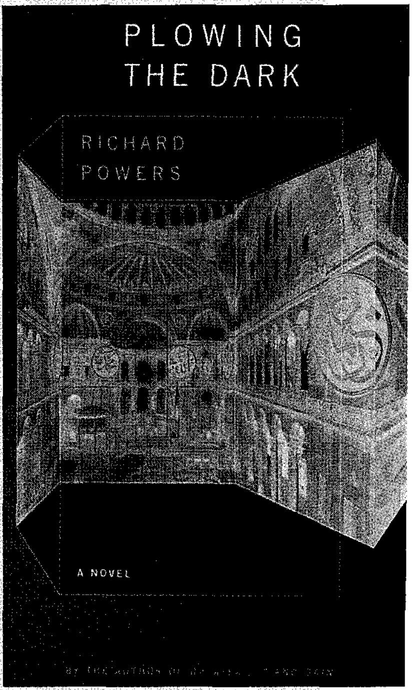
Manhattan, AZ (7/23; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; USA) seems to me more promising than its lead-in, if only for Chad Everett as con-man mayor of a small Arizona town of "gentlemen ranchers" right next door to Area 61, where the secret government does whatever. Ex–Los Angeles cop Brian McNamara is lured to this Manhattan after the death by drowning of his Greenpeace wife, who was trying to save the dolphins but may have ended up instead in a can of tuna. While his bratty 12-year-old son, Vincent Berry, would do almost anything to escape these sticks, he probably isn't the terrorist who sneaks around at night cutting off the right hind legs of all the pets in town. On the other hand, the kid does sleep with a can of tuna under his pillow.

Wisconsin Death Trip (7/24; 8:30 to 9:45 P.M.; Cinemax), as adapted by James Marsh from Michael Lesy's disquieting 1973 anthropology of mad behaviors in turn-of-the-century Black River Falls, is the most peculiar television of the week, probably the season, and maybe the decade. From gothic photographs, old newspaper clippings, and reenactments of true stories, in rotation with unfriendly seasons, abandoned mines, shut mills, failed banks, and epidemics, in and out of the local insane asylum as if it were a barbershop, while listening to narration by Ian Holm and music by John Cale, we're treated to arson, murder, hanging, drowning, child abandonment, serial window-smashing, slit throats, self-immolation, burial alive, witchcraft, and infanticide.

In Print
Mysterious Powers

Richard Powers will not be signing books at your local Barnes & Noble anytime soon. In fact, he's vowed never to sign books at all—a policy that surely bewildered fans at readings for his previous novel, *Gain.* This isn't the only reason Powers will not be making the New York tour of duty to support *Plowing the Dark,* his seventh novel. "I love going to the city, and a couple of weeks there can completely resensitize me and introduce a whole universe of thought," says Powers. "The problem is that I can't write there. There's too much going on. The writer's struggle is being in those things that inspire and being away sufficiently to create and recover them and make them happen on the page." *Plowing the Dark* portrays a blighted late-eighties New York whose high rents, sirens, and muggers send artist Adie Klarpol to Seattle, where she constructs virtual worlds—simulations of art or nature— for a company that sounds suspiciously like Microsoft. But like Melville's Ishmael, who had to sail away from America to find its meaning, Adie discovers that she can only appreciate New York's cultural riches when she's creating its digital doppelgängers. "The question the book poses," says Powers, "is this: How do we renew ourselves to the place that we're in?" But having written a book about personal displacement, he doesn't want to be around to share the experience of reading it. Eschewing book parties—along with *Oprah, Charlie Rose,* and the other rites of the literary media game—Powers simply asks his audience to do the reading themselves: "It's the last consensual act of solitude that we don't call pathological."

DAVID YAFFE



GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	PHI MSG 7:05 P.M.	PHI MSG 7:05 P.M.	DET MSG 7:05 P.M.	DET MSG 12:05 P.M.	TAM FOX 7:05 P.M.	TAM MSG 4:35 P.M.	TAM FOX 1:05 P.M.
METS	TOR FSNY 7:05 P.M.	TOR FSNY 7:05 P.M.	MON FSNY 7:05 P.M.	MON WPIX 1:35 P.M.	ATL WPIX 7:40 P.M.	ATL FOX 1:15 P.M.	ATL WPIX 1:10 P.M.
METROSTARS						MIA TLMNDO 4:30 P.M.	
LIBERTY			SEA METRO 10 P.M.	LA MSG 10:30 P.M.			HOU NBC 1 P.M.
	7/17	7/18	7/19	7/20	7/21	7/22	7/23

Radio Highlights

"Satchmo: The Wonderful World of Louis Armstrong"—Sundays at 11 A.M.: A thirteen-week series dedicated to celebrating the jazz great in his centenary year. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Lectures and Panels

"Summer Wednesday Evenings"—Wednesdays through 8/9 at 5:30 P.M.: Concurrent with the

Screening Pitched Pols

Perhaps anticipating the mudslinging, soft-money morass of modern politics, Thomas Dewey refused to make TV campaign ads, thinking them undignified. But after Eisenhower relented, they became commonplace. 'Madison Avenue Goes to Washington,' a 90-minute video montage narrated by 'Meet the Press' host Tim Russert, chronicles their graphic history, from classics like LBJ's infamous "daisy" ad (above) and Reagan's declaration of "Morning in America" to spots too dangerous for prime time (like a '72 McGovern ad in which a Vietnamese woman holds a dead infant). Screenings begin July 21 at the Museum of Television & Radio.

exhibition "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America," the New-York Historical Society screens Ida B. Wells's *A Passion for Justice*, followed at 6:30 by an informal hour-long discussion about the harrowing exhibit. 2 West 77th St. (212-873-3400); free with $3–$5 admission.

"TV Advertising Comes Out"—7/19 at 6:30 P.M.: Journalist Michael Wilke personally narrates *The Commercial Closet*, his 90-minute montage of gay images and themes in mainstream advertising. The Community Center, 1 Little W. 12th St. (203-582-5399); $8.

Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher—7/20 at 6:30 P.M.: Photographers Beckwith and Fisher present a slide lecture from their ongoing BMA exhibition on the ceremonies and customs of Africa. Cantor Auditorium, Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-6000); free with $4 admission.

"The Underground Railroad in New York"—7/22 at 1 P.M.: A lecture on the history of the Underground Railroad in New York State, by Gregory Bynum, director of education at the Morris-Jumel Mansion Museum, 65 Jumel Terrace (212-923-8008); $3; reservations recommended.

The Written Word

William Shatner—7/18 at 12:30 P.M.: Signing his new book *Star Trek: Preserver*, the third adventure in his "Mirror Universe" saga. Barnes & Noble, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (212-765-0590); free.

Darrin Strauss—7/19 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his novel *Chang and Eng*. Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Caitlin Macy and Myla Goldberg—7/20 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their books *The Fundamentals of Play* and *Bee Season*, respectively. Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Akhil Sharma—7/23 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his first novel, *An Obedient Father*. Terry Bisson also reads from new work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Todd Colby, Editor—7/23 at 7:30 P.M.: Poets Michael Portnoy, Marianne Vitale, Sharon Mesmer, and Colby read from Colby's new collection, *Heights of the Marvelous: A New York Anthology*. Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (212-925-4242); free with one-drink minimum.

Lewis Lapham and George Plimpton—7/24 at 7:30 P.M.: In another installment of Lapham's series "The Republic of American Letters," he and Plimpton read from the letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. The Culture Project's 45 Bleecker Street Theater (212-253-7017); $15.

Tours

Ghostly Greenwich Village—7/22 at 6 P.M.: This morbid tour passes through all the old hangouts of dead New Yorkers, the sites of public executions, and the "cursed" Mark Twain house. Meet at the Washington Square arch at the southern end of Fifth Avenue (212-969-8262); $10.

Carnegie Hill: An Architectural Walking Tour—7/23 at 2 P.M.: Touring the historic district surrounding the robber baron's old land on the Upper East Side, you'll discuss the architectural detail of fabulous mansions as well as institutions like the ICP and St. Nicholas Cathedral. Meet at the northwest corner of Madison Ave. and 96th St. (212-348-4226); $10.

Butterfly and Hummingbird Trail—Through 9/16: The Brooklyn Botanic Garden showcases its butterflies with a self-guided walk through the garden that highlights the best plants for attracting the winged visitors. The garden is open Tuesday through Friday from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. and Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 900 Washington Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-7200); $3 adults, $1.50 seniors and students, free to children under 16; free all day Tuesdays and from 10 A.M. to noon on Saturday mornings.

Events

The Harlem Book Fair—7/22, 10 A.M.–7 P.M.: The annual event includes panel discussions, performances by spoken-word artists, author readings and signings, musicians, storytellers, children's books, and a walking tour of literary Harlem. Participants include Colson Whitehead, bell hooks, Junot Diaz, and Sapphire. W. 136th St. bet. Lenox Ave. and Adam Clayton Powell Blvd; free.

Soupy Sales—7/22 at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.: The legendary comedian takes his show, "Stop Me If You've Heard It," downtown, bringing friends Mickey Freeman, Uncle Floyd, and "F Troop" star Larry Storch with him. The Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300); $22.50.

Exhibitions

"Madison Avenue Goes to Washington: The History of Presidential Campaign Advertising"—7/21 through 11/12, Tuesdays through Sundays at 2 P.M.: The Museum of Television & Radio screens a montage of memorable campaign spots narrated by Tim Russert, including a couple so controversial they never ran. 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); free with admission ($4–$6).

"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of Its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem"—7/22 through 11/12: Sixty black-and-white photographs by Bill Foley—documenting an ambitious project to transform a Harlem block through various social services—are exhibited at the Museum of the City of New York (212-534-1672); $4–$7.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—The Surf Report is back. Check out our reviews of television-themed sites, including sites for everybody's favorites, *Survivor* and *Sex and the City*. Other online highlights include "Best of New York," "Best Bets," and "52 Weekends." And, as always, you can browse through our archives or read selected content from the current issue.

Sports

WNBA All-Star Game—7/17 at 8 P.M., ESPN. Sue Wicks, Teresa Weatherspoon, and Tari Phillips of the New York Liberty join the best of the rest of the WNBA at America West Arena in Phoenix.

Smart Start Tavern on the Green Breakfast Run—7/19 at 6 A.M. A fun run with three different distances to choose from: 1.7, 3.4, or 6 miles. A breakfast at Tavern on the Green follows. Numbers and T-shirts may be picked up from noon to 7 P.M. 7/17–7/18 or on race day in front of Tavern on the Green (Central Park West at 67th St.) from 5:15 to 5:45 A.M. New York Road Runners Club members $17; limited race-day member registration $22. Call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 for more information.

Run to Home Plate—7/22 at 10 A.M. A 5K fun run for all ages benefiting the National Parkinson Foundation. Starts at the Shea Stadium parking lot and finishes inside the stadium at home plate. Peewee and youth runs for ages 2–14 start at 8:45 A.M. in the parking lot behind the center-field fence. Numbers and T-shirts may be picked up from noon to 7 P.M. 7/20–7/21 or from 8 to 9:45 A.M. on race day at the stadium lot behind the center-field fence. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day registration $22. Stick around after the run to see the Mets take on the St. Louis Cardinals at 1:10 P.M.: All participants may purchase upper-reserve tickets for $6. Call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Photographs **As a Wall Street philanthropist and the Children's Aid Society transformed a blighted Harlem block into a model of urban renewal, Pulitzer Prize–winning photographer Bill Foley documented every step. The Museum of the City of New York exhibits 60 of his snapshots (including, below, children at a '95 street festival) in "Renewing a Block and the Spirit of Its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem," beginning July 22.**

Photographs: top, courtesy of the Museum of Television & Radio; courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York.

kids

Russian Fish...Subway Series

Happening
Perlmania

While most happy campers spend their summer learning the rules of newcomb, the watered-down version of volleyball; whispering late-night tales of Cropsy, the camper killer; and planning their next out-of-bunk raid, 38 kids on Shelter Island are happy to spend the off-season in school. Set up as a sleep-away camp, the Perlman Music Program is an invitation-only training ground where musically gifted youngsters ages 11 to 18 practice several hours a day. Now in its sixth year, the program has finally gotten a place of its own, a former hotel on Shore Road. The faculty, which includes Juilliard-trained fiddler Toby Perlman, the camp's founder, and her virtuoso husband, Itzhak (pictured, conducting the group), goes to great pains to keep things upbeat and noncompetitive. The students get enough of that the rest of the school year, says Toby: "Here, there's no yelling, just positive reinforcement." And the effect such teaching methods have? When asked what popular music she's into, 13-year-old camper Athena Adamopoulos, a pianist, was quick to dismiss 'N Sync, the Backstreet Boys, and Britney Spears. "I find the Perlmans to be the best role models around," says the midtown resident. "There's no reason for me to search for others." The public doesn't have to go too far, either, to search for a classical-music fix: The kids play free concerts on the campus nightly throughout the summer. Look for Itzhak conducting, singing in the chorus, or surveying from the audience. (See "Children's Events.") **SUSAN AVERY**

Children's Events

Classically Kids—The musical prodigies of the **PERLMAN MUSIC PROGRAM** perform for the public, free of charge, at their Shelter Island campus on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30 P.M. through 8/11 (excluding 8/6). The chorus performs at 5 P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The kids are also set to show their stuff at the Mostly Mozart Festival, 8/6 at 5 P.M., at Lincoln Center. Tickets are available through Centercharge at 212-721-6500. For more information on the nightly Long Island performances, call 631-749-0740. The campus is located at 73 Shore Rd., Shelter Island.●

Search and Seeds—Discover all seven species of fruit at **YESHIVA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM**. The search mission begins on the museum's inlaid terrazzo floor with its Biblical fruit design. Later, participants trace their favorites and create a fruity stained-glass-style window decoration. Free. 7/23, 2:30–3:45 P.M. At 15 W. 16th St. (212-294-8330).●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Pier Group—Spend a day at Chelsea Piers without breaking the bank. **KIDS' PERFORMING ARTS DAY** is filled with Broadway performances; workshops in music, theater, and dance; plus storytelling, face-painting, and professional figure skaters at the outdoor rink, equipped with artificial ice. 7/22, noon–4 P.M. At Pier 62, 23rd St. and the Hudson River (212-336-6881).●

To Russia, With Fish—How many of us know that *beluga* means white in Russian? Join the folks at the **NEW YORK AQUARIUM** for a weekend celebrating the Eastern Bloc. On 7/22–23, from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., kids will learn about Russian aquatic animals, create traditional arts and crafts, and listen to native music and storytelling. Daily performances by the Brighton Ballet Theater. All kids (2–12) will go home with a Marine Millennium activity book. Admission is $9.75, $6 for seniors and kids 2–12, free to youngers. At W. 8th St. and Surf Ave., Coney Island (718-265-FISH).●

Sports on the Hudson—Fine-tune your hoops and skates. This year's **HUDSON RIVER FESTIVAL** features several free events for kids, including a basketball clinic with an adjustable hoop for shorter players; on Mondays through 8/28, 3:30–5:30 P.M. at Battery Park City, Rockefeller Park. Learn techniques to keep upright at the inline skating clinic; on Saturdays and Sundays through 8/27, noon–1 P.M. at Battery Park City, Esplanade Plaza. For ages 10 and older. For more information, call 212-528-2733.●

Creature Construction—They burrow, weave, shape, and sculpt. They are the animals and insects who work the earth to build nests for their families. **ANIMALS AS ARCHITECTS** is at the New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd. in the Bronx, and runs through 8/31 (718-817-8700). Also at the Staten Island Children's Museum, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, running through 9/3 (718-273-2060).

Stone Face—The works of self-taught American sculptor William Edmondson are on exhibit at the **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART** through 8/27. Born of freed slaves in Nashville, the late artist began stonecutting during the Depression after he lost his job as a hospital orderly. Combine a visit with a soap-sculpture class for kids ages 5 through 12 on 7/23, from 2 to 4 P.M. Admission to the museum is free, but there's a $1 fee for class materials. Space is limited; call to reserve. On 7/29 and 8/26, watch live stonecutting demos from 1 to 5 P.M. The museum is open Tues. through Sun., 11:30 A.M.–7:30 P.M. At 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Ave. bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-595-9533).

Reading Rainbow—Based on the successful PBS television series, **THEATREWORKS/USA** presents a free new musical revue highlighting eight kids' books, including *Imogene's Antlers, Math Curse,* and *Appelemando's Dreams*. 7/18–7/22 and 7/24–7/28 at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., 7/29 at 11 A.M. Tickets are first-come-first-serve starting at 10 A.M. on the day of the show. At Hunter College's Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (212-642-6754).●

Subway Series—Some subway stations have beautiful tilework. If kids could create their own stations, how would they look? On 7/22 at 1:30 P.M., kids design their own plaques using a clay mold. On 7/30 at 1:30 P.M., they use colored paper to design their own subway-station mosaic. Admission is $3, $1.50 for kids, plus a $1 materials fee for the class. At the **NEW YORK TRANSIT MUSEUM**, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601).●

The King's Bull—***MINOTAUR***, a return engagement at the Henry Street Settlement, is a hip-hop concert-drama about a half-human, half-bull teenager imprisoned in a labyrinth. Based on the classical Greek myth, the show includes rap, breakdancing, and body rhythms by the Urban Youth Theater. Performances are Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7 P.M. through 7/29. Tickets are $5. At the Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (212-598-0400).

Green-Thumbers—Explore the lush six acres of Central Park's only formal garden, the Conservatory Garden, on a free walking tour by the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY**. Learn about its history and design while discovering a varied collection of flora in the center of the city. Every Saturday, now through October, from 11 A.M. to noon. Meet at the Vanderbilt Gate, 105th St. and Fifth Ave. For more information, call 212-310-6636.●

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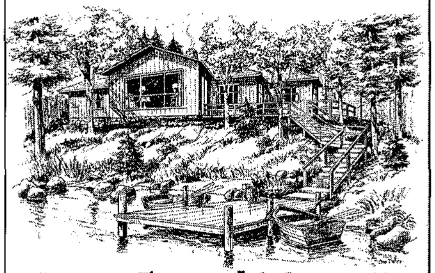

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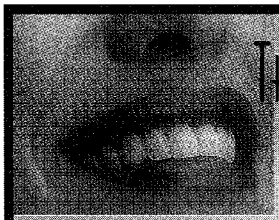

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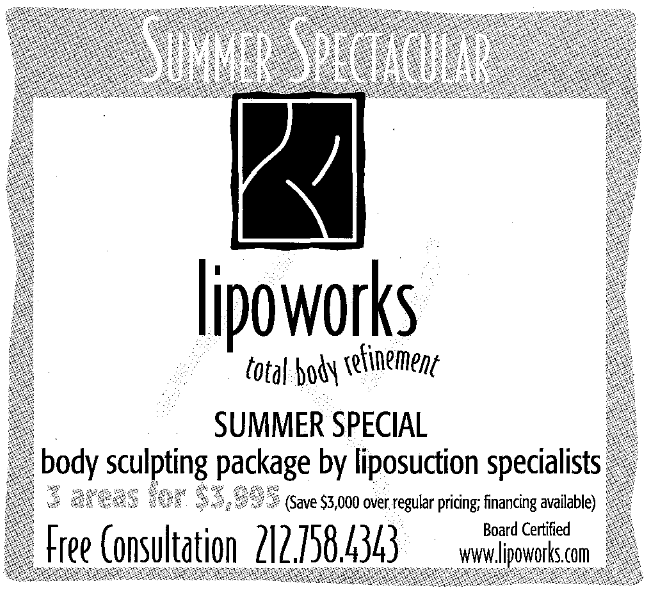

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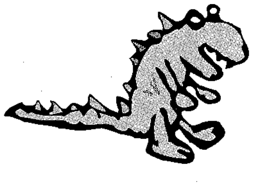

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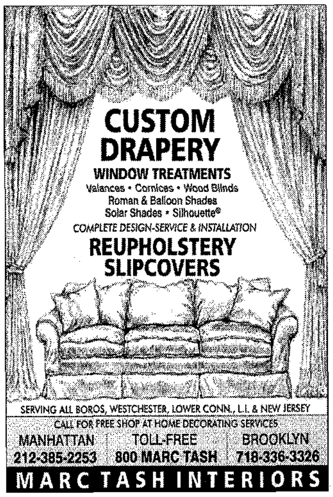

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Former Male Model—Now successful businessman, 38, nice chauvinist with traditional values - desires intelligent, warm, passionate woman, 25-37, for relaxed dinner, music and boating dates, possible marriage and children. Prefer long-haired, attractive-figured, Italian/Spanish type - but not that important. Single moms okay. Note/photo/phone. 4665 ✉

Fun, Sweet, Leggy Jewish Female—Warmhearted, playful, sensual, affectionate, 5'6", 40, slim, with a mischievous streak, a quick wit and a passion for life. I hope you are a warm, kind, dynamic, spiritual, educated, very successful Jewish male, 40-55, with joie de vivre, an altruistic streak, a sense of the absurd. Must enjoy laughing. 4659 ✉☎

Teacher—52, 6'2", slim, sincere, affectionate Jewish male seeks caring female forever more. 4676 ✉

Want To Change Your Lifestyle?—Handsome, single, middle-aged white male seeks white female, 18-35, to accompany him on world travel, private yacht and penthouse living, etc. If you enjoy the arts and the sun, please reply with photo and note to: 4575 ✉

Do You Want To Play Ball?—One of the things my golden retriever and I enjoy is Central Park. Care to join us? Attractive, spirited, warm blond woman, 30s, who enjoys tennis, golf, NYC culture, travel and adventure, is looking for a kind, humorous, successful man, 35-45, who has a zest for life and is Christian/marriage/family-minded. 4701 ✉☎

Successful, Handsome—Entertainment exec, 40, seeks attractive, free-spirited, intelligent woman, 25-40, for candlelit dinners, exotic travel and midnight cruises. Photo/phone for reply. 4666 ✉

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Handsome PhD—Looking for friendship, sharing and romance. I'm a 5'8", slim, athletic male looking for a pretty, warm, intelligent female around 45 years old. Please send photo with note. 4657 ✉

Gay, Good-Looking, In-Shape—60, gentleman, accomplished, stylish, affluent, 5'11", 175 lbs - interested in arts, travel, gardens, country/city life style. Seeks sensitive, bright, creative younger counterpart for serious exclusive relationship. Photo essential. 4658 ✉

Attractive, Adventurous Blond—Professional Jewish woman, 38, tall, slim; enjoys skiing, boating, biking to NY culture. Seeks soul mate, to share. 4703 ✉

Beauty, Brains And Irreverent Blond—Petite (size 2, 105 lbs), leggy, accomplished and athletic Jewish attorney with a mischievous, outgoing, bubbly and gregarious personality, seeks JD/MD/CEO or highly accomplished, cerebral and motivated man (from 42 to 52), who loves to laugh, to dance, to stay in, to go out and to do just about anything. If you don't like short skirts, thin legs and black high heels, don't respond. Recent photo, please, and cute note...to: shortsttop@aol.com 4669 ✉

Uncomplicated, Fun-Loving—Good-looking man seeks woman who is uncomplicated, good-looking and fun-loving. Photo/note, please. 4667 ✉

High-Powered Technical Executive—Very attractive, 31-year-old black female, just landed from Chicago and would love to meet a fun, professional soul mate. Photo/note. 4660 ✉

Natural Beauty, Caribbean-American—Single professional female, cocoa brown - 37, 5'8", love Italy, scuba, cycling and tennis. Well-traveled, eclectic interests and friends, great sense of humor. Seeks committed relationship with single/divorced professional male of any race, 40-50, who feels comfortable in jeans/tuxedo. You are adventurous, compassionate, with a sense of humor. Drug, disease and smoke-free. Communication and honesty matter. d.j.m@mindspring.com 4682 ✉☎

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Nice Guy, Strong Values—Handsome, fit professional, 45, likes engaging talk, the outdoors, NYC culture. Kind, thoughtful, reliable, fun, self-aware, don't snore. Seeks warm, smart, loving lady. 4687 ✉

Alluring Brunette—With long, dark eyelashes, 38 (looks 28), fit, financial controller, Manhattanite, Jewish (non-religious), loves rock and classical music, skiing, movies, museums, ballet and international travel. Searching for a warm, funny, attractive, intelligent, nonsmoking man, 30-44. Note/photo, please. 4663 ✉

Very Attractive, Slim Professional—Jewish, LI widow, 49, in great shape, seeks 45-67 man to share love, travel, theater. Must be active and love Manhattan. Should be financially and emotionally secure. Note/photo/phone. 4678 ✉☎

Japanese Beauty—Seeks MBA, 30s-40s, Me: elegant, stylish, long haired, funny, 5'4", entrepreneur - 40s (looks 32), cooking, piano, opera, movies, Paris. You: handsome, ambitious, humprous, very stylish, refined, upbeat, cute face, life - high goals, 212. We: grow together, laugh, leading to marriage. Photo. 4714 ✉

Retired Lawyer—69, truly looks younger, slim, fit, good-looking, warm, witty, wealthy. Seeks pretty, slim, well-educated woman with time to travel, etc., 58-60, nonsmoker. Clear, current, full, up-close photo a must, plus note. No response without. 4688 ✉

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Pretty Laura Dern Look-Alike—Jewish blond, 5'5", 127 lbs, 38, entrepreneur, into skiing, fox hunting and polo, seeks handsome professional, 35-45, with same interests. Photo a must. 4662 ✉

Attractive Professional Male—53, fit, likes outdoors, seeks Christian lady. Photo. POB 3074, Mount Vernon, NY 10553

Beautiful Brown-Eyed Girl—33, Jewish professional female, sweet, smart and shapely, would like to meet a kind, generous, attractive, Jewish professional male under 40. Note/photo. 4681 ✉

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Boots, Breeches, Saddles And Spurs—Riding enthusiast, 6'1", 190, divorced Jewish male, 63, seeks intelligent woman who either rides or enjoys the English riding look. 4647 ✉☎

One-In-A-Million—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 55, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 4696 ✉

Perceptive, Warm—And socially conscious, good-looking, 44-year-old white male whose relationship with you - that intelligent, vivacious female who knows how to laugh - would be most gratifying. POB 175, Flushing, NY 11352

Avoid The Hamptons—Spend your summer with me: Jewish male, 50, seeking female, 30-40, for fun times and sharing life's traffic jams. Note/photo. 4695 ✉☎

Easygoing, Honest, Adventurous—Handsome business professional seeks pretty, petite woman, 29-45, not into show and tell. Values the important things in life and relationships. Photo, please. 4705 ✉

Fabulous, Green-Eyed Woman Doctor—Slender, bright smile, elegant and beautiful - enjoys photography, old films, music, spontaneity. Seeks highly intelligent, confident, accomplished counterpart (single white Jewish male, 45-55), with passionate/adventurous soul, sparkle and wit. Note and photo, please. 4674 ✉

Looking For A Gorgeous—Mostly sane, somewhat brainy woman in her 30s. I'm moody, aloof and cynical, somewhat successful, like to run and read, 44, 6'2", with all my (own) hair. 4672 ✉☎

Bright, Attractive, Compassionate—Jewish male, 45, 5'11", 185, successful professional, is seeking a serious (and fun!) relationship with a warmhearted, compassionate, bright, attractive Jewish woman who shares my desire for a friend and companion leading to marriage and children. I enjoy long walks, talking, music, food, biking and tennis (and my friends tell me I can charm both senior citizens and kids alike!). Photo/note, please. 4668 ✉ ☎

Italian-American Man—33, 5'7", fit, handsome, funny and sweet, looking for principessa for serious relationship. Note/photo. 4661 ✉

Vivacious, Dimensional—Spirited and sexy, petite and pretty PhD, 50, seeks intelligent Renaissance man with savvy and substance. Solid integrity and emotional maturity a must. Widower status a plus. Note/photo, please. 4679 ✉☎

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Classy, Attractive Actress—Desires male - successful, funny, 50-62. 4693 ✉☎

Gay Female—Young 65, seeks spiritual companion/possible relationship. I am well-educated, professional, good-humored, lover of books, animals, people, NYC at interfaith perspective. 4671 ✉☎

Pretty Woman—Slim, blond, Ivy-educated psychologist, warm and outgoing, seeks tall (5'10" plus), terrific lawyer or businessman (48-55) for adventure, laughter and romance. Write to Wynona377@aol.com or send note/photo. 4699 ✉

Intelligent, Warm, Attractive—Professional woman, slender, youthful 56, loves antiques, music, theater, art, dancing, cats and travel. Seeks tall, warm-hearted, financially secure, fit white male counterpart, 52-62, for friendship and... Note/photo, please. 4673 ✉

Gay White Male—44, executive, lives and works in NYC. Enjoys travel, life, NYC, arts and friends. 150 lbs, 5'6", works out, healthy, nonsmoker, down-to-earth, nice guy. Looking for same for companionship and fun. 4685 ✉☎

Beautiful Entertainment CEO—Jewish, 37, fit, athletic, successful Manhattan business owner, seeks Jewish, 32-48 man for marriage, family and golf partner. 4698✉☎

Very Good-Looking Guy—6', blue eyes, 38, seeks female counterpart. 4713 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Bright, Bubbly—Barnard recent graduate, striking, slender, sweet, sophisticated and elegant. I'm seeking 22-30, Modern Orthodox, highly intelligent, genuinely kind, refined and giving professional for marriage. E-mail: specialnygirl@yahoo 4707 ✉

East Plus West Equals Happiness—37, 5'6", slender, cute, gentle, romantic, professional Chinese female seeks a 40ish, mature, responsible, kind, fun-loving, successful professional whose highest priority is a happy lifetime marriage and beautiful children. Phone/note/picture. 4654 ✉

Unconditional Love—39-year-old male, Jewish, with warm, embracing intelligence, very handsome, fit, broad vision, great taste, artistic, MD, writer. Things I like: compassion, intelligence, soulfulness, awareness, power, romance, sensuality, giving freely, communication, humor, children, animals, wonder, emotional/psychological soul growth. Seeking woman who is intelligent, very pretty, sexy, who resonates with this and truly desires unconditional love. Photo/note. 4684 ✉

Sophisticated, Chic Woman—49, slim, serene, French-speaking, Christian background, limbic and limber, wants to share love, truth and beauty with an educated, sensual, compassionate intellectual man who is emotionally, physically and fiscally fit, open to the joys of life and free to experience them now. Thoughtful responses only, please. No form letters. MDs especially welcome and appreciated. Please have prior relationship and children issue resolved. Merci. 4702 ✉

Green-Eyed Blond—Fit, curvy, fun-loving, successful professional seeks educated man with sense of humor, 45-60. Photo/note. 4700 ✉

Yankee Fan—Westchester female, 45, seeks male for Yankees, movies, theater, travel, horseback, walking, dining, comedy. Likes animals/kids a plus. 4650 ✉

Beautiful Butterfly—Will give up her wings for the right man. Young 40-year-old, sexy, fit and multitalented (entrepreneur, writer, inventor), seeks her counterpart. You are a man of substance, very well-educated, physically fit and are a CEO or retired early. Let's merge. Become my partner in love and business. 40-65, nonsmoker, please. 4708 ✉☎

Handsome, Charming—And extremely successful white male (30s) seeks ebony or Asian beauty with adventurous spirit. Photo a must. 4686 ✉

Huggable, Handsome, Playful—Great catch, successful Jewish professional, athletic, fit, humorous, intelligent. Seeks classy lady under 46 to adore. Photo, phone and note. 4670 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Jewish stock market investor and tenured university professor would love to date a career woman in medicine, law, college teaching, etc., 37-43. E-mail: YYYJ@aol.com. 4709✉☎

Absolutely Stunning—And so much more. Long-legged, slender, graceful, divorced, 47. Accomplished entrepreneur. Vivacious, generous, candid, real. Bountiful humor, sure to make you laugh. Penetrating green eyes. Gravitates to fun - travel, good theater, blockbuster exhibitions, US Open, spa weekends, Harry Potter, Tina Turner, Mt. Desert Island, off-beaten-track adventures. Game for most things. Plays tennis, golf, sails, hikes. Values authenticity. Seeks active/physical, 5'9"-plus, attractive man; a "doer" - curious mind, interested in life, 40-55. 4648 ✉☎

Tired Of Dating—And really hope this works. I'm an honest, sincere, giving, good-looking Jewish MD who is looking for a connection. Good relationships are not easy, and we all have stuff, but am willing to work with a nonpretentious, warm, caring and fun woman. My vitals: 49, 5'8", 145 lbs. Enjoy skiing, biking, golf, theater, good food, red wine, being silly with my children (11 and 14), and romantic evenings. Please be 37-47, slim, genuinely pretty and live in (914). Send photo so I can look into your eyes. 4675✉

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Family Man—Handsome 40s, great guy, professional, gay; seeking intelligent, attractive, committed, nice woman for co-parenting situtation. Photo. 4691✉

Wants To Be Someone's Sweetie—29, sexy, beautiful and intelligent, with long, wavy blond hair, thin and in-shape, seeks intelligent, kind and ambitious best friend for forever romance. Must be Jewish male, 30-39. 4706 ✉☎

Perceptive, Caring, Self-Assured—Tall, attractive, emotionally and financially secure Jewish male seeking a female, 35-50, who is caring and respectful of other people, who likes herself, and who can communicate. Photo/phone. 4645 ✉

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#971, #972 & #973

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Editor's note: Mary Ann Madden has decided to stop creating *New York's* Competition. This will therefore be its last appearance. The results below, for Competitions 971, 972, and 973, were selected by the editors. We thank Mary Ann for her unique and extraordinary contribution to the magazine, and her readers—some of whom have been entering since Competition No. 1—for their creativity and devotion. A new column will appear in this space shortly.

Results of Competition 971, in which you were asked for label contents of an invented drug.

Repeated entries: Dammitol. Niagra. Castro Oil. Bozoloft. Necktylenol. Absorbing Junior. St.-John's-Wart. Nitrogena. Oil of Olé. Suture Self. Ginkgo Balboa. Tywonon. Vicks Vapid Rub. Tollgate Couthpaste.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

DISEMBOWELMINTS—Curiously strong. We mean really.
S. Leader, Narberth, Pa.

AKINACEA—For treatment of symptoms similar to those of the common cold.
Craig Koketsu, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prize of a one-year subscription to:

SAINT-JOHN'S-HEMP—Treats mild reality. Side effect: "the munchies."
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

And Honorable Mention to:

METSAMUCIL—Controls irregular bat movement. See: Shea butter.
Tommy De Leo, Ozone Park, N.Y.

SOLDOFF—For relief of depression caused by SPD (sudden portfolio devaluation).
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

TITONIC—A salinated elixir for cruise-ship passengers.
Allyn I. Freeman, N.Y.C.

NOZEY—Labeled "Sorry, friend. Nothing in this cabinet will incriminate me. Get back to the party."
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.
similarly: John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

TUX—Premoistened pads for formal occasions.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

KOBETOSSIN—Antidote for reggiement of free throwing.
Steve Goldstein, N.Y.C.

BERTOLD BRECHINACEA—Bolsters resistance to ponderous German drama.
Alexander Henry, Brookline, Mass.

BEEN-GAY—For treatment of PTD (post-transsexual disorder).
Felipe Pasco, Lowville, N.Y.;
Sheila Kurtin, El Paso, Tex.

WINDOWSAMIN—For treatment of monopolitis.
Marc Schultz, N.Y.C.

DIPSADRYL—For the treatment of anxiety and panic attacks that result from fluctuations on the NASDAQ.
Harry Cohen, East Brunswick, N.J.

AMNOTPICILLIN—For the treatment of arguing children.
Dr. Robert Stern, Englewood, N.J.

COMPULSA ANTIBACTERIAL SOAP—Lather. Rinse. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

NOAGRA—Antidote for overdose of Viagra. May cause loss of chest hair.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

VIRAGO—Viagra antidote.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

FINAL ANSWER (PHILBINOL)—For external use only. Apply liberally for five consecutive days.
Timothy Smith, Brooklyn

PHENOBARBIEDOLL—New, fast-acting potion for ladies that will guarantee a wasp waist and a full head of hair, regardless of age.
Anya Laurence, Claremont, N.H.

ULTRABRIE TOOTHPASTE—For the smile that says "cheese."
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

HEIRGAIN—Fertility drug. Side effects may include sleeplessness and higher auto-insurance rates.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

PROXXY—The pill you take for your loved one who can't swallow.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

EX-LUXE—For gastric upset resulting when a former spouse begins living ostentatiously.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

MEPHISSTOPASNEEZE—Permanent immunity to respiratory infections. Inevitable side effects: minor bloodletting, temporary euphoria, shortened lifespan.
Lawrence Greenberg, Astoria, N.Y.

PEPTO-BISMARCK—Provides relief of that sinking feeling. Restores cheerfulness. Contains caffeine.
Skip Hinnant, N.Y.C.

VALJEANIUM—Antidepressant. Side effects include increased appetite, especially for products containing starch—e.g., bread.
Jan Verrey, Alexandria, Va.

HELIUM PEROXIDE—When you want to be really blond.
Sara Nerken, Brookville, N.Y.

MILK OF AMNESIA—For relief of . . . uh . . . for relief . . .
Ruth Nerken, N.Y.C.

INTESTATE—No will to live? Try this.
Thomas Parsonnet, Shorewood, Wisc.

COSANOSTRUM—Destroys bacteria inadvertently transferred by the kiss of death.
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

PEPTO-ABYSMAL—Ineffective heartburn remedy.
Fred Smith, Dallas, Tex.

SCOPES MOUTHWASH—Trial size.
Steve Frank, N.Y.C.

THWART—Pre-emergent fungus fighter.
Mary Olson, Springfield, Va.

VIBUPROFEN—For pain relief after excessive self-gratification.
Tom Witte, Gaithersburg, Md.

Results of Competition 972, in which you were asked for failed conversation starters.

Repeated entries: "How 'bout those Mets?" "Knock, knock!" Flat-out insults. Unanswerably rude questions. Medical questions: "Does this look infected?"

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"Hi! Isn't it awful about *Cats*?"
Karl Levett, N.Y.C.

"So the wife made this list of our *Millionaire* scores, starting with the very first show. You're not gonna believe this . . ."
Dave Rapp, New City, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to:

"I hear computers are now all the rage."
Claire Hnetinka, N.Y.C.

"Have you ever stopped to think what 'earth-friendly' really means?"
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

And Honorable Mention to:

"I just had my teeth cleaned yesterday—I mean professionally. Look good, don't they?"
J. B. May, Sawyerville, Ala.

"People say my imitation of Bernard Baruch really cracks them up."
Jane T. Long, Penfield, N.Y.

"Your husband has a hole in his sock. Don't you darn?"
Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"Cute suit . . . that style's coming back."
Barbara Duffy, Bonita Springs, Fla.

"Speaketh not, okay?"
Fiona Bayly, N.Y.C.

"I just heard this most amusing anecdote about a gentleman from New England . . . now, where was it exactly? Providence? No, no—Nantucket! That was it . . . "
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

"I used to use deodorant; now I use an antiperspirant. What a difference!"
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

"Did anyone ever tell you you look like Madeleine Albright?"
Lucy Porter, Madison, N.J.

"I'd be happy to explain the meaning of *Finnegans Wake.*"
Edda Callahan, Arlington, Va.

"My 9-year-old here can recite in its entirety any Edwin Arlington Robinson poem you ask."
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

"I liked him better when he was the Artist Formerly Known As Prince."
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

"Pull my finger!"
Tommy De Leo, Ozone Park, N.Y.

"Chrysler K-car? I *loved* the Chrysler K-car!"
Josephine Lume, Maspeth, N.Y.

"Let's talk marathon running."
Michele Flora, Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

"You're probably wondering who I am, but I'm going to give you only three guesses."
Barba-Del Campbell, Allentown, Pa.

"I can make an anagram out of anyone's name. Ummm . . . 'Raved Inside.' See?"
David Eisner, N.Y.C.

"Love your toupee."
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

"Hi, I'm Tammy. Come with me to the buffet table and tell me what to eat."
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

Results of Competition 973, in which you were asked to invent a movie tailored for a particular director, star, or author.

Repeated entries: Histories from Disney. Farrellys and gross-outs. Streep and accents. Billy Bob Thornton and Angelina Jolie in anything. Charlton Heston in *This Gun for Hire.*

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Chris Rock is FAT AUNT FANNIE
Denise Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

MAGNA CHARTA—Mel Gibson.
Jeannine Cruz, Cresskill, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

THE OLDEST TESTAMENT: BEFORE THE BEGINNING—George Lucas
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Adam Sandler is THE BUSBOY
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

And Honorable Mention to:

Mel Brooks presents SAVING PRIVATE RYE-BREAD
Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

John Goodman is QUICK DRAW MCGRAW (with Cheech Marin as Baba Looey)
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

MY MOTHER THE CAR: THE MOVIE—Directed by and starring Kenneth Branagh
R. Witham, White Plains, N.Y.

Jim Carrey's BEING TOM HANKS
Ben Beliberg, Lawrence, N.Y.

Jim Carrey is ROBIN WILLIAMS
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.
similarly: Charles Harris, Macon, Ga.

YOUNG STANISLAVSKY—Starring Ed Norton
J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.

SURVIVOR: THE MOVIE—Starring Regis Philbin
Jody Kava, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Val Kilmer in STRAIGHT TO VIDEO
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA—Starring Leonardo DiCaprio
W. T. McLaughlin, Louisville, Ky.
sp. ment.: Casey Luther, Buffalo, N.Y.

UNCLE VANYA IN MANHATTAN—Woody Allen
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

WITH THE FISHES—Martin Scorsese
John Faxon, San Antonio, Tex.

Bruce Willis and Burt Reynolds in THE RETURN OF TOPPER
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

Billy Bob Thornton is ELMER FUDD
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

Angelina Jolie is LADY MACBETH
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

EVITA—Starring Tori Spelling. Produced by Aaron Spelling
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

A VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE—Tim Burton
Darby Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

Eddie Murphy is THE SMART ALECK
Hy Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

Jackie Mason in NEW YORK . . . WHERE ELSE?
Gene Duffy, Bonita Springs, Fla.

Whoopi Goldberg in HIGH NUN
Tim Peck, St. Thomas, V.I.

Haley Joel Osment is CALIGULA
Sonja Rand, N.Y.C.

SUMMER FUN WITH MARY KATE AND ASHLEY OLSEN—Starring Cody and Cassidy Gifford.
Weda M. Mosellie, Phillipsburg, N.J.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

R	A	D	I	S	H	■	■	D	E	C	R	Y	P	T
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F	O	R	T	A	S	■	U	P	O	N	■	S	T	I	R	■	D	A	N	E
E	P	I	■	R	E	P	R	O	D	U	C	T	I	V	E	O	R	G	A	N
D	E	N	S	E	■	A	G	E	D	■	L	A	N	E	■	L	U	R	I	D
U	R	G	E	D	■	R	E	M	■	S	A	N	G	■	A	E	N	E	A	S
P	A	S	T	■	S	R	O	■	■	T	I	C	■	E	V	O	K	E	D	■
■	■	■	■	■	H	O	N	E	Y	I	M	H	O	M	E	■	■	■	■	■
■	D	E	S	P	O	T	■	L	A	C	■	■	P	B	S	■	D	I	A	N
M	E	N	T	H	E	■	B	A	S	K	■	S	T	A	■	C	O	N	D	O
A	M	O	R	E	■	T	A	T	I	■	P	A	I	R	■	A	T	T	I	C
P	O	L	I	W	A	R	N	E	R	C	R	A	C	K	E	R	■	R	E	A
S	N	A	P	■	L	U	I	S	■	H	A	R	I	■	S	T	P	A	U	L
■	■	■	L	A	P	I	S	■	G	E	M	■	A	S	S	A	I	■	■	■
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O	D	E	S	S	A	■	S	W	E	A	R	S	■	E	S	T	E	E	M	S

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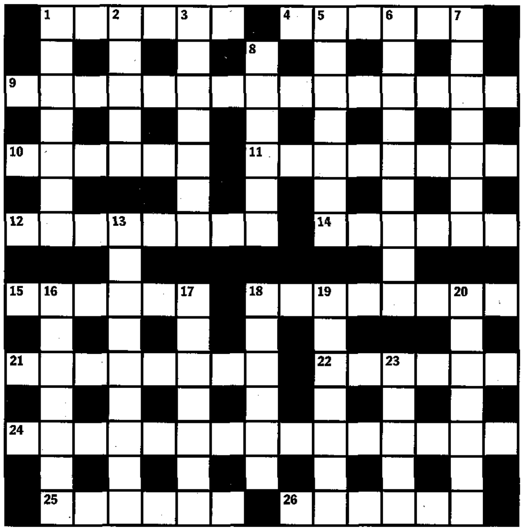
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 A cause for maintaining pose. (6)
4 See 22.
9 Injury restricts veteran Italian team, about 50, once a power in the land. (6,9)
10 See 14.
11 Has a lengthy stretch and a cage for a prisoner. (8)
12 Card with lion sent in the mail, perhaps? (8)
14,8,10 "Methuselah's Dead", possibly, by 24. (3,3,3,3,3,3)
15 Game score halved by evil return. (6)
18 Establishment failed tragic Princess followed by tabloid charge. (8)
21 Applies fresh colour with pen, and is Art Nouveau. (8)
22,4 Aggregate in polluted French sea results in flat feet. (6,6)
24 Gay men weren't his novel! (6,9)
25 Principality needs a Nobel Peace Prize winner. (6)
26 See 16.



DOWN

1,18 DOWN Changed, fresher attitude made it unnecessary for cleaner. (7,6)
2 Mongrel is vexed. (5)
3 Weirdo gets the occasional delivery. (7)
5 Sheepish male needs some fortification. (7)
6 Women's party; no one straight is in for a frightful night! (9)
7 Newspaper seller keeps 100 in shoe. (7)
8 See 14.
13 Cast-iron plane is without equal. (9)
16,26 Provides definition for those raised out of curiosity. (7,6)
17 Moonlight etc., so up comes Beelzebub. (7)
18 See 1 down.
19 Agonize replacing Queen with diamonds (should be adequate). (7)
20 Omnipotent attire? (7)
23 Deduction of 101 to leave 50 standing. (5)

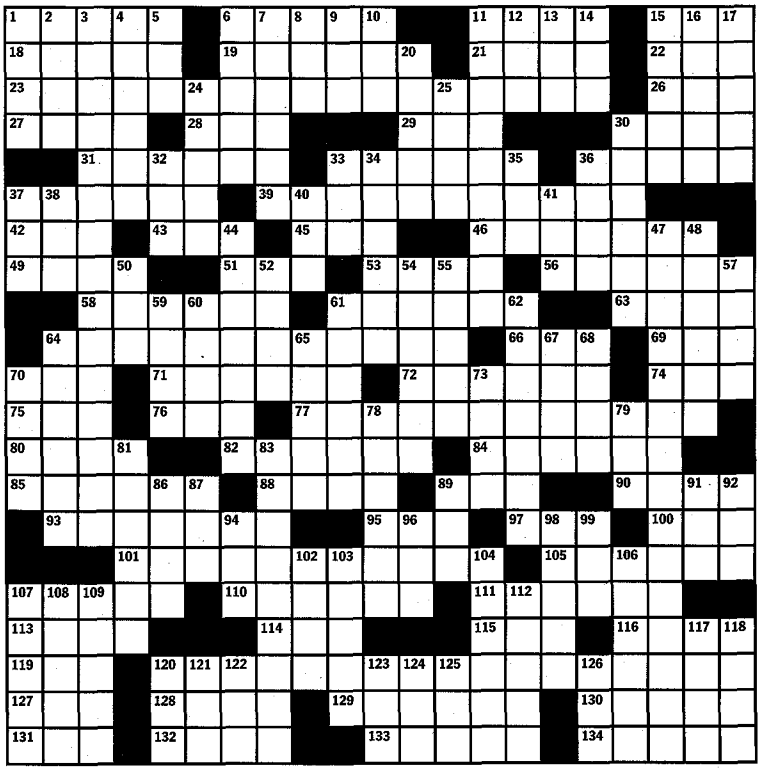
'Mergers II': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

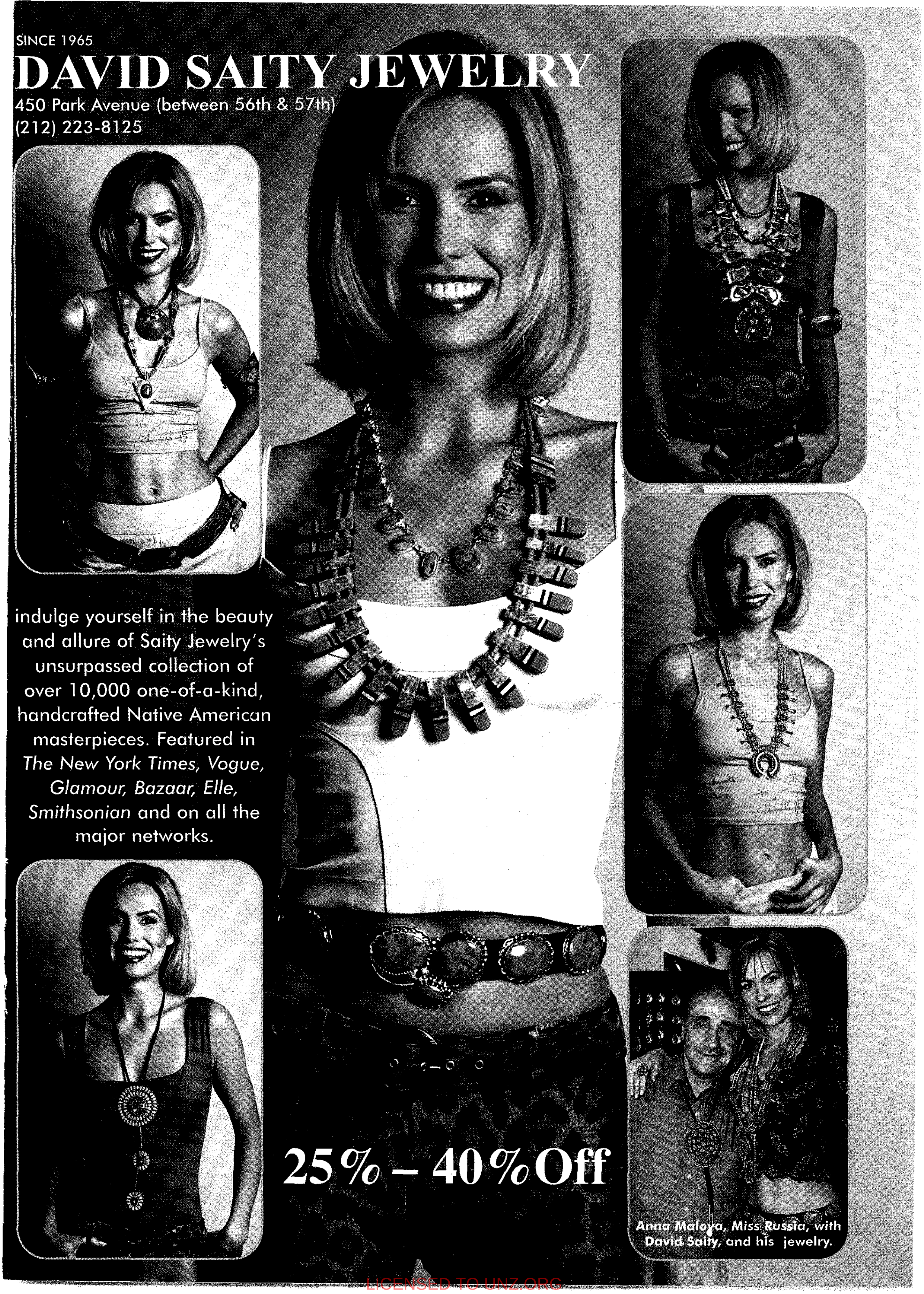
1 Schwarzenegger's barbarian
6 State of India
11 Used a loom
15 Church furnishing
18 Clean the slate
19 Egyptian beetle amulet
21 Cleveland's lake
22 Yalie
23 Neutrogena–Keds–Honda–H&R Block merger?
26 Remove stitches
27 Pre-schoolers
28 Cyst
29 "—— Blu, Dipinto di Blu" (1958 song)
30 Clothing marking
31 "You'd Be So —— Come Home To"
33 Subject of a will
36 Geographer's book
37 Fashion's Coco
39 Du Pont–Audi–Zippo–Dakota Mining merger?
42 Carries in stock
43 Baseball great
45 Troubled space station
46 Gandhi's title
49 Jai's go-with
51 Hip-hop
53 Caen's river
56 Kin of broilers: var.
58 Foul-ups
61 Slammin' Sam, and family
63 Roman 112
64 Tums–Weight Watchers–Ban merger?
66 Do sum work
69 Cuba or Aruba: abbr.
70 Part of r.p.m.
71 Iterate
72 Type of engraver
74 Animator's unit
75 Aly Khan's father
76 Paris's —— de la Cité
77 Days Inn–Tuborg–Amana–Iams merger?
80 Tammany workers
82 Change secretly, with "with"
84 Son of Poseidon
85 Kind of justice
88 Monster's loch, perhaps
89 Hang —— thread
90 Apply the lash
93 Poker-faced
95 Yes, at the altar
97 Gun org.
100 Ex-mayor Beame
101 I.T.T.–Playtex–Cool Whip merger?
105 In seclusion
107 Pregame hoopla
110 —— hand (close by)
111 Worshipful one
113 Sunscreen ingredient
114 Cable-channel choice
115 Nickname for Edward
116 Cabbage salad
119 Donegal dance
120 Result of a Raid–Duracell merger?
127 Second Mrs. Sinatra
128 Besmirch
129 Gaucho's rope
130 Fire felony
131 Biddy
132 Practice pitching
133 Not quite as good as A-minus
134 Boxing's bad boy

DOWN

1 Lincoln coin
2 Sandwich cookie
3 Nautica–Sara Lee–NASA merger?
4 Invites to enter
5 Born, to Brigitte
6 Advantageous quality
7 Durante's nose
8 —— Paulo, Brazil
9 Prince Valiant's son
10 Demented
11 Coming at the proper moment
12 Spanish gold
13 "Old" London theater
14 Mouse-sighting shriek
15 Danger
16 "My Fair Lady" heroine
17 Dries the dishes
20 African language grouping
24 Resided
25 Necklace feature
30 Unwanted radio noise
32 Office V.I.P.
33 Spire adornment
34 South Seas gown
35 Writer LeShan
36 Sixth Hebrew month
37 Dance-name syllable
38 "2001" computer
40 Little devil
41 Audio-wave abbr.
44 Satchmo's instrument
47 Product of a Taco Bell–Nair merger?
48 Up
50 Stagecoach stop
52 "God have mercy on such ——"
54 Conduct a second trial
55 Dapper
57 Window ledge
59 Bell town of Abruzzi
60 Food for the furnace
61 Conditioning exercises
62 Dry as a desert
64 "Lady, ——!" (Gershwin musical)
65 Words on a Wonderland cake
67 Before tasse or monde
68 Darn!
70 Public Theater founder Joseph
73 Municipality
78 "Umberto D" director
79 Manicure the lawn
81 Paper-fastening item
83 Diane Keaton's Oscar role
86 In a lackadaisical way
87 Tax pro
89 Half a goof
91 —— Saud
92 Short dowel
94 "The Fountainhead" author Rand
96 The i's have it
98 Valerie Harper sitcom
99 Broadcast
102 Tribal no-no
103 Fairy-tale gnome
104 Actor who played Lugosi
106 "—— Rides Again," 1939 film
107 Bombay blue blood
108 Partner of kicking
109 Boston's airport
112 Bankruptcy cause
117 Cowboy suffix for buck
118 Ed or Early
120 Smoker's evidence
121 Fraction of a franc
122 Dame's compeer
123 Index-card projection
124 Famed Dadaist
125 This is nothing
126 Tit for ——



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 107.



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